AN

APOLOGY

FOR THE

LIFE

OF

Mr Bampfylde-Moore Carew

Commonly called

The KING of the BEGGARS:

BEING an impartial Account of his LIFE, from his leaving TIVERTON School, at the Age of Fifteen, and entering into a Society of *Gypsies*, to the present Time; wherein the Motives of his Conduct will be explain'd, and the great Number of Characters and Shapes he has appear'd in through GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, and several other Places of EUROPE, be related; with his TRAVELS twice through great Part of AMERICA.

A particular Account of the Origin, Government, Language, Laws, and Customs of the *Gypsies*; their Method of electing their King, &c. And a Parallel drawn after the Manner of PLUTARCH, between Mr. BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW, and Mr. THOMAS JONES.

The EIGHTH EDITION

Totus Mundus agit Histrionem.

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MDCCLXVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the WORSHIPFUL

JUSTICE FIELDING.

SIR,

" NOtwithſtanding your conſtant Refuſal, when I have
" aſked Leave to prefix your Name to this Dedica-
" tion, I muſt ſtill inſiſt upon the Propriety of de-
" ſiring your Protection of this Work."

It may be well thought that among the many noble Families my Hero is allied to, I might have found a more proper Patron for this true Hiſtory of his Life; but as thro' our ſtrict Regard to Truth, there will appear in it ſome of thoſe " *little Blemiſhes*, quas humana " parum cavit Natura," we were afraid many that we might otherwiſe have applied to, would have diſdainfully refuſed their Protection to ſuch a Character: But you, Sir, * " *who are admitted behind the Scenes of the* Great " Theatre of Nature, *know that it is often the ſame Perſon* " *who repreſents the* Villain *and the* Hero; *that we ought* " *not to condemn a Character as a bad one, becauſe it is not* " *perfectly a good one*; *and that there is no good Purpoſe* " *ſerved by bringing to Light Characters of ſuch angelick* " *Perfection*; *and nothing of more moral Uſe, than a few* " *Imperfections in the beſt of Characters*; *for though it is* " Villainy, *it is* Nature *for all that*." I am the more emboldened to beg your Protection of my *Hero*, as I can aſſure your Worſhip, upon the ſtricteſt Enquiry, it appears he was never once concerned in his Youth in demoliſhing any Brothel whatſoever; for to be ſure, Sir, to you, who are ſo great a Connoiſſeur of *Human Nature*, it muſt appear ſtrangely unnatural for young Fellows in the Heat of Blood, who muſt have often Occaſion for ſuch Houſes, to lay violent Hands upon them: I ſhould therefore never have thought of offering my Hero to

* For the better underſtanding of this Dedication, the Reader muſt pleaſe to obſerve, that all placed between theſe Marks " " are Paſſages from the celebrated Hiſtory of *Tom Jones*.

your Protection, had I not found him entirely innocent of this great Offence.*

And now, Sir, though I must confess you have sufficiently shewn, in sundry Instances, your Dislike of *Publick Praise*, yet I cannot help bedaubing you a little with it; for though it may not be quite so decent to accept of it, yet who can be displeased, when it is forced upon them, whether they will or no; besides, Sir, at the same Time I am praising you, I may find an Occasion of saying a few Things of my own great Merit, and that of my Work, by acquainting the World with the high Encomiums you have bestowed upon it †; "*for indeed* "*what are your Objections to the Allowance of the* Honour "*which I have solicited? Why, you have commended the* "Book *so warmly, that you should be ashamed of reading* "*your* Name *before the Dedication.*" Now, Sir, though I don't imagine any of my Readers will understand this Sentence, it being the true *Burtonic Sublime*, most admirable when least understood; yet, Sir, as this *Dedication* is only intended for you and myself, it is no Matter whether it is understood or not by any one else.

Every one must acknowledge, Sir, it is a most presumptious Absurdity for a little Reptile of a Reader "*to find Fault with any Part of your* great Creation *of* "*the History of* Tom Jones, *before he comes to the final Ca-* "*tastrophe*;" and it is still the greater Absurdity, as you are an "*Author of the first Rate*," and your Readers (excepting *Right Honourables*) all of them of the *lowest*: But I dare say you will not be offended, if one of these Readers should espy out any striking *Beauties* in your *great Work*, though they should happen to appear in the first Page of it: Permit me therefore to say (though it may perhaps have escaped the Notice of many of my fellow Reptiles, your Readers) that your wonderful *Sagacity* and *Ingenuity* in the Opening of your *Work*, exceeds every Thing of the Kind; for in my Opinion, that well adapted Compliment of *Virgil* to his Patron, *Tu Marcellus-eris*, &c. which the Critics have made so much ado about ever since, is not to be compared with your more *delicate one* in the Proem to your *Work*.

* Alluding to Mr. *Fielding*'s Case of *Penlez*, executed for assisting in pulling down Bawdy-Houses.

† Mr. *Fielding*'s Dedication of the History of *Tom Jones*.

It

It is well known, Sir, that one of thoſe *golden Images* which *Nebuchadnezzer* the King ſet up, and which you, Sir, have thought it Wiſdom not only to bow the Knee to, but to worſhip with the Underſtanding, has, like the famous one of *Bel*, conſumed whole Provinces "*in the* "*very Quinteſſence of* Sauce *and* Spices;" or, to bring the Compariſon nearer Home, *like the famous* Dragon *of* Wantley,

HOUSES *and* CHURCHES,
To him have been GEESE *and* TURKIES.

How then could you better engage a gracious Ear, or pay a more refined Compliment in the Proem to your *Work*, than by transforming yourſelf into a *Cook* offering a Bill of Fare, comparing *Human Nature* to a *Tortoiſe* and *Bologna Sauſage*, acquainting us it was a Diſh of great Variety, and might be peppered and ſalted, boil'd, or roaſted; broil'd, ſtew'd, haſhed, or ragoo'd, to pleaſe every Taſte, by a good *Cook* of an *Author*.

But, Sir, as you ſeemed greatly pleaſed with informing us in ſundry Places of your *Work* that you are the *Founder* of this Kind of *Writing* or *Cooking*, (for it ſeems they are ſynonimous Terms) what Occaſion had you to ſhare the *Honour* of this wonderful *Metaphor* with Mr. *Pope*? For I dare ſay, notwithſtanding your Quotation, he never once thought of harſhing or ragooing *Human Nature*; nor do I remember among all his Similies, that he has ever once been ſo happy as to compare it to a *Tortoiſe* or a *Sauſage*.

At the ſame Time I take Notice of your too great *Modeſty* in ſharing that *Honour*, which you might with very great Juſtice have taken all to yourſelf, I muſt be ſo free to vindicate the poor Animals, whom I think you have as needleſsly aſperſed; for though I have been converſant many Years with the Animal Part of the Creation, and know as much of their Language and Sentiments as any Man living, yet I never could find they had any Notion of the "*Honour of having their Fleſh eaten at the* "*Table of a* Duke; *nor any Senſe of the Degradation they* "*ſuffer by being ſerved up at a* Porter's *Table*." And tho' I cannot aſſert any Thing poſitive on this Head, not having ever heard them expreſs their Sentiments upon it, (for, as Mr. *Pope* obſerves, *Providence* has kindly hid the *Book* of *Fate* from them) yet, if we may be allowed to argue *a priori*, and to judge of what we don't from what

what we do know, I will venture to affirm, from a nice Obſervation of the Goodneſs of their *Nature*, that did they know one of the two to be unavoidable, they would think it a much greater Honour to refreſh the *Spirits* & renew the Strength of a *Porter* or poor *Mechanic*, exhauſted by Labour, than to be harſh'd and ragoo'd to pleaſe the *pamper'd Appetite* of any *idle Duke* whatever.

In ſhort, Sir, I ſuſpect from the vaſt Knowledge you have ſhewn in *Cooking*, that you entertain ſome Hopes, when your Writings, "*which all tend to recommend* Inno-" cence *and* Virtue," have ſo far amended Mankind, that the *Emoluments* of your preſent *Office* may not be ſufficient to reward your *great Abilities*, that you ſhall be then advanced to be chief *Cook* to the *Idol* we have juſt now mentioned. The Public, Sir, after the ſtrange Metamorphoſes you have already undergone, will not be ſurpriſed to ſee you poring over the *Compleat Houſewife*, or Monſ. *La Chapelle*'s Cookery Book, inſtead of the *Statutes*; or inſtead of a Pen, twirling a Saucepan to make Ragoos, Haſhes, or forc'd Meat Balls; ſince you have ſo delicately ragoo'd, haſh'd, and forc'd *Human Nature*. There may be ſundry great Advantages ariſe to the Public, as well as to yourſelf, Sir, from this Advancement; which I ſhall not at preſent enumerate, but only pray that it may ſpeedily take Place.

Next to this fine Compliment in the Proem of your *Work*, which I think cannot be out-done, you have ſhewn the higheſt *Wiſdom* in the *Treatment* of your *Readers*; firſt by ſtunning them, and putting out their Eyes with the Splendor of the extraordinary *Praiſes* your princely and noble Friends have beſtowed on your *great Work*; and then by informing them, in ſundry Parts of it, that you are a much better *Judge* of what is proper and fit for them to read, than they are themſelves. That ſuch pitiful Wretches as Readers (ſaving *Right Honourable* ones) have no Buſineſs to judge of Right or Wrong; "that they " are your Subjects, and are bound to believe in, and " obey whatever you are pleaſed to dictate, even though " yourſelf are able to aſſign no Reaſon for it;" and that all who will not do ſo, are ignorant *Wretches*, *Slanderers* and *Hangmen*.

But at the ſame Time I recommend your proper Application of theſe Doctrines, I cannot flatter you with being the *Founder* of them; *for in ſhort, Sir, I ſuſpect*, that you have borrowed them from one of the two Sets of People

you

you have lately much converſed with ; for you muſt needs acknowledge, Sir, that it has been the Doctrine & Language of all Courts, ever ſince Courts exiſted, that the Reptiles, the Worms, the Dolts, alias the People, are no Judges of what is right or wrong ; that *They* beſt know what is for the Reptiles Good ; and that ſuch Creatures have no Buſineſs to concern themſelves about what *They* do, as they are accountable to none ; and if any of the Reptiles will be meddling, they are preſently honoured with the Titles of *Fools*, *Slanderers*, *Diſaffected*, *Seditious*, and in ſome Countries with that of *Jacobites*.

But there are another Set of People that you, Sir, have had much to do with, from whom you may have probably borrowed the Art you have made ſo happy an Uſe of : Theſe, in their own Language, (which I make no Doubt you are a great Proficient in) are ſtiled AMUSERS ; who, as I find them deſcribed in an ingenious Author, who has wrote of theſe People †, are ſuch as throw Duſt in the Eyes of thoſe they intend to trick : Now, Sir, as you tell us yourſelf, " *you don't diſdain to bor-* " *row* Wit *or* Wiſdom *from any Man* §," it ſeems to me very likely that you borrow'd the Thought of blinding your Reader's Judgement from theſe People ; and it was with the higheſt *Prudence* and *Sagacity* you did ſo ; for had you not, how would your Readers in a Work, that they were told, in the Dedication of it to a *Champion* of *Chriſtianity*, " *contained in the whole Courſe of it nothing* " *prejudicial to the Cauſe of* Religion *and* Virtue ; *nothing* " *inconſiſtent with the ſtricteſt Rules of* Decency, *nor which* " *can offend even the chaſteſt Eye in the Peruſal* ; *that to re-* " *commend* Goodneſs *and* Innocence *was the ſole Intent of* " *the Hiſtory* ; *that* Example *is a Kind of* Picture, *in which* " Virtue *becomes as it were an Object of* Senſe, *and ſtrikes* " *us with its* Lovelineſs :" After ſo pompous an Introduction, how would your Readers, I ſay, Sir, (if you had not firſt taken Care, with a great deal of Art, to fling Duſt in their Eyes, I mean the Eyes of the Mind) have been aſtoniſhed to find the principle Hero of it vicious and ungovernable in his Childhood, debauching

† See the canting Dictionary, deſcribing the Language and Tricks of Sharpers

§ This you have given ſeveral Inſtances of, in particular the wiſe and witty Speeches of Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, in your 3d Volume, borrowed from the *Cambridge* Jeſt Book, printed in 17.6, Page 196.

a poor

a poor Girl almoſt as ſoon as he had entered Youth, (for in his own Mind he really did ſo) ſoon after reſolving to leave her for another of greater Fortune, before he knew ſhe had given him the leaſt Occaſion to do ſo, and at a Time when he imagined her whole Happineſs depended upon him, and that he was under the greateſt Obligations to her! How would the Reader's Aſtoniſhment have encreaſed, to find him in his Manhood, when he had engaged his Affections to the *moſt adorable of Women*, and had met with a reciprocal Affection, forgetting her Love without the leaſt Repugnance, to lie in the Arms of the wanton Mrs. *Waters*, who he had Reaſon to think a married Woman; and after this becoming a hir'd Stallion to a laſcivious old Woman, tho' the mean while very deeply enamour'd of the moſt adorable Miſs *Sophia Weſtern*; and all this without any Sign of the leaſt Compunction, Regret, or Repentance! How, Sir, could your Readers have poſſibly imagined, had you ſuffered them to have made Uſe of their Eyes, that this was the Example in which "Virtue *was to become an Object of* "*Sight, and ſtrike us with its* Lovelineſs: It was by the ſame Method too, that you prevented "*the chaſteſt* "*Eye of your Readers from being offended with the Peruſal* "*of your Work*," otherwiſe the wanton Fancy of your Hero in the Grove, in meditating on Miſs *Sophia*; his retiring into the thickeſt Part of it with *Molly Seagrim*, after a ſhort Parley; the Deſcription of his being in Bed with Mrs. *Waters*, and the Introduction of two or three Heros in their Shirts; the laſcivious Wantonneſs of Lady *Bellaſton*; your Rutting Simile, *&c.* might have offended the chaſteſt Eye; unleſs you are of Opinion, Sir, there can be nothing inconſiſtent with *Decency*, nor the chaſteſt Eye offended, nor the warmeſt Imagination fir'd, unleſs by the groſſeſt Terms.

I am of Opinion too, Sir, that you owe the favourable Reception of your benevolent Character to the abovemention'd happy Expedient; otherwiſe, how would your Readers, after having been told there was "*a ſtronger* "*Picture of a truly benevolent Mind to be found in your* "Work, *than in any other*, (not excepting even the "Scriptures) *who was a more glorious Object than the Sun* "*in the full Blaze of his Majeſty*:" How would, I ſay, your Readers have been ſhock'd to have ſeen this benevolent Character, more glorious than the Sun itſelf, (though that is the Image of the Divine Goodneſs) devoting

voting a fellow Creature to Miſery, Want, and all the ill Conſequences which might flow from thence, only for *ſpringing of* HARES: Beſides, your fine Compariſon (for the Sake of which, by your own Confeſſion, you † endanger the Necks of your Readers) falls here all to Pieces; for you ſhould have remembered the Sun beſtows its Beneficence upon the *Unworthy* as well as the *Worthy*; and if, Sir, you had ever read a certain Book, in which are ſeveral Pictures of a truly benevolent Mind, as much ſtronger and excellent than Your's, notwithſtanding all that your *great Friends* may ſay, as the fine Pictures of a *Reubens* or *Titian* are than thoſe with which the Walls of *Moorfields*, and ſome other publick Places, are often adorn'd; and which are valued at the Sum of one Half-penny Sterling each: Had you peruſed, Sir, the Book I am ſpeaking of, (which I believe you muſt have ſeen) you would have found that your great Pattern of Benevolence is but a half-finiſh'd Draught; for to be kind and beneficent to thoſe only who really deſerve it, tho' it is commendable, yet it is but little more than paying a juſt Debt; but Benevolence is that Quality which inclines us to do *Good* to thoſe who have highly offended us, and who have no Claim to it, but what ariſes from inward Benevolence, which deſires to ſee every Creature *happy*.

Your Readers, Sir, might likewiſe have been ſurpriſed to find that in a Book, in which they were told "*there was nothing prejudicial to Religion*," to find all the Characters in it, who borrow their *Principles* from that *Fount*, to be worthleſs Wretches: Thus *Thwackum* is made a moſt *impious* Man, *Supple* a *weak* and *fooliſh* one; and if theſe might be paſſed over as Men who had formed *wrong Notions* of Religion, yet what religious Mind would not have been ſhock'd at your Character of the *Man of the Hill*; who, after he had uttered a Diſcourſe which might do Honour to the moſt *pious Chriſtian*, and profeſſed, "*that he had made the Scriptures his chiefeſt* "*Study*," is artfully deſcribed immediately after as void

† "*Reader, take Care, I have unadviſedly led thee to the Top of as* "*high a Hill as Mr.* Alworthy's, *and how to get thee down without* "*breaking thy Neck, I do not well know; however, let us e'en venture* "*to ſlide down together, for Miſs* Bridget *rings her Bell.*" Hiſtory of *Tom Jones*, Vol. I. Page 14.---The above is a noble Example of the true *Burtonic* Stile, which is frequently made Uſe of by this Author.

of

of *Honour*, *Gratitude*, *Courage*, *Hoſpitality*, and *Humanity*; for though you are not pleaſed to tell your Readers ſo much of him in direct Words, yet, had you allowed them the Uſe of their Eyes, they would eaſily have ſeen that you intended to expreſs ſo much, when you deſcribe your Hero (who you know borrows none of his *Actions* from the Principle of *Religion*) running into the midſt of a Wood to the Cries of the diſtreſſed Mrs. *Waters* with only an Oken Cudgel, while the *good Man* of the *Hill* very contentedly let him go alone; and "*though he had* "*a Gun in his Hand, ſat down on the Brow of the Hill with* "*great Patience and Unconcern, attending the Iſſue,*" altho' he had but juſt before owed his Life to Mr. *Jones*; and conſequently one would have thought ſhould have been in ſome Concern about his Safety; and when Mr. *Jones* returns and acquaints him with the Diſtreſs of Mrs. *Waters*, this *good Man*, who borrowed his Principles from the *Scriptures*, has neither *Hoſpitality* nor *Humanity* enough to aſſiſt a diſtreſſed Woman with the Shelter or Refreſhment his Cottage might afford; but without Ceremony ſends her naked as ſhe was to a Town at ſome Diſtance.

Your Readers would undoubtedly have thought it a very odd Way of being ſerviceable to *Religion*, to inſinuate under all your Characters, that nothing *noble*, nothing *great*, nothing *generous*, nothing *worthy*, was to be expected to ſpring from that Root; but the happy Thought you borrowed from your *good Friends* the AMUSERS, prevented all theſe and many other Obſervations, ſuch as ſeveral of your Characters, (*mutato Nomine*, the Name only changed) being exactly the ſame you had before exhibited; your falſe affected *Wit*; the infinite Prejudice you muſt do to your younger Readers, by throwing down that ſtrong Security of *Innocence* and *Virtue*, the FEAR and SHAME of firſt entering upon *Vice*; by inſinuating into their Minds, that it is nothing more than NATURAL; that there is no *ſtruggling* with our *Inclinations*, and that we may be great and good Men, though we indulge them in whatever they pompt us to.

I have often, Sir, heard it affirm'd by the Searchers into *Nature*, that all Animals have implanted in them a natural *Antipathy* to ſuch particular *Things* as may be moſt *hurtful* to them; but I was never thoroughly convinced of the Certainty of this *Obſervation*, till I obſerved the

the ſtrong *Inſtance* which has lately appeared in *yourſelf*, Sir, in Regard to the little Word *Low*; this poor Word is very inoffenſive in itſelf, expreſſes *Humility* in its Signification, and contains but three Letters, and theſe none of the harſheſt, being two *ſoft* Vowels to one Conſonant; but notwithſtanding its great *Humility* and *Softneſs*, the Sight of it ſeems to fill you with Indignation and Terror, and you ſeem more to dread the *Sound* of it, than a 24 Pounder diſcharged cloſe to your Ear. I therefore cannot but admire your *Prudence* and *Sagacity*, in endeavouring to extirpate the common Uſe of this Word, by telling us in ſome Part of your *great Work*, that it has no Meaning at all; and "*that no Man alive has ever attempted to explain it*; and in another Place, "*that it does not become any Mouth but a* Right Honourable "*one*;" which, by the Bye, I am afraid your *great Friends* will think no Compliment, as it ſeems to imply, that Words without Meaning are all that are expected from their Mouths. Many other Degradations have you applied to this Word, which, lowly as it was, never expected to be attacked by an Author of the firſt Rate.

But, Sir, at the ſame Time I applaud your *Wiſdom* in the uſeful Attempt of *demoliſhing* this Word, I muſt be ſo free as to ſay, I could have wiſh'd you had made Uſe of ſome fitter Means to have done it; for to be ſure, Sir, you muſt needs be ſenſible, if you have made any Obſervations at all, that there is not a *Baſket-Woman* or *Porter* in the City of *London*, who is ignorant of the Signification of the Word *Low*; indeed ſome learned Men have thought that every Man brings the *Idea* of this Word into the World with him. Thus, Sir, if you had gone but a few Steps out of your Chair, you might have obſerved and heard that when any one of the Siſterhood of Baſket-Women make Uſe of, in the Chit Chats they hold together, while they are waiting for Employment, the Language and Sentiments of a *Cinder-Wench*, whom they look upon as infinitely below their Order, the whole Society immediately give the Offender, who talks ſo much below their *Dignity*, the Title of a *Low* Wretch, and ſoon diſcard her from their publick Converſations: In like Manner, when any of the Society of *Porters* adopt the *Language* and *Sentiments* of a *Shoe-black*, the whole Brotherhood immediately think him a *Low* Fellow, and baniſh him their Clubs, and

even

even the Converſations they hold together in the Streets.

Every one knows too, Sir, that when this Word is made Uſe of in the Theatre; or with Regard to an Author, it means that the Action, Language or Sentiments are beneath the *Dignity* of the Auditors or Readers. Thus if Mr. *Garrick* thought proper to exhibit upon the Stage a Couple of Clowns eating hot Haſty-Pudding, would not the Audience have Reaſon to think it beneath their Dignity, and to conſider it as an Affront to their good Senſe and Judgment? And how could they better expreſs their Contempt of it, than by the little Word *Low?* Or if Mr. *Garrick* thought proper to put into the Mouths of any of his Characters, Language and Sentiments for which a Baſket-Woman would be hooted out of the Siſterhood of them; what more expreſſive Term can the Audience make Uſe of to expreſs their Diſlike, than *Low Stuff?* The ſame may be moſt emphatically applied to any Author who fills the greateſt Part of this Work with Language and Sentiments that would be a Diſgrace to the loweſt Order of Men; and has not the Reader great Reaſon to think his Dignity affronted, and to groan out *Low*, very *Low*, when he finds he has paid his Money to read fictious Characters, uttering ſuch Language and Sentiments, which if he had ever been ſo unhappy to have heard in real Life, he ſhould have either kick'd the Utterers of them out of his Company, or if neceſſitated to have heard them, cried out in a ſweating Agony with *Horace*,

——————*O te* Bollane *cerebri*
Felicem!
O happy Bollanus, *who haſt a dull Brain!*

But this perhaps may be better illuſtrated with an Example, as follows:

"The 'Squire gave him a good Curſe at his Depar-
"ture; and then turning to the Parſon, he cried out, I
"ſmoke it, *Tom* is certainly the Father of the Baſtard:
"Zooks, Parſon, you remember how he recommended
"the Veather o'her to me: Dam un, what a ſly Bitch
"'tis. Ay, ay, as ſure as Tow-pence, *Tom* is the Vea-
"ther of the Baſtard.

"I ſhould

" I ſhould be very ſorry for that, ſays the *Parſon*; " Why ſorry, cries the 'Squire; where is the mighty " Matter o't; what, I ſuppoſe doſt pretend that thee " haſt never got a Baſtard? Pox, more good Luck's " thine, for I warrant haſt a done therefore many's the " good Time, and often. I ſhould be ſorry, *ſays the* " *Parſon*, he ſhould do himſelf any Injury in 'Squire " *Alworthy*'s Opinion. Poogh, ſays the 'Squire, Injury " with *Alworthy!* Why *Alworthy* loves a Wench him- " ſelf. Doth not all the Country know whoſe Son " *Tom* is? You muſt talk to another Perſon in that " Manner; I remember *Alworthy* at College, and " many a Wench have we two had together; as errant " a Whore-maſter as any within five Miles o'un: No, " no, it will do'n no Harm with he, aſſure yourſelf, " nor with any Body elſe: Aſk my Daughter *Sophy* " there.——————You have not the worſe Opinion " of a young Fellow for getting a Baſtard, have you " Girl? No, no, the Women will like un the better for " it."

I am afraid, Sir, what I have now ſaid too plainly proves that every Body knows what the Word *Low* means, and that it is likewiſe very expreſſive in its Signification; I am therefore doubtful that the Public will not think what you have aſſigned, Sir, a ſufficient Reaſon for the *Diſuſe* of it: I cannot flatter you neither that they will fall in with your Sentiments of confining the Uſe of this Word to *Right Honourables*, and putting a Gag in the Mouths of all under that Rank; for tho' you, Sir, are in too great a Station now, to ſuppoſe the PEOPLE know any Thing, yet there happens to be two ſmall Objections to this Opinion of your's; the firſt is that the wiſeſt and moſt learned Men of all Ages have thought directly contrary; the ſecond is, that Experience has ſhewn that the PEOPLE, *that is*, what you with ſo juſt Contempt denominate Gentlemen of the Law, Apprences, Clerks, &c. and if you added Shoe-makers and Taylors, it would have made no Difference, have always been right in their Judgement, unleſs biaſs'd and led aſtray by ſuperior Examples; *Cicero*, Sir, if ever you read that Author, or have not quite forgot him, ſays, *Nunquam de bono Oratore, aut non bono, doctis hominibus cum Populo diſſentio fuit*; THAT IS, as I take it, Sir, that it had never been known in his Time, that the People and the Learned ever diſagreed in their Sentiments, in

Regard to a good or bad Orator; how unluckily does the Opinion and Experience of this great Man claſh with your Sentiments on this Head: Some other Authors tell us that Taſte, I mean the diſtinguiſhing Quality of judging what is *High* or *Low*, is a Kind of natural Reaſon, which every one brings into the World with him. *Quintilian* (who is allowed to be ſomething of a Judge) ſays, it is no more to be attain'd by Art than the Taſte or Smell; therefore I think we may fairly conclude, that it never entered into his Head that the Title of *Right Honourable*, or the wearing a Ribbon accroſs the Shoulders, could ever give it to any one. Mr. *Addiſon* has likewiſe told us, "Human Nature is the ſame in all "reaſonable Creatures; and whatever falls in with it "will meet with Admirers amongſt Readers of all Qua-"lities and Conditions:" *Moliere* too, as we are told by Monſieur *Boileau*, uſed to read all his Comidies to an old Woman, who was his Houſekeeper, as ſhe ſat with him at her Work by the Chimney Corner; and could foretell the Succeſs of his Play in the Theatre, from the Reception it met at his Fire Side; for he tells us the Audience always followed the old Woman, and never failed to laugh in the ſame Place. But as you, Sir, are an Author of the firſt Rate, and at leaſt equal to either *Cicero*, *Quintilian*, or Mr. *Addiſon*; when I read your Sentiments on this Point, I was willing to think you might be right and they wrong, and imagining you muſt have founded your Opinion upon ſome Difference you had found either in the Brain or the Ear of a *Right Honourable*, and a *Plebian*, I immediately determined, in Imitation of the Spectator upon ſomething of the like Occaſion, to ſatisfy myſelf by Philoſophical Experiment; and having obtained the Heads of two or three RIGHT HONOURABLES, and the ſame number of PLEBIANS, I diſſected them very nicely, but could find little Difference between them, except that thoſe of the PEOPLE ſeem'd to be leſs confuſed, and more in a State of Nature. It was ſometime before I could get an Opportunity of trying the other Experiment, but at laſt happening to fall upon a Company of *Right Honourables & Plebians* together, I on a ſudden ſaluted them with the fineſt Airs of Muſick, and was not a little ſurprized to ſee the PEOPLE prick up their Ears, and feel every Maſter Touch of it as well as the RIGHT HONOURABLES. I then ſuddenly chang'd the Notes to the harſheſt and moſt diſagreeable Sounds; and here again I obſerved an equal

equal and as ſudden Horror and Diſguſt in the PEOPLE as the RIGHT HONOURABLES: So that I muſt needs ſay, Sir, the *Sentiments* of the moſt *learned Men*, *common Experience and Philoſophical Experiment*, are all different from you on this Head.

However, Sir, this need give you little Concern; for notwithſtanding all, you are an *Author* of *Authors* ſtill; for you draw Characters after Nature, while others draw them after their own wicked *Imaginations*: For it ſeems, Sir, *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, and the other little Authors of Antiquity, were ſtupid enough to think there were many Characters in every Station of Life, unfit to be drawn at full Length, as being unworthy of the Dignity of their Pen, or the Sight of their Readers; they therefore either ntirely paſſed them by, or if obliged to introduce them, put them into as tolerable a Dreſs as they could, lent them a few decent Words to appear with, and preſently pack'd them off the Stage again. They were likewiſe fooliſh enough in drawing fictious Characters after *Nature*, to imagine they ought to carry them to the higheſt Pitch of Perfection, the *Station* the Character bore in Life might poſſibly attain to. Thus if they introduced a *Shepherd or Cowherd*, though they did not make him talk like a Man of Letters, yet they made him make Uſe of ſome of the beſt Words he had pick'd up in the City when he went there upon any Occaſion, or from his Landlord in the Country; and if his Stock was not copious enough, they lent him a few Words of their own: So *Virgil* makes *Melibœus* ſay,

Tityre tu patulæ, recubans ſub tegmine fagi,
Silveſtrem tenui Muſam meditaris avena.

Now, Sir, if *Virgil* had but underſtood the Art of Writing after *Nature* half as well as you, he would to be ſure have wrote it thus,

Titeroous te patoole, reckqubance cub tagmanne faggy,
Cylvaſsterm tenooi Moozam meddytearis aveena.

I likewiſe find that he makes all ſuch like People as wiſe and knowing as they could ever arirve to, under the moſt favourable Circumſtances in their Station; thus, tho' they are not Scholars, yet they are Men of plain good Senſe, are honeſt and ſkilful in their own Spheres, and have borrowed ſome uſeful Knowledge from their Obſervations of *Nature*, whereby the Reader is oftimes

agreeably improved: In like Manner he has drawn all his Characters to the higheſt Pitch of their ſeveral Stations; if he deſcribes a *Gentleman*, he has all the Learning and Qualities of a compleat *Gentleman*; if a *King*, he has all the more Majeſtick ones of the beſt of *Kings*; it is pretty evident too, that *Virgil* copied *Homer* in all this Stuff, for *Horace* tell us of *Homer*,

that——————————*Nil molitur inepte*,
and that——————————*quæ*
Deſperat tractata nitesſcere poſſe, relinquit.

Horace himſelf was ſo ignorant, as to tell us that even in *Satire*, when he intended to make any Perſon or Vice ridiculous, he loved to do it in good Language.

Non Ego inornata et dominantia nomina ſolum,
Verbaque, Piſoues, Satyrorum ſcriptor amabo.

Our own *Shakeſpear* has likewiſe followed theſe bad Examples, and makes his loweſt Characters talk Senſe and *Engliſh*; and that other fooliſh Fellow *Cervantes* has made *Sancho Pancha*, an illiterate Country Clown, convey many ſenſible Hints to the Reader.

O then *happy, thrice and four Times happy*, you, Sir, who are the *ſole Founder* of a *new Kind* of Writing, where none of theſe unnatural Rules are obſerved!

To you, Sir, the Honour belongs of preſenting Characters to the Reader's Sight, that they would otherwiſe never have ſeen; for it is without all Diſpute, a noble Thought of your own, that *ignorant, ſtupid, low, vicious* Characters, are as worthy the Reader's Attention as *wiſer* and more virtuous ones, and make full as good Pictures, and therefore ought to be drawn at full Length.

Another Thing you have ſucceeded in beyond all Example, is the putting proper Language into the Mouths of theſe Characters: Thus how juſt! how congruous! how beautiful! how inſtructive is the Language of your 'Squire *Weſtern*, "I will have Satisfacton of thee, ſo "doff thy Clothes; at unt half a Man, and I'll lick "thee as well as waſt ever lick'd in thy Life:" And again, "O Matter enow of all Conſcience, my Daugh-"ter has fallen in Love with your Baſtard, but I wont "gee her a Hapenny, nor the twentieth Part of a Braſs "Farthing: I always thought what would come o'breed-"ing a Baſtard like a Gentleman, and letting un come "about to Volk's Houſes. It's well vor un I could not

"get

" get at un, I'd a lick'd un ; I'd a ſpoiled his Cate-
" wauling ; I'd a taught the Son of a Whore to meddle
" with Meat for his Maſter : If ſhe will ha un, one
" Smock ſhall be her Portion ; I'll ſooner gee my Eſtate
" to the Zinking Fund : I little thought what Puſs he
" was looking after, but it ſhall be the worſt he ever
" found in his Life : ſhe ſhall be no better than Car-
" rion ; the Skin o'her is all ſhe ſhall ha, and zu you may
" tell un."

Again, Sir, what intelligent Perſon would have been willing to have loſt one ſingle Line out of the forty-five of that curious inſtructive Letter of Mrs. *Honour Blackmore*'s, which begins thus :

" I ſhud ſartenly haf kaled on you a cording to my
" Prommiſs had dunt itt bin that her Laſhip prevent
" me, for to be ſur, Sir, you noſe very well that every
" Perſon muſt luk firſt at Ome, &c."

How beautifully expreſſive is this Letter of Mrs. *Honour*'s Abilities and Character ! and how much Wit and Inſtruction does it convey to the Reader! Innumerable are the Inſtances of this Sort, which your Genius has brought forth in your Works ; and of which *Kind* of Writing, you are, without all Diſpute, the *Founder*.

But notwithſtanding ſo many beautiful Pictures of *Nature*, ſo great is the Malice and Envy which attends great Authors, that I have heard ſeveral affirm, that your Worſhip (ſo far from drawing your Characters after *Nature*) does not know what the Word *Nature* means. ——————NATURE, ſay theſe Gentlemen, is the higheſt Degree of Perfection, with which that Order of Beings we are ſpeaking of, is generally indued with ; or, as the ingenious Mr. *Martin* defines it in his Dictionary, the *Inclinations, Faculties, Properties, Qualities, or Affections*, which any Thing has ORIGINALLY : Now, ſay theſe Criticks, it is as abſurd becauſe there may chance to be ſome ſingle Characters in Life, who by bad Example, Idleneſs or Drunkenneſs, have loſt all their *original* Properties, to draw theſe at full Length, and tell us it is *Nature*, as if a Painter was to draw any of his principal Figures with ſcald Heads and blear Eyes, and tell us it was *Nature* becauſe he had ſometimes happened to have ſeen ſuch ; or would not an Anatomiſt, ſay they, be laughed at who ſhall call a Child born with two Heads and five Legs, or any other monſtrous Birth, *Nature*, becauſe

there has now and then happened to be ſuch brought into the World.

Others are ſo envious to ſay, they don't believe there is ſo ſtupid and ignorant a Character in Life (at leaſt not above the Station of a Kennel-Raker) as your 'Squire *Weſtern*; and I muſt confeſs, tho' I have made very diligent Enquiry, yet I have not met with any Body who has ever ſeen ſuch a one; and indeed moſt are of Opinion it never exiſted in Life, but was taken from a Copy rummaged for in the naſtieſt of all Places.

But, Sir, you have no Need to regard any of theſe Cavils or Objections, for as you rightly obſerve, Page 60, of the 3d Vol. of your excellent Work, it is all *Slander, & deviliſh Slander* too; & I am of Opinion, if they won't hold their ſlanderous Tongues, you may bring an Action of *Scandalum Magnatum* againſt them, for you know you are a very great Man, and *Slander* and *Scandal* may eaſily be made the ſame *Thing*.

I will detain you, Sir, no longer, but with recommending my Hero to your Protection, hoping you will not find him of too "*angelick a Perfection*" for your Eſteem and Approbation.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble Servant,

The HISTORIOGRAPHER

To Mr. BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW,

King of the BEGGARS.

To the PUBLIC.

IT will be expected ſome Account ſhould be given of the Motives of the preſent Publication; the chief of which are, that the Author, notwithſtanding the Scenes of Life he is engaged in, cannot, when he reflects on the worthy Family he has ſprung from, and thoſe noble ones he is allied to, help feeling ſome Concern for his Fame. Thoſe who know any Thing of Human Nature, will not be ſurprized to find this Paſſion exiſting even in the Breaſt of a *Mendicant* more eſpecially when they conſider the Family he is deſcended from, and thoſe Seeds of good Education that were in his earlieſt Days implanted in his Mind; which, though his unhappy Conduct prevented from producing Fruit, have (like a blaſted Tree)

Tree) from Time to Time ſhot forth ſome Leaves : He therefore hopes, that (to the partial Eyes of his Friends at leaſt) in this his Hiſtory he ſhall be able to mingle ſomewhat of the *Ermine* with the Spots of the *Æthiops*, which, though it will ſcarce ſerve to hide, may at leaſt render them of a more beautiful Hue.

He is not inſenſible of the Diſadvantages with which the poor Man pleads his Cauſe, and makes no Doubt but his Readers are already prejudiced againſt what he is going to offer; but if in the following Narrative of Facts, there appear any of thoſe good Qualities which go towards making up the Hero, he thinks he ought to be allowed the Liberty of entering himſelf on the Liſts of Fame. If the fictious Contrivances and Shifts to ſubſiſt upon an uninhabited Iſland, could immortalize the Name of *Robinſon Cruſoe*, why may not the far more ingenious real Contrivances of *Bampfylde-Moore Carew* be tranſmitted to Poſterity ?

The Exerciſe of *Courage* has, in all Ages, been eſteemed the diſtinguiſhing Quality of every Hero ; if we ſeek for this, behold him entering unarm'd, and with a heavy galling Yoke on his neck, the trackleſs Wilds of *America*, amongſt wild Beaſts of the moſt ſavage Nature, and the ſtill more ſavage *Indians !* Again, behold him plunging in the wide River *Dela-*

ware,

ware, upon an unpractiſs'd Horſe, and with no other Bridle than his Garter !

IF GENEROSITY exalts the Character of the Hero, ſee him generouſly return to Slavery, and ſurrender himſelf into the Hands of an incenſed Maſter, rather than purchaſe his Liberty at the Expence of his Friends ; which he humbly conceives may bear ſome Parrallel with the celebrated Action of *Regulus*, which he remembers to have heard ſo much commended at School. He recollects too the Character of the famous *Ulyſſes* to be,

——————— *virum*
Qui mores hominum, multorum vidit & Urbes.

If this could dignify the Name of *Ulyſſes*, in this Reſpect too he thinks he may lay ſome Claim to the Laurel, and with this Prehemineence, that *Ulyſſes* was drove by Chance on different Coaſts, and amongſt different People, againſt his own Inclinations, whereas he quitted his Father's Houſe, and all the Advantages his Birth entitled him to, *Mores hominum multorum videre & urbes*, to gratify a Curioſity of ſeeing different Manners and Places. A thorough Knowledge of Mankind has likewiſe been always thought a neceſſary Qualification ; in this too he ſeems not to fall ſhort, for he penetrates with a ſurprizing Perſpicuity, into the minuteſt Circumſtances of thoſe he has to do with

with, examines them with a more than common Judgment, lays hold of thoſe Paſſions which are moſt favourable to his Intentions, and plays upon them with admirable Art, ſo that ſcarce the fam'd Orator of *Rome*, pleaded with better Succeſs. But methinks he already hears his Readers cry out, amazing Impudence! What, a common Cheat and Impoſtor! a Man who has for many Years gone about impoſing upon Mankind, defend his Character! Be not too haſty, moſt gentle Reader; of whatever Profeſſion thou art, lay thy Hand on thy Heart, and conſider if thou haſt not impoſs'd upon Mankind.

Art thou honoured with the grave Title of Doctor, recollect if you never preſcribed and took Fees, when you were ſenſible your Patient was irrecoverable; did you never agree with the Apothecary to ſhave his Beard, if he would trim your Foretop; and preſcribe ten Times more Drugs and Portions, than were neceſſary for you Patients, whilſt he in Return ſounded the Trumpet of your Praiſe, and call'd in your Aſſiſtance, when the Patient perhaps would have recovered much ſooner without the Preſence of either? But perhaps the Reader is ſome Gentlemen of the Law; if ſo, let him conſider, before he is angry with me, if he never took in Hand a bad Cauſe, and aſſured his Client of the Goodneſs of it, though he knew in his own Breaſt, he ſhould never gain the Point;

Point; and when he has been caſt in one Court, has he not by ſpecious Promiſes and alſo Hopes enticed his Client to try the Iſſue in another, and thus drain'd his Pockets without Moderation? has he never fomented Differences amongſt his Neighbours, that he might reap ſome Advantage from it? or, has he never agreed with his Brother Counſellor, of the Defendant's Party, to ſpin out the Cauſe by unneceſſary Delays, till they have got the Oyſter between them, and left their Clients nothing but the Shells? But perhaps ſome plodding honeſt Tradeſman is reading my Memoirs, with loud Acclamations of my Cheats and Impoſtures; but he muſt be much better than his Neighbours, if he has never contrived to darken his Shop-Windows, to prevent his Cuſtomers ſeeing the Flaws in his Goods; if he has never put off a bad Commodity for a good one, or made his Goods weigh heavier than when he bought them. In a Word, moſt gentle Reader, every Profeſſion has its Fourberries and Impoſtures; even the Printer of theſe Memoirs intends to print them on large Letter, and with a broad Margin, * which he may tell you is to adorn them, but it is in Truth for nothing elſe than to make thee pay the more for them.

HAVING thus, I hope, proved to thy Con-

* *This was done in the firſt Edition.*

Contentment, that every Profeſſion has its Tricks as well as mine, I ſhall preſent you with my true Hiſtory from my Birth to this preſent Year.

BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW.

AN

APOLOGY

FOR THE

LIFE

OF

Mr. Bampfylde - Moore Carew.

READER, we are going to preſent thee with the Hiſtory of a man truly remarkable; one who has indeed gone through an uncommon Variety of Adventures, has ſeen the Manners of many Men,

Men, and has at leaſt dived as deep into the Knowledge of Human Nature, as that great *Painter* of it, the Author of the Hiſtory of *Tom Jones*. We ſhall endeavour to execute the Office of Hiſtoriographer with all the Dignity and Decorum that belongs to the Character; keeping, however, ſtrictly to Truth, according to the expreſs Injunctions we have received from the Hero, who is the Subject of it: Neither ſhall we, according to the Vogue of theſe Times, *lard* it with trifling Matters, which have no Regard or Connection with the Hiſtory, but ſerve only to ſwell out the Volume, or rather to make many Volumes, of what might well be compriſed in one.

As there is no truer Standard of judging both of Men and Things, than

than Compariſon, we ſhall follow the Example of that excellent Writer of Lives, *Plutarch*, in drawing a Parallel between our Hero, and that moſt renowned and ſhining Character of the Age, Mr. *Thomas Jones*, whom we have choſen preferable to all others, not only on Account of the Similarity of the two Characters, but becauſe we are informed that the *Writer* of the Hiſtory of this celebrated *Hero* received a *Reward* for it; which, in leſs generous Times, would have been thought an adequate Compenſation for one who had, with great Toil, found out ſome moſt uſeful Invention; and that the noble Lives of *Plutarch* grow mouldy in the Bookſellers Shops, whilſt the Hiſtory of *Tom Jones* is in every Hand, from the

beardleſs Youth, up to the hoary Hairs of Age: And beſides all this, we ſhall find hereafter that Mr. *Thomas Jones* and our Hero have had ſome previous Acquaintance together.

HAVING thus premiſed the Reaſons we have for drawing this Parallel, we ſhall proceed to our Hiſtory.

AN

APOLOGY, &c.

CHAP. I.

Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew's *Birth*; *his Studies at* Tiverton School; *the Reaſon of his leaving it*; *his Admittance into the Community of the* Gypſies; *a particular Account of the* Government, Laws *and* Manners *of thoſe People*; *his Return to his Father's Houſe*, &c.

MR. BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW, is deſcended from the antient Family of the *Carews*, Son of the Rev. Mr. *Theodore Carew*, of the Pariſh of *Bickley*, near *Tiverton*, in the County of *Devon*, of which Pariſh he was many Years Rector, very much eſteemed while living, and at

his Death univerſally lamented. Mr. *Carew* was born in the Month of *July*, 1693, and never was there known a more ſplendid Appearance of Gentlemen and Ladies of the firſt Rank and Quality at any Baptiſm in the Weſt of *England*, than at his; the Hon. *Hugh Bampfylde* Eſq; (who afterwards died of an unfortunate Fall from his Horſe) and the Hon. Major *Moore*, were both his illuſtrious Godfathers, both of whoſe Names he bears; who ſome Time contending whoſe ſhould be the Precedent, (doubtleſs preſaging the Honour that ſhould redound to them from the future Actions of our Hero) the Affair was determined by throwing up a Piece of Money, which was won by Mr. *Bampfylde*; who, upon this Account, preſented a large Piece of Plate, whereon was engraved in large Letters, BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW.

The Rev. Mr. *Carew* had ſeveral other Children, both Sons and Daughters, beſides Mr. *Carew*, all of whom he educated in a tender and pious Manner; and Mr. *Carew* was at the Age of Twelve ſent to *Tiverton* School, where he contracted an intimate Acquaintance with young Gentlemen of the firſt Rank in *Somerſetſhire*, *Devonſhire*, *Cornwall*, and *Dorſetſhire*.

It has been remarked by a great Man, that there is a natural Propenſity in the Mind of a Reader to be inquiſitive about the Perſon of the Hero, whoſe Actions they are reading, and

and Authors in general have been ſo ſenſible of the Power of this Curioſity, that it has long been a Cuſtom for them to preſent their Readers with their own Pictures in the Front of their Works, with the Deſign, doubtleſs, of prepoſſeſſing their Readers in Favour of them, by the Marks of Wiſdom and Ingenuity in their Countenance: Thus, not to mention many other Inſtances, thoſe two great Authors, Mr. *Dilworth*, and Mr. *Markham*, have both indulged the World with their Pictures before their ingenious Spelling-Books. We cannot but commend this Cuſtom as a very fair and candid one; for what Reader would buy an Author, if his Countenance declared him a Blockhead, did we not ſuſpect the Engraver is often ſo kind to the Author, as to put greater Marks of Wiſdom and Ingenuity in his Countenance, than Nature ever beſtowed upon him*

This Deſire then of being informed of the *Perſons* of Heroes being ſo natural, we ſhould be guilty of a great Neglect, ſhould we omit ſatisfying our Readers in this Reſpect, more particularly as we can, without making Uſe of a Figure in Rhetoric (which is of great Service to many Authors) call'd *Amplification*; or, in plainer Engliſh, *Enlarging*,

* The two Authors above-mentioned have acted very candidly in publiſhing their Pictures while they are ſtill alive, that the World may be enabled to judge of the Skill and Impartiality of the Engraver.

ing, preſent our Readers with a very amiable Picture.

The Stature of our Hero is tall and majeſtic, his Limbs ſtrong and well-proportion'd, his Features regular, his Countenance open and ingenuous, bearing all thoſe characteriſtical Marks which Phyſiognomiſts aſſert denote an honeſt and good natur'd Mind; and tho' Hardſhips and even Age itſelf (he being now ſixty) have made ſome Alterations in his Features, yet we dare venture to compare his Countenance with Mr. *Thomas Jones*'s, tho' the Author of that Gentleman's Life aſſerts he is the *fineſt figure* he ever *beheld*.

During the firſt four Years of his Continuance at *Tiverton* School, his cloſe Application and Delight in his Studies gave his Friends great Hopes that he might one Day make a good Figure in that honourable Profeſſion which his Father became ſo well, and for which he was deſigned.

He attained, for his Age, a very conſiderable Knowledge in the *Latin* and *Greek* Tongues; but ſoon a new Exerciſe, or Accompliſhment, engag'd all his Attention: This was that of *Hunting*, in which our Hero ſoon made a ſurpriſing Progreſs. We hope it will be no Diſparagement to the Character of Mr. *Thomas Jones*, to ſay that he ſurpaſs'd even him in this Study, for beſide that Agility of Limbs, and Courage requiſite for leaping over five-bar'd Gates, *&c.* which Mr.

Jones

Jones was remarkable for, our Hero, by indefatigable Study and Application, added to it a remarkable chearing Halloo to the Dogs, of very great Service to the Exerciſe, and which we believe is peculiar to himſelf; and, beſides this, found out a Secret hitherto unknown but to himſelf, of enticing any Dog whatever to follow him.

The *Tiverton* Scholars had at this Time the Command of a fine Cry of Hounds, whereby Mr. *Carew* had frequent Opportunities of gratifying his Inclinations in that Diverſion. It was then that he entered into a very ſtrict Friendſhip and Familiarity with *John Martin*, *Thomas Coleman*, *John Eſcott*, and other young Gentlemen of the beſt Rank and Fortune.

The wiſe *Spaniards* have, we think, a *Proverb*, *Tell me who you are with, and I will tell you what you are*; and we ourſelves ſay, *That Birds of a Feather will flock together.* It is generally allowed, that Proverbs are built upon Experience, and contain great Truths; and if the two we have mentioned above are not worſe founded than the reſt, we think we may be allowed, without Partiality, to give the Preference to Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew* in this Reſpect, that he at leaſt kept better Company than Mr. *Jones*: for though at this Time very young, he contracted no Acquaintance, and kept no Company, but with young Gentlemen of Birth and Fortune, who were rather ſuperior to himſelf, than beneath him; but

Mr

Mr. *Jones* was delighted with no Company ſo much as *Black George*'s, * a Fellow of the loweſt Condition, and not over honeſt Principles.

It happened that a Farmer, living in the Country adjacent to *Tiverton*, who was a very great Sportſman, and uſed to hunt with the *Tiverton* Scholars, came and acquainted them of a fine Deer which he had ſeen, with a Collar about its Neck, in the Fields about his Farm, which he ſuppoſed to be the favourite Deer of ſome Gentleman not far off: This was very agreeable News to the *Tiverton* Scholars, who, with Mr. *Carew*, *John Martin*, *Thomas Coleman*, and *John Eſcott*, at their Head, went in a great Body to hunt it: This happened a ſhort Time before Harveſt; the Chaſe was very hot, and laſted ſeveral Hours, and they ran the Deer many Miles, which did a great deal of Damage to the Fields of Corn, which were then almoſt ripe. Upon the Death of the Deer, and Examination of the Collar, it was found to belong to Col. *Nutcombe*, of the Pariſh of *Clayhanger*. Thoſe Farmers and Gentlemen that ſuſtained the greateſt Damage, came to *Tiverton*, and complained very heavily to Mr. *Rayner*, the School-Maſter, of the Havock made in their Fields, which occaſioned ſtrict Enquiry to be made concerning the Ringleaders, who proving to be our Hero

* This was a Game keeper to Mr. *Allworthy*, a worthleſs Fellow, whoſe Company Mr. *Jones* was much delighted with.

Hero and his Companions, they were ſo ſeverely threatened, that for Fear they abſented themſelves from School; and the next Day, happening to go in the Evening to *Brick-Houſe*, an Ale-Houſe about half a Mile from *Tiverton*, they accidentally fell into Company with a Society of *Gypſies*, who were there feaſting and carouſing. This Society conſiſted of ſeventeen or eighteen Perſons of both Sexes, who that Day met there with a full Purpoſe of Merriment and Jollity; and after a plentiful Meal upon Fowls, Ducks, and other dainty Diſhes, the flowing Cups of October, Cyder, *&c.* went moſt chearfully round, and merry Songs and Country Dances crowned the jovial Banquet: In ſhort, ſo great an Air of Freedom, Mirth, and Pleaſure, appeared in the Faces and Geſtures of this Society, that our Youngſters from that Time conceived a ſudden Inclination to enliſt into their Company; which, when they communicated to the *Gypſies*, they conſidering their Appearance, Behaviour and Education, regarded as only ſpoken in Jeſt; but as they tarried there all Night in their Company, and continued in the ſame Reſolution the next Morning, they were at length induced to believe them to be ſerious, and accordingly encouraged them, and admitted them into their Number, *the requiſite Ceremonials being firſt gone through, and the proper Oaths being adminiſtered.*

The

The Reader may perhaps be ſurprized at the Mention of *Oaths* adminiſtered, and *Ceremonials* uſed, at the Entrance of theſe young Gentlemen; but his Surprize will leſſen, when we inform him that theſe People are ſubject to a Form of Government and Laws peculiar to themſelves, and all pay Obedience to one who is ſtiled their *King*; (to which great Honour we ſhall hereafter ſee our Hero arrive, having firſt proved himſelf worthy of it by a great Number of neceſſary Atchivements.)

There are, perhaps, no People ſo compleatly happy as theſe are, or enjoy ſo great a Share of Liberty. Their King is elective by the whole People, but none are allowed to ſtand as Candidates for that Honour, but ſuch who have been long in their Society, and perfectly ſtudied the Nature and Inſtitution of it: They muſt likewiſe have given repeated Proofs of their Perſonal Wiſdom, Courage, and Capacity: This is the better known, as they always keep a public Record or Regiſter of all remarkable (either good or bad) Actions performed by any of the Society: And they can have no Temptation to make Choice of any but the moſt *Worthy*, as their King has no Titles nor lucrative Employments to beſtow, which might influence or corrupt their Judgment.

The only Advantage the King enjoys, is, that he is conſtantly ſupplied with whatever is neceſſary for his Maintenance from the Contribution

tribution of his People; whilſt he, in Return, directs all his Care to the defending and protecting his People from their Enemies, in contriving and planning whatever is moſt likely to promote their Welfare and Happineſs, in ſeeing a due Regard paid to their Laws, in regiſtering their memorable Actions, and making a due Report of all theſe Things at their general Aſſemblies; ſo that, perhaps, at this Time it is amongſt theſe People only that the *Office of a King* is the ſame as it was at its firſt Inſtitution, viz. *a Father and Protector of his People.*

The Laws of theſe People are few and ſimple, but moſt exactly and punctually obſerved; the Fundamental of which is, that ſtrong Love and mutual Regard for each Member in particular, and for the whole Community in general, which is inculcated into them from their earlieſt Infancy; ſo that this whole Community is connected by ſtronger Bands of Love and Harmony, than often-times ſubſiſt even in private Families under other Governments: This naturally prevents all Oppreſſions, Frauds, and over-reaching of one another, ſo common amongſt other People, and totally extinguiſhes that bitter Paſſion of the Mind (the Source, perhaps, of moſt other Vices) *Envy*; for it is a great and certain Truth, that *Love worketh no Evil.*

Their general Meetings at ſtated Times, which they are all obliged to be preſent at, is a

very ſtrong Cement of their Love, and indeed of all their other Virtues; for as the general Regiſter of their Actions, which we have before ſpoken of, is read at theſe Meetings, thoſe who have deſerved well of the Community, are honoured by ſome Token or Diſtinction in the Sight of all the reſt; and thoſe who have done any Thing againſt their Fundamental Laws, have ſome Mark of Ignominy put upon them; for they have no high Senſe of *Pecuniary Rewards*, and they think the puniſhing of the Body of little Service towards amending the Mind: Experience has ſhewn them, that by keeping up this nice Senſe of Honour and Shame, they are enabled to keep their Community in better Order than the moſt ſevere corporal Puniſhments have been able to effect in other Governments.

But what has ſtill more tended to preſerve their Happineſs, is, that they know no other Uſe of Riches than the *Enjoyment* of them; but as this Word is liable to be miſconſtrued by many of our Readers, we think it neceſſary to inform them, we do not mean by it, that ſordid Enjoyment which the Miſer feels when he bolts up his Money in a well-ſecured Iron Cheſt, or that delicious Pleaſure he is ſenſible of when he counts over his hoarded Stores, and finds they are encreaſed with Half a Guinea, or even Half a Crown; nor do we mean that Enjoyment which the well-known

Mr.

Mr. *T*----,* the *Man-eater* feels, when he draws out his Money from his Bags to diſcount the good Bills of ſome honeſt, but diſtreſſed Tradeſman, at 10 or 15 *per* Cent.

The People we are ſpeaking of are happily ignorant of ſuch *Enjoyment* of Money, for they know no other Uſe of it, except that of promoting Mirth and good Humour with it; for which End they generouſly bring their Gains into a common Stock, whereby they whoſe Gains are ſmall, have an equal Share of Enjoyment with thoſe whoſe Profits are larger, excepting only that a Mark of Ignominy is affixed on thoſe who do not contribute to the common Stock proportionably to their Abilities, and the Opportunities they have of Gain: And this is the Source of their uninterrupted Happineſs; for by this Means they have no griping Uſurer to grind them, no lordly Poſſeſſor to trample on them, nor any Envyings to torment them: They have no ſettled Habitations, but (like the *Scythians* of old) remove from Place to Place, as often as their Conveniency or Pleaſure require it, which renders their Life a perpetual Scene of Variety.

By what we have ſaid above, and much

* As it has been long a Diſpute among the Learned and Travellers, whether or no there are *Canibals* or *Man-eaters* exiſting, it may ſeem ſomething ſtrange that we ſhould aſſert, there is beyond all Doubt one of that Species often ſeen lurking near St *Paul*'s, in the City of *London*, and other Parts of that City, ſeeking whom he may devour.

more that we could add of the Happineſs of theſe People, we may account for what has been Matter of much Surprize to the Friends of our Hero, *viz.* His ſtrong Attachment for the Space of above 40 Years, to this Community, and his refuſing the large Offers that have been made him to engage him to quit their Society: But to return to our Hiſtory.

Thus was Mr. *Carew* initiated into the Myſteries of a Society, which for Antiquity needs give Place to none, as it is evident from the Name, which in *Latin* is called *Ægyptus*, and in *French Ægyptienne*, that they derive their Original from the *Ægyptians*, one of the moſt antient and learned People in the World; (though afterwards ſeveral other People imitated them;) and that they were Perſons of more than common Learning, who travelled to communicate their Knowledge to Mankind. Whether the Divine *Homer* himſelf might not have been of this Society, will admit of a Doubt, as there is ſo much Uncertainty about his Birth and Education, though nothing more certain than that he travelled from Place to Place: Mr. *Carew* did not continue long in it, without being conſulted in important Matters; particularly Madam *Muſgrove*, of *Munkton*, near *Taunton*, hearing of his Fame, ſent for him to conſult in an Affair of Difficulty: When he was come, ſhe informed him, that ſhe ſuſpected a large Quantity of Money was buried ſomewhere about her Houſe, and if he would

would acquaint her with the particular Place, ſhe would handſomely reward him.

Our Hero conſulted the Secrets of his Art upon this Occaſion, and, after long Toil and Study, informed the Lady, that under a Laurel Tree in the Garden lay the Treaſure ſhe ſought for, but that her Planet of good Fortune did not reign till ſuch a Day and Hour, till which Time ſhe ſhould deſiſt from ſearching for it: The good Lady rewarded him very generouſly with twenty Guineas for this Diſcovery: We cannot tell whether at this Time our Hero was ſufficiently initiated in the Art, or whether the Lady miſtook her lucky Hour, but the ſtrict Regard we pay to Truth obliges us to confeſs, that the Lady dug below the Roots of the Laurel Tree without finding the hidding Treaſure.

When he was further initiated in the Art, he was conſulted upon ſeveral important Matters, and generally gave great Satisfaction by his ſagacious Anſwers. In the mean Time his worthy Parents ſorrowed for him, as one that was no more, not being able to get the leaſt Tidings of him, though they publickly advertiſed him, and ſent Meſſengers to enquire for him in every Part, till at the Expiration of a Year and half, our Hero having repeated Accounts of the great Sorrow and Trouble his Parents were in upon his Account, his Heart melted with Tenderneſs, and he repaired to his Father's Houſe at *Bickley* in *Devonſhire*. As he

was greatly diſguiſed both in Habit and Countenance, he was not at firſt known by his Parents; but when he diſcovered himſelf, Joy guſh'd out in full Streams, ſtooping the Power of Speech; but the warm Tears they bedewed his Cheeks with, whilſt they imprinted them with their Kiſſes, performed the Office of the Tongue with more expreſſive Eloquence: But the good Heart and tender Parent will feel it much better than we can deſcribe it. The whole Neighbourhood, particularly the two Pariſhes of *Cadley* and *Bickley*, partook of this Joy; and there was nothing for ſome Time but ringing of Bells, with publick Feaſtings, and other Marks of feſtive Joy.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Mr. Carew *leaves his Father's Houſe, and is admitted a ſecond Time into the Community of the* Gypſies; *a modeſt* Apology *for ſuch of the Actions of our Hero, as may ſeem to need it; a pathetick Addreſs to all Orders of Men to imitate him; ſeveral Stratagems put in Execution by him with great Succeſs; his Reſolution to render himſelf uſeful to Mankind; his Obſervations on Mankind,* &c.

MR. *Carew*'s Parents did every Thing poſſible to render Home agreeable to him: Every Day he was engaged in ſome Party of Pleaſure or other, and all his Friends ſtrove who ſhould moſt entertain him, ſo that there ſeemed nothing wanting to his Happineſs. But the uncommon Pleaſure he had enjoyed in the Community he had left, the Freedom of their Government, the Simplicity and Sincerity of their Manners, the frequen Change of their Habitation, the perpetual Mirth and good Humour that reigned amongſt them, and perhaps ſome ſecret Preſages of that high Honour which he has

has ſince arrived at, all theſe made too deep an Impreſſion to be effaced by any other Ideas: His Pleaſures therefore grew every Day more and more taſteleſs, and he reliſhed none of thoſe Entertainments which his Friends daily provided for him.

For ſome Time, theſe unſatisfied Longings after the Community of *Gypſies*, preyed upon his Mind, his Heart being too good to think of leaving his fond Parents again, without Reluctance: Long did filial Piety and his Inclinations ſtruggle for the Victory; at length the laſt prevailed, but not till his Health had viſibly ſuffered by theſe inward Commotions. One Day therefore, without taking leave of any of his Friends, he directs his Steps towards *Brick-Houſe*, at *Tiverton*, where he had firſt entered into the Community of the *Gypſies*; and finding ſome of them there, he joined their Company, to the great Satisfaction of them, as well as of himſelf, they rejoicing greatly at having regained one who was likely to be ſo uſeful a Member to their Community.

We are now entering into the buſy Part of our Hero's Life, where we ſhall find him acting in various Characters, and performing all with Propriety, Dignity and Decorum.---It may, however, be neceſſary to inform our Reader, that he muſt not be ſhocked if in the Courſe of theſe Actions he ſometimes finds our Hero engaged in Affairs, which, perhaps, in his Eye may not appear

appear altogether commendable; for the celebrated Writer of the Life of Mr. *Jones*, who aſſures us that he* (and indeed ſeems to inſinuate that only he) "has been admitted behind the "Scenes of the great Theatre of NATURE," and profeſſes his Book "to be written for the In-"ſtruction of Youth, as well as thoſe of riper "Years," after having informed his Readers with one of the Hero's of his Hiſtory defrauding his Friend and generous Benefactor of 500 Pounds, which he knew was all he had in the World, adds, "That though his Readers may look up-"on ſuch a Man with the utmoſt Abhorence, "yet he," (*who knows better than any of them, being no leſs than* NATURE's *Privy Counſellor*) "can cenſure the Action, without any abſolute "Deteſtation of the Perſon; for though the "Man is a Villain it is NATURE for all that; "and perhaps ſhe may not have deſigned him "to act an ill Part in all her Dramas, ſince it is "often the ſame Perſon who repreſents the "Villain and the Hero; and that a ſingle bad "Act" (however attrocious we ſuppoſe, for a worſe than the preceding one we cannot well imagine) "does not conſtitute a Villain in "Life." And here, as perhaps it has not as yet come to the Knowledge of all our Readers, we cannot but recommend to them the Purchaſe of that

* Every Line incloſed between theſe Marks " " is exactly in his own Words, without the leaſt Diminution or Addition, and may be found between Pago 76 and 80 of the 2d Volume of that excellent Hiſtory.

that *great Book of* NATURE, the Hiſtory of *Tom Jones*, which the gentle Reader may now buy for ſo ſmall a Price as Twelve Shillings, tho' great Numbers, we aſſure thee, have purchaſed it at one Pound one Shilling, and thought it well worth their Money, for indeed it is a moſt *profitable Book*; for whoever thou art, moſt courteous Reader, thou mayeſt in the Courſe of Life, have ſome Opportunity or other (and I make no Doubt but thou wilt) of making, or at leaſt increaſing thy Fortune, by betraying or defrauding thy Friend, robbing thy Maſter, or ſome other ſuch like Action; but an *innate Principle* of *Goodneſs* and *Honour* may deter thee from it; in all ſuch Caſes, therefore, thau may'ſt refer to this *great Book of* NATURE, and thou wilt find that thou may'ſt do it, without being the *leſs honeſt Man* for it: "For the Paſſions "often force Men upon Parts, without conſult- "ing their Judgement, ſo that the Man may "condemn what he himſelf acts; and there- "fore the Man of *Candour* and of *true Under- "ſtanding*, will cenſure ſuch an Imperfection, "without Rage againſt the guilty Party; for "though it is Villainy, it is NATURE for all "that."

We muſt confeſs, however, thou wilt find no ſuch *Inſtance of* NATURE in the whole *Life* of our *Hero*; nor can we find (though we have made very diligent Enquiry about it) that he followed the *Dictates of* NATURE ſo cloſely in his Childhood as Mr. *Thomas Jones*, in *taking* what

what was none of his own; neither ſhall we account for, on the ſame Principles, ſome of the future Actions of our Hero, which may not appear altogether commendable; for we are of Opinion that NATURE is altogether *lovely*, and that whatſoever is *true*, whatſoever is *honeſt*, whatſoever is *juſt*, whatſoever is of *good Report*, is all NATURE; as we are apt to think moſt of thoſe rank Weeds, which indeed ſprout up abundantly in the Human Soil, are owing to bad Culture, noxious Grafting, too great a Proximity to poiſonous Plants, whereby the good Seed is ſpoiled, or to ſome other external Cauſe. We ſhall therefore rather chuſe to account for ſome of the Actions of our Hero, by deſiring the Reader to keep in Mind the Principles of the Government of the *Mendicants*, which are like thoſe of the *Algerines*, and other States of *Barbary*, a perpetual State of Hoſtility with moſt other People; ſo that whatſoever Stratagem or Deceits they can over-reach them by, are not only allowed by their Laws, but conſidered as commendable and Praiſe-worthy; and, as the *Algerines*, are looked upon as a very honeſt People by thoſe who are in Alliance with them, tho' they plunder the reſt of Mankind; and, as moſt other Governments have thought they might very honeſtly and juſtly attack any weaker neighbouring State, whenever it was convenient for them, and murder forty or fifty thouſand of the Human Species: We hope

to

to the unprejudic'd Eye of Reaſon, the Government of the *Gypſies* in general, and our Hero as a Member of it, will not appear in ſo diſadvantageous a Light, for exerciſing a few Stratagems to over-reach their Enemies, eſpecially when it is conſidered they never (like other States) do any Harm to the Perſons of their Enemies, and not conſiderable to their Fortunes.

Our Hero being again admitted, at the firſt general Aſſembly of the *Gypſies*, and having taken the proper Oaths of Allegiance to the *Sovereign*, was ſoon after ſent out by him on a Cruize upon their Enemies. Our Hero's Wit was now ſet at Work, by what Stratagems he might beſt ſucceed: The firſt that occurred to his Thoughts, was the equipping of himſelf with an old Pair of Trowſers, enough of a Jacket to cover his Nakedneſs, Stockings ſuch as Nature gave, Shoes (or rather the *Body* of Shoes, for *Soals* they had none) which had Leaks enough to ſink a firſt Rate Man of War, and a Woollen Cap ſo black, that one might more ſafely ſwear it had not been waſh'd ſince *Noah*'s *Flood*, than many honeſt Electors can, that they receive no Bribes. Being thus attired, our Hero changed his Manners with his Dreſs; he forgot entirely his Family, Education, and Politeneſs, and became now nothing more nor leſs than an unfortunate Ship-wreck'd Seamen. *Here, if we may be allowed to compare great Things with ſmall, we could wiſh that all*

Orders

Orders of Men were ſtrict Imitators of our Hero; we mean, that they would put on the Characteriſticks and Qualifications of their Employment, at the ſame Time they inveſt themſelves with the Enſigns of it; that the Divine, when he puts on his ſacred and venerable Habit, would clothe himſelf with Piety, Goodneſs, Humility, Gentleneſs, Long Suffering, Charity, Temperance, Contempt of filthy Lucre, and other God-like Qualifications of his Office; that the Judge, at the Time he puts on his ermin'd Robes, would put on Righteouſneſs and Equity as an upper Garment, with an Integrity of Mind more white and ſpotleſs than the faireſt Ermin; that the grave Phyſician, when he puts on his large Perriwigg, would put under it the Knowledge of the Human Frame, of the Virtues and Effects of Medicines, of the Signs and Nature of Diſeaſes, with the moſt approved and experienced Forms of Cures; that the Mechanick, when he puts on his Leather or Woollen Apron, would put on Diligence, Frugality, Temperance, Modeſty and good Nature; and that Kings themſelves, when the Crown,* *which is adorned with many precious Stones, is put on their Heads, would put on at*

 the

* At the Coronation of the Kings of *England*, before the Archbiſhop putteth the Crown upon the King's Head, he maketh this Prayer, holding the Crown in his Hands.

" O God, the Crown of the Faithful, who crowneth their Heads " with precious Stones who truſt in thee, bleſs and ſanctifie this " Crown, that as the ſame is adorned with many precious Stones ' ſo this thy Servant that weareth the ſame, may of thy Grace be " repleniſhed with the manifeſt Gift of all precious Virtues, &c.

the ſame Time " *the more ineſtimable Gems of all* " *precious Virtues*;" *that they would remember at all Times they were inveſted with the* Dalmatica * *at their Coronation, only as an* " *Emblem* " *of the Ornament of a good Life and holy Ac-* " *tions*;" *that the* Rod † *they received* " *was* " *the Rod of Virtue and Equity, to encourage* " *and make much of the Godly, and to terrify* " *the Wicked, to ſhow the Way to thoſe that go* " *aſtray, and to offer the Hand to thoſe that fall,* " *to repreſs the Proud, and lift up the Lowly*; " *that the* Sword § *they were girt with, was to* " *protect the Liberties of their People, to defend* " *and help Widows and Orphans, reſtore the* " *Things that are gone to Decay, maintain thoſe* " *which are reſtored, and confirm Things that* " *are in good Order.*"

As

* When the Archbiſhop putteth the *Dalmatica*, or the *White Robe* ſtudded with Purple, on the King, he maketh the following Prayer.

" O God, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords by whom " Kings do reign, and Law-givers do make good Laws, vouchſafe " in thy Favour to bleſs this *Kingly Ornament*, and grant that thy " Servant, our King, who doth wear it, may ſhine in thy Sight with " the *Ornament of a good Life, and holy Actions*, &c.

† When the Archbiſhop delivereth the *Rod* with the *Dove* into the King's Left Hand, he ſaith,

" Receive the Rod of Virtue and Equity; learn to make much " of the Godly, and to terrify the Wicked; ſhow the Way to thoſe " that go aſtray, offer the Hand to thoſe that fall, repreſs the " Proud, lift up the Lowly, *&c.*"

§ When the Archbiſhop delivereth the Sword into the King's Right Hand, he ſaith,

" Receive this Kingly Sword for the Defence of the Faith of " CHRIST's *Holy Church*, and with it exerciſe thou the Force of " Equity, and mightily deſtroy the Growth of Iniquity; protect " the Holy Church of God, and his People; defend and help Wi- " dows and Orphans; reſtore the Things that are gone to Decay; " maintain thoſe Things which are reſtored; be revenged of In- juſtice, and confirm Things that are in good Order."

As to our Hero, he ſo fully put on the Character of a Ship-wreck'd Seaman, that in his firſt Excurſion he gained a very conſiderable Booty, having likewiſe ingeniouſly imitated the Paſſes and Certificates that were neceſſary for him to travel unmoleſted. After about a Month's Travel, he accidentally, at *Kingſbridge in Devonſhire*, met with *Coleman*, his School-fellow, one of thoſe who had entered with him into the Community as before related, but had, after a Year and a half Abode with them, left them ahd returned to his Friends; but not finding that Satisfaction amongſt them, as with the *Gypſies*, had again joined that People: Great was the Joy therefore, of theſe two Friends at their meeting, and they ſoon agreed to travel together for ſome Time, and accordingly proceeded to *Totneſs*, and from thence to the City of *Exeter:* Entering that City they raiſed a Contribution there in one Day, amounting to ſeveral Pounds.

Having obtained all he could deſire from this Stratagem, his fruitful Invention ſoon hinted another. He now became the plain honeſt Country Farmer, who living in the Iſle of *Sheepy* in *Kent*, had the Misfortune to have his Grounds overflowed, and all his Cattle drowned. His Habit was now neat, but ruſtick; his Air and Behaviour ſimple and inoffenſive; his Speech in the *Kentiſh* Dialect; his Countenance dejected; his Tale pitiful,

nay wonderous pitiful; a Wife and ſeven tender helpleſs Infants being Partakers of his Misfortunes: In ſhort, never did that excellent Actor, Mr. *Garrick*, perſonate any Character more juſt; nor did he ever raiſe ſtronger Emotions of Pity in the Character of the unfortunate good King *Lear*, than our Hero did under this; ſo that if his former Stratagem anſwered his Wiſhes, this ſtill did more ſo, he now getting ſeldom leſs than a Guinea a Day.

Having raiſed a very conſiderable Booty by theſe two Stratagems, he made the beſt of his Way towards *Stratton* in *Devonſhire*, where was ſoon to be held a general Aſſembly of the *Gypſies*: Here he was received with great Applauſe on Account of the ſucceſsful Stratagems he had executed, and he had an honourable Mark of Diſtinction beſtowed upon him, in being ſeated near the King.

Though our Hero, by Means of theſe Stratagems, abounded in all the Pleaſure he could deſire, ye he began now to reflect within himſelf on that grand and noble Maxim of Life, *That we are not born for ourſelves only, but are indebted to all Mankind, to be of as great Uſe and Service to them as our Capacities and Abilities will enable us to be:* He therefore gave a handſome Gratuity to an expert and famous *Rat-catcher*, (who aſſumed the Honour of being *Rat-catcher* to the *King*) and produced a Patent for the free Exerciſe of his Art, to be initiated

tiated into that, and the ſtill more uſeful Secret of curing Madneſs in Dogs or Cattle.

Our Hero, by his cloſe Application, ſoon attain'd ſo conſiderable a Knowledge in his Profeſſion, that he practiſed it with much Succeſs and Applauſe, to the great Advantage of the Public in general, not confining the good Effects of his Knowledge to his own Community only, but extending them univerſally to all Sorts of People, whereſoever they were wanted; for though we have before obſerved the *Mendicants* are in a conſtant State of Hoſtility with all other People, and Mr. *Carew* was as alert as any one in laying all Manner of Schemes and Stratagems to carry off a Booty from them, yet he thought, as a Member of the grand Society of Human Kind, he was obliged to do them all the Good in his Power, when it was not oppoſite to the Intereſt of that particular Community of which he was a Member: *We cannot here help obſerving that our Hero, in what we have above related, ſeems to ſurpaſs the ſo much extoll'd Mr.* Thomas Jones; *for though we have very diligently ſearched that Gentleman's Hiſtory, we cannot find that from the Age of ſixteen he ever apply'd himſelf to the learning of any Art or Science, except that commendable and Praiſe-worthy one of leaping his Horſe over deep Ditches and many barr'd Gates, in which we think his Horſe had an equal, if not a ſuperior Degree of Knowledge with himſelf.*

Mr. *Carew*'s Invention being never at a Loſs, he now formed a new Stratagem; to execute which, he exchanged his Habit, Shirt and all, for only an old Blanket; Shoes and Stockings he laid aſide, becauſe they did not ſuit his preſent Purpoſe. Being thus accoutred, or rather unaccoutred, he was now no 'more than poor *Mad Tom*, whom the foul 'Fiend has led through Fire and through 'Flame, through Ford and Whirpool, over 'Bog and Quagmire, that hath laid Knives 'under his Pillow, and Halters in his Pew, ſet 'Ratſbane by his Porridge, made him proud 'at Heart, to ride on a bay trotting Horſe 'over four-inched Bridges, to courſe his own 'Shadow for a Traitor; who eats the ſwim-'ming Frog, the Toad, the Tadpole, the 'Wall Newt and the Water Newt; that in 'the Fury of his Heart, when the foul 'Fiend rages, ſwallows the old Rat and the 'Ditch Dog, drinks the green Mantle off the 'ſtanding Pool:

'*And Mice and Rats, and ſuch ſmall Geer,*
'*Have been* Tom's *Food for ſeven long Year.*

'O do, de, do, de, do, de; bleſs thee from 'Whirlwind, Star-blaſting, and taking: Do 'poor *Tom* ſome Charity, whom the foul 'Fiend vexes, there could I have him now, 'and there and here again, and there: Thro' 'the ſharp Hawthorn blows the cold Wind, '*Tom*'s a-cold: Who gives any Thing to

'poor

'poor *Tom*.'*---In this Character, and with ſuch like Expreſſions, our Hero entered the Houſes both of great and ſmall, claiming Kindred to them, and committing all Manner of frantick Actions, ſuch as beating himſelf, offering to eat Coals of Fire, running againſt the Wall, and tearing to Pieces whatever Garment was given him to cover his Nakedneſs; by which Means he raiſed very conſiderable Contributions.

But theſe different Habits and Characters were ſtill of further Uſe to our Hero, for by their Means he had a fairer Opportunity of ſeeing the *World*, and knowing *Mankind*, than moſt of our Youths who make the *Grand Tour*; for as he had none of thoſe pretty Amuſements and Raree-Shews, which ſo much divert our young Gentlemen Abroad, to engage his Attention, it was wholly applied to the Study of *Mankind*, their various Paſſions and Inclinations; and he made the greater Improvement

* Though the above excellent Deſcription of this Character of our Hero is taken from that inimitable Maſter of Nature, *Shakeſpear*, who wrote about 130 Years before we were born, yet from this preſent Time we expect all Readers to regard it *as purely and entirely our own*, according to the Maxim laid down by that great Author, the Hiſtoriographer of the Life of *Tom Jones*, who, in Book the 12th of that renowned Hiſtory, informs his Readers in theſe Words, "I ſhall never ſcruple to take to myſelf any Paſſage which "I ſhall find in any antient Author to my Purpoſe, without ſetting "down the Name of the Author from whence it was taken; nay, "I abſolutely claim a Property to all ſuch Sentiments, the Mo- "ment they are tranſcribed into my Writings, and I expect all "Readers henceforward to regard them *as purely and entirely my* "*own*."

ment in this Study, as in many of his Characters they acted before him without Reſerve or Diſguiſe. He ſaw in little and plain Houſes, *Hoſpitality*, *Charity*, and *Compaſſion*, the Children of *Frugality*; and found, under gilded and ſpacious Roofs, *Littleneſs*, *Uncharitableneſs*, and *Inhumanity*, the Offspring of *Luxury* and *Riot*: He ſaw Servants waſte their Maſters Subſtance, and that there was no greater nor more crafty Thief than the Domeſtick one; and met with Maſters who roared out for *Liberty* Abroad, acting the arbitrary Tyrant in their own Houſes; he ſaw *Ignorance* and *Paſſion* exerciſe the *Rod* of *Juſtice*; *Oppreſſion* the *Handmaid* of *Power*; *Self-Intereſt* outweighing *Friendſhip* and *Honeſty* in the oppoſite Scale; *Pride* and *Envy* ſpurning and trampling on what was more worthy than themſelves; he ſaw the pure white Robes of *Truth* ſullied with the black Hue of *Hypocriſy* and *Diſſimulation*; he met ſometimes too with *Riches* unattended by *Pomp* or *Pride*, but diffuſing themſelves in numberleſs unexhauſted Streams, conducted by the Hands of two lovely Servants, *Goodneſs* and *Beneficence*; and he ſaw *Honeſty*, *Integrity*, and *Greatneſs* of *Mind*, Inhabitants of the humble Cot of *Poverty*.

All theſe Obſervations afforded him no little Pleaſure, but he felt a much greater in the Indulgence of the Emotions of filial Piety, paying

ing his Parents frequent Viſits, unknown to them, in different Diſguiſes; at which Time the Tenderneſs he ſaw them expreſs for him in their Enquiries after him (it being their conſtant Cuſtom ſo to do of all Travellers) always melted him into real *Tears*.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Mr. Carew's *Voyage to* Newfoundland; *ſome Account of that Iſland, and the great* Cod-Fiſhery *there*; *his Return to* England; *good Effects of his Voyage, and ſome Profit propoſed to the Reader from it.*

IT has been remarked that *Curioſity*, or the Deſire *Knowledge*, is that which moſt diſtinguiſhes *Man* from the *Brute*, and the greater the *Mind* is, the more inſatiable is that *Paſſion:* We may, without Flattery, ſay, no Man had a more boundleſs one, than our *Hero*; for not ſatisfied with the Obſervations he had made in *England* and *Wales*, (which we are well aſſured were many more than are uſually made by Gentlemen before they travel into Foreign Parts) he now reſolved to ſee other *Countries* and *Manners*. He was the more inclined to this, as he imagined it would enable him to be of greater Service to the Community of which he was a Member, by rendering him capable of executing ſome of his Stratagems with much greater Succeſs. He communicated this Deſign to his Schoolfellow *Eſcot*, one of thoſe who

who commenced a *Gypſy* with him, (for neither of the four ever wholly quitted that Community.) *Eſcot* very readily agreed to accompany him in his Travels, and there being a Ship ready to ſail for *Newfoundland*, lying at *Dartmouth*, where they then were, they agreed to embark on board her, being called the *Manſail*, commanded by Captain *Holdſworth*. Nothing remarkable happened in their Paſſage which relates to our Hero: We ſhall therefore paſs it by, and land him ſafe in *Newfoundland*.

This large Iſland was diſcovered by *Sebaſtian Cabot*, who was ſent to *America* by *Henry* VII. King of *England*, in the Year 1497, to make Diſcoveries. It is of a triangular Figure as big as *Ireland*, of about 300 Leagues in Circuit, ſeparated from *Canada*, or *New France* on the Continent to the North, and from *New Scotland* to the South, by a Channel of much the ſame Breadth as that between *Dover* and *Calais*. It lies between 46 and 50 Degrees of North Latitude. 'Tis not above 1800 Miles diſtant from the Land's-End of *England*. It has many commodious Bays along the Coaſt, ſome of them running into the Land towards one another 20 Leagues. The Climate is very hot in Summer, and cold in Winter, the Snow lying upon the Ground four or five Months in the Year: The Soil is very barren, bearing little or no Corn, being full of Mountains, and impracticable Foreſts:

Its

Its Meadows are like Heath, and covered with a Sort of Moſs, inſtead of Graſs.

Our Hero, nevertheleſs, did not ſpend his Time uſeleſs, or even without Entertainment in this uncomfortable Country; for an inquiſitive and active Mind will find more *Uſe* and *Entertainment* amongſt barren Rocks and Mountains, than the indolent Perſon can amongſt all the Magnificence and Beauties of *Verſailles*: He therefore viſited *Torbay Kittawitty*, *Carboneer*, *Brigas* Bay, Bay of *Bulls*, *Petty Harbour*, *Cape Broil*, *Bonaviſt*, and all the other Settlements, both *Engliſh* and *French*, accurately making himſelf fully acquainted with the Names, Circumſtances, and Characters of all the Inhabitants of any Note: He likewiſe viſited the great Bank of *Newfoundland*, ſo much talked of, which is a Mountain of Sand, lying under the Sea, about 450 Miles in Length, and in ſome Places 150 in Breadth, lying on the Eaſt Side of the Iſland: The Sea that runs over it, when it is Flood, is 200 Fathoms deep on all Sides, ſo that at that Time the largeſt Ships may venture upon it without Fear of ſtriking, (except at a Place called the *Virgins*) but at Ebb it is dry in ſome Places: He likewiſe viſited the other leſſer Blanks, *viz. Vert Bank*, about 240 Miles long, and 120 Miles over, the *Banquero Bank*, lying in the Shape of a Shoe, about the Bigneſs of the other: But the greateſt Entertainment, and what ſeemed moſt worthy his obſervation, was, the great *Cod-Fiſhery* which

is

is carried on about the Great and other Banks near the Coaſt; for which Purpoſe, during his Stay there, he ſaw ſeveral Hundred Ships come in from divers Parts, both of *America* and *Europe*, ſo that he had an Opportunity of gaining ſome Knowledge of a conſiderable Part of the World by his Enquires, he miſſing no Opportunity of converſing with the Sailors of different Countries: He was told, ſeveral of theſe Ships carried away thirty or thirty-five Thouſand Fiſh a-piece; and though this yearly Conſumption has been made for two Centuries paſt, yet the ſame Plenty of Fiſh continues, without any Diminution.*

He obſerved that there are two Sorts of ſalt Cod, the one called *green* or *white*, the other *dried*, or *cured*; but they are both the ſame Fiſh, only differently prepared. The beſt, largeſt, and fatteſt Cod, are thoſe taken on the

* Almoſt every one has an Opportunity of obſerving the prodigious Number of Eggs or Spawn in ſome Sorts of Fiſhes; but what can the naked Eye diſcern in Compariſon of what M. *Leewenhoeck* diſcovered by the Aſſiſtance of his excellent Microſcopes? This Gentleman examining the Spawn of a Cod Fiſh, took one of the Hairs off his Head, which through the Glaſs appeared to be an Inch broad, and placing it near the *Animalculæ*, contained in the Spawn, he found that at leaſt ſixty of them would lie within its Diameter. This being ſuppoſed, and their Bodies being allowed to be, as they are, ſpherical, M. *Leewenhoeck* computed that 216,000 of them are equal to a Globe whoſe Axis does not exceed a ſingle Hairs Breadth. M. *Petit* found 342,144 Eggs in the hard Roe of a Carp 18 Inches long; but M. *Leewenhoeck* only found 211,629 Eggs in one of thoſe Fiſhes. What is moſt to our Purpoſe, however, the laſt mentioned curious Enquirer into the Secrets of Nature tells us, that a Cod contains 9,344000 Eggs. Who can help ſtanding amazed at this prodigious Fertility, undoubtedly deſigned by Providence to preſerve the Species from being entirely deſtroyed by any Accidents or Enemies whatſoever.

South Side of the *Great Bank*; and the beſt Seaſon is from the Beginning of *February* to the End of *April*, for then the Cod, which during the Winter had retired to the deepeſt Parts of the Sea, return to the *Bank*, and grow very fat. Thoſe caught from *March* to *June* keep well enough; which cannot be ſaid of thoſe taken in *July*, *Auguſt*, and *September*. An experienced Fiſherman, though he only takes one Fiſh at a Time, will catch three Hundred and fifty, or four Hundred in a Day, but not often ſo many; for it is very fatiguing Work, both on Account of the Weight of the Fiſh, and the Cold that reigns about the *Bank*. When the Heads of the Fiſh are cut off, their Bellies opened, and the Guts taken out, the Salter (on whoſe Ability and Care the Succeſs of the Voyage chiefly depends) ranges them in the Bottom of the Veſſel, and having made a Layer thereof a Fathom or two ſquare, he covers it with Salt; over this he lays another, and covers it as before; and thus diſpoſes all the Fiſh of one Day, taking Care never to mix the Fiſh of different Days together. When the Cod have thus laid to drain for three or four Days, they are moved into another Part of the Veſſel, and ſalted a ſecond Time; and this is all the Preparation theſe green Fiſh undergo.

The principal Fiſhery for Cod intended to be dried, is along the Southern Coaſt of *Newfoundland*, where there are ſeveral commodious Ports

to

to carry the Fiſh aſhore; and though the Fiſh are ſmaller here than at the *Bank*, on that Account they are the fitter to keep, and the Salt penetrates them the better. As Cod are only to be dried in the Sun, the *European* Veſſels are obliged to put to Sea in *March* or *April*, in order to have the Benefit of the Summer for drying. Some Veſſels indeed are ſent in *June*, and *July*, but thoſe only purchaſe Fiſh already prepared by the *Engliſh* ſettled in *Newfoundland* giving them Meal, Brandy, Biſcuit, Pulſe, Linnen, *&c.* in Exchange.--------When the Ships arrive in the Spring, and have fixed upon a Station, ſome of the Crew build a Stage or Scaffold on Shore, whilſt the reſt are fiſhing, and as faſt as they catch their Fiſh, they land them, open them, and ſalt them on moveable Benches; but the main Salting is performed on the Scaffold. As ſoon as the Fiſh have taken Salt, they waſh them, and then lay them in Piles to drain. When drained, they range them on Hurdles, Head to Tail; and whilſt they lie thus, they turn them four Times every four and twenty Hours. As they begin to dry, they lay them in Heaps, of ten or twelve a piece, and continue to enlarge the Heaps every Day, till they are double their firſt Bulk. At length they join two of theſe Heaps together, and turn them every Day as before. Laſtly, they ſalt them over again, beginning with thoſe that had been ſalted firſt, and then lay

them in large Piles as big asHay-Stacks. Thus they remain till they are carried a Ship-board, where they are laid on Branches of Trees, diſpoſed for that Purpoſe at the Bottom of the Veſſel, with Mats all round, to prevent their contracting any Moiſture.---------Beſides the Fiſh itſelf, there are other Commodities obtained from it, *viz.* the Tripes and Tongues, which are ſalted at the ſame Time with the Fiſh, and put up in Barrels; the Roes, or Eggs, which being ſalted and barrelled up, are of Uſe to caſt into the Sea, to draw Fiſh together, particularly Pilchards; and the Oil, which is drawn from the Livers, and uſed in dreſſing of Leather.

The fiſhing Seaſon being over, and our Hero having made all the Obſervations that he thought might be uſeful to him, returned again in the *Manſail* to *Dartmouth*, from whence he had firſt ſaile d, bringing with him a ſurpriſing fierce and large Dog, which he had enticed to follow him, and made as gentle as a Lamb by an Art which is peculiar to himſelf. Our Hero was received with great Joy by his Fellow *Gypſies*, and they were loud in his Praiſes, when they underſtood he had undertaken this Voyage to enable him to deceive their Enemies with the greater Succeſs. He accordingly, in a few Days, went out on a Cruize in the Character of a Ship-wreck'd Seaman, loſt in a Veſſel homeward-bound from *Newfoundland*, ſometimesbelonging to *Pool*, ſometimes to *Dartmouth*,

mouth, at other Times to other Ports, and under ſuch or ſuch Commander, accoring as the News Papers gave Account of ſuch melancholy Accidents.

If the Booty he got before under this Character was conſiderable, it was much more ſo now, for being able to give a very exact Account of *Newfoundland*, the Settlements, Harbours, Fiſhery, and Inhabitants thereof, he applied with great Confidence to Maſters of Veſſels, and Gentlemen well acquainted with thoſe Parts; ſo that thoſe whom before his Prudence would not permit him to apply to, now became his greateſt Benefactors, as the perfect Account he gave of the Country engaged them to give Credit to all he aſſerted, and made them very liberal in his Favour.----*Think it no Diſgrace, gentle Reader, if we imagine thou may'ſt here draw ſome Inſtruction from the Example of our Hero: Remember the Bee draws Honey from the moſt bitter, as well as from the ſweeteſt Flowers; and here thou may'ſt ſee, of what great Efficacy, Induſtry and Knowledge is in every Profeſſion, and that thy Succeſs in Life will be generally in Proportion to thy Attainments in theſe; therefore, of whatever Profeſſion thou art, ſit not down content with a moderate or common Share of Knowledge in it, but each Day make ſome further Progreſs, till thou reacheſt the Summit of the Hill; for he who but ſtops in the Middle, is in great Danger of running back again what he has already paſſed over: Therefore let us*

adviſe thee, like our Hero, to think no Trouble too great to be perfect in thy Profeſſion, and then thou may'ſt aſſure thyſelf of the like Succeſs.

CHAP. IV.

Mr. Carew *accidentally falls in Love with Miſs* G----y, *of* Newcaſtle; *what Kind of Love it was*; *a Compariſon between it and Mr.* Thomas Jones's; *he declares his Paſſion to Miſs* G-----y, *and ſucceeds by the Aſſiſtance of a late* well known eloquent Advocate; *ſome Account of this Gentleman*; *he perſuades Miſs* G-----y *to leave her Father's Houſe, and to go on board Captain* L----n's *Veſſel: They land at* Dartmouth, *from whence they proceed to* Bath, *where their Nuptials are celebrated with a great deal of Splendor and Gaiety.*

IT was about this Time that our Hero became ſenſible of the Power of Love; we mean of that Sort, which has more of the Mind than the Body, and is tender, delicate, and conſtant, the Object of which remains conſtantly fixed in the Mind, like the Arrow in the wounded Deer, and that will not admit of any Partner with it. It was in the Town of *Newcaſtle*, ſo famous for its Coal Works (which our Hero viſited out of Curioſity, appearing there undiſguiſed,

diſguiſed, and making a very genteel Appearance) that he became enamoured with the Daughter of Mr. *G----y*, an eminent Apothecary and Surgeon there: This young Lady had Charms perhaps equal to any of her Sex; and we might in that Stile, which one who entitles himſelf *an Author of the firſt Rate*, calls the SUBLIME, ſay, "Here was Whiteneſs "which no Lillies, Ivory, nor Alabaſter could "match. The fineſt Cambrick might be "ſuppoſed from Envy to cover that Boſom, "which was much whiter than itſelf," * and other Things of the ſame Kind, but we muſt confeſs we always feel a cold Horror ſhoot through our Limbs, at the reading of this puerile *Sublime*, (and we make no Doubt but many other Readers do the ſame) as it greatly tends *Infandum renovare Dolorem*, to make our Hearts ache, by putting us in Mind of what our Poſteriors have ſuffered from it at School. We ſhall therefore content ourſelves with ſaying this young Lady had charms ſufficient to captivate the Heart of any Man, not unſuſceptible of Love; and they made ſo deep an Impreſſion upon our Hero that they wholly effaced every Object, which before had created any Deſires in him, and never permitted any other to raiſe them afterwards; for *wonderful to tell!* we have, after above thirty Years Enjoyment, ſeen him lament her occaſional Abſence

* See Hiſtory of *Tom Jones*, Vol. 1 P. 158.

ſence almoſt with Tears, and talk of her with all the Fondneſs of one who has been in Love but three Days; ſo that had the incomparable † *Molly Seagrim* ſtarted up before him in her dirty and ſweaty Shift, had the famous Mrs. *Waters*

† In Page 289, of the firſt Volume of the Hiſtory of *Tom Jones*, wrote purely to recommend *Goodneſs* and *Innocence*, the Youth of both Sexes may read as follows:

" Mr. *Jones* (being deeply in Love with Miſs *Sophia Weſtern*) re-
" tired from Company into the Fields, and coming into a moſt
" *delicious Grove*; in a Scene ſo ſweely accommodated to Love, he
" meditated on his dear *Sophia*. While his wanton Fancy roved
" unbounded over all her Beauties, and his lively Imagination painted
" the charming Maid in various raviſhing Forms, his warm Heart
" melted with Tenderneſs, and at length throwing himſelf on the
" Ground, by the Side of a gentle murmuring Brook, he broke
" forth into the following Ejaculation,

' O *Sophia*, would Heaven give thee to my Arms, how bleſt
' would be my Condition; Curſt be that Fortune which ſets a
' Diſtance between us. Was I but poſſeſſed of thee, one only
' Suit of Rags thy whole Eſtate, is there a Man on Earth whom
' I would envy! How contemptible would the brighteſt *Circaſſian*
' Beauty, dreſt in all the Jewels of the *Indies*, appear to my Eyes!
' But why do I mention another Woman? Could I think my Eyes
' capable of looking at any other with Tenderneſs, theſe Hands
' ſhould tear them from my Head. No, my *Sophia*, if cruel For-
' tune ſeparates us for ever, my Soul ſhall doat on thee alone. The
' chaſteſt Conſtancy will I ever preſerve to thy Image. Though I
' ſhould never have Poſſeſſion of thy charming Perſon, ſtill ſhalt
' thou alone have Poſſeſſion of my Thoughts, my Love, my Soul.
' Oh! my fond Heart is ſo wrapt in that tender Boſom, that the
' brighteſt Beauties would for me have no Charms, nor would
' Hermit be colder in their Embraces. *Sophia*, *Sophia* alone ſhall
' be mine. What Raptures are in that Name! I will engrave it on
' every Tree.'

At theſe Words he ſtarted up, and beheld——not his *Sophia*——no, nor a *Circaſſian* Maid richly and elegantly attired for the Grand Signior's Seraglio. No; without a Gown, in a Shift that was ſomewhat of the coarſeſt, and none of the cleaneſt, bedewed likewiſe with ſome odoriferous Effluvia, the Produce of the Day's Labour, with a Pitchfork in her Hand, *Molly Seagrim* approached. Our Hero had a Penknife, in his Hand, which he had drawn for the before-mentioned Purpoſe, of carving on the Bark; when the Girl coming near him, cry'd out with a Smile, ' You don't intend

' to

Waters † laid in the ſame Houſe with him, or had the laſcivious Lady *Bellaſton*, * with her ſtinking Breath, tempted him with the largeſt Rewards to be her *Stallion*, we are perſuaded he would have rejected either of theſe Temptations with Scorn and Indignation; for his Love was ſo delicate, that he thought any Thing unbecoming of it, was as ſhameful in the Abſence of the beloved Object, as if it was committed before her Eyes; and he was a little too much above the Brute, (at the ſame Time his Affections were ſtrongly engaged upon a lovely Object) § "to think any Woman "better than none." We flatter ourſelves, that

'to kill me, 'Squire, I hope!' 'Why ſhould you think I would 'kill you, anſwered *Jones*.' 'Nay, replied ſhe, after your cruel 'Uſage of me, when I ſaw you laſt, killing me would, perhaps, be 'too great Kindneſs for me to expect.'

Here enſued a Parly; which, as I do not think myſelf obliged to relate, I ſhall omit. It is ſufficient that it laſted a full Quarter of an Hour, at the Concluſion of which they retired into the thickeſt Part of the Grove.

† This was a Lady who had run away from her Huſband, Captain *Waters*, with a profligate young Enſign, who afterwards attempted to rob her; but *Jones* accidentally coming by, reſcued her and conducted her to an Inn; and though he was ſtill as much as ever in Love with his dear SOPHIA, yet he thought proper to accept of the Favour of Part of Mrs. *Waters*'s Bed, which ſhe generouſly offered him, in Return for the Valour he had ſhewn in her Reſcue.——See the 7th Chapter of the 2d Volume, and the 1ſt of the 3d of the Hiſtory of *Tom Jones*.

* This was a ſhamefully amorous old Lady, whom Mr. Jones was ſo complaiſant to, as to become her Stallion, notwithſtanding her Age and ſtinking Breath.——See the laſt Chapter of the 3d Volume, and the 2d and 3d Chapters of the 4th Volume of the Hiſtory of *Tom Jones*.

§ This is the Reaſon given for Mr. *Jones*'s retiring into the thickeſt Part of the Grove with MOLLY SEAGRIM, *viz.* becauſe he probably thought one Woman better than none——See Page 290.

that the fondeſt Admirers of *Tom Jones*, will not ſcruple to give the Laurel to our Hero in this Place, for it is well known to all the Readers of the incomparable Hiſtory of Mr. *Jones*, that he eaſily and without Reluctance gave way to all theſe Temptations, when he was moſt deeply enamoured of the adorable Miſs *Sophia Weſtern*. But to return: Our Hero tried all Love's ſoft Perſuaſions with his Fair one in an honourable Way; and as his Perſon was very engaging, and his Appearance genteel, he did not find her greatly averſe to his Propoſals. As he was aware that his being of the Community of the *Gypſies* might prejudice her againſt him without Examination, he paſſed with her for the Mate of a Collier's Veſſel, in which he was ſupported by Captain *L----n* of *Dartmouth*, an old Acquaintance of our Hero's, who then commanded a Veſſel lying at *Newcaſtle*, and acknowledged him for his Mate. Theſe Aſſertions ſatisfied the young Lady very well, and ſhe at length conſented to exchange the tender Care and Love of a Parent for that of a Huſband. The Reader perhaps may be ſurprized that ſhe did not make any further Enquiries concerning him; it is therefore neceſſary we ſhould inform him, that our Hero had engaged on his Side a very eloquent and perſuaſive Advocate or Counſellor, (for we know not which Denomination moſt properly belongs to him) one who though ſtill beardleſs, exiſted as ſoon as the firſt Woman was created,

created, and has had ever ſince, (till within this laſt Century) very great Practice in the Buſineſs of uniting both Sexes for Life; but of late Years a neighbouring Counſellor, named *Self-Intereſt*, has by under-hand Dealings, falſe Inſinuations, and mean Suggeſtions taken away the greateſt Part of his Buſineſs, ſo that he is ſeldom retained on either Side. Our Hero, however, engaged him in his Service, and he pleaded ſo ſtrongly for him with the young Lady, that he removed all her Objections, and ſilenced all her Scruples, and at laſt perſuaded her to leave her Home, and venture on board Captain *L----n*'s Veſſel with her Lover; for though this Counſellor, according to a very good Picture of him, drawn by a famous Maſter, has more of the wanton roguiſh Smiles of a Boy in his Countenance, than the Formality, Wiſdom, and Gravity of thoſe Counſellors, which thou haſt perhaps ſeen in *Weſtminſter-Hall*; and never wore one of thoſe ponderous Perukes which are ſo eſſential to the Knowledge, Wiſdom, and Eloquence of thoſe Gentlemen; yet we are aſſured none of them ever equalled him in perſuaſive Arguments, removing of Difficulties, and ſilencing of Doubts, for he indeed differed ſomething in Practice from moſt of the Counſellers we ever heard of; for as theſe are very apt to puzzle and perplex their Clients by their Anſwers, and make intricate what was *plain* before, on the contrary, the *Gentleman* we are ſpeaking off,

had

had a wonderful Faculty of making the greateſt *Difficulties plain* and *eaſy*, and always anſwered every *Objection* and *Scruple* to the entire *Satisfaction* of his *Client*.

The Lover and his Fair one being on board, they ſoon hoiſted Sail, and the very Winds being willing to favour theſe two happy Lovers, they had an exceeding quick Paſſage to *Dartmouth*, where they landed. Our Hero being now no longer able to conceal his being a Member of the Community of the Gypſies, after ſome previous Introduction, declared it to the young Lady, who was not a little ſurpriz'd and troubled at it; but the *Counſellor* we have already ſpoken of, being near at Hand, ſoon compos'd her Mind, by ſuggeſting to her the worthy *Family* her *Lover* was ſprung from; that the *Community* of the *Gypſies* was more *happy* and leſs *diſreputable* than ſhe imagined; that the *Perſon* of her *Lover* was quite *amiable*, and that he had *Good Nature* and *Love* enough to make her *happy* in any Condition.

As theſe *Suggeſtions* entirely ſatisfied her, the *Lovers* in a few Days ſet out for *Bath*, where they lawfully ſolemniz'd their Nuptials, with great *Gaiety* and *Splendor*, and were thoſe two *Perſons* whom the *old Standers* at *Bath* muſt needs remember to have made ſuch an *Eclat* about thirty Years ago, though no Body at that Time could conjecture who *they were*,

which was the Occaſion of much *Speculation*, and many falſe *Surmiſes*.

We cannot conclude this Chapter, but with the deſerved Praiſes of our Hero, from whoſe Mouth we have had repeated Aſſurances, that during their *Voyage* to *Dartmouth*, and their Journey from thence to *Bath*, not the leaſt Indignity was offered to the *Innocence* or *Modeſty* of his dear Miſs *Gray*.

CHAP.

CHAP V.

Mr. Carew *and his Bride leave* Bath; *a Digreſſion in Honour of the Inventor of the Game of* E----O; *their Appearance at* Briſtol; *their Departure from thence, and Viſit to an Uncle of Mr.* Carew's, *in* Hampſhire; *the Offers made him by his Uncle to quit the Community of the* Gypſies; *his Departure from his Uncle's; appears in different Characters; pays a ſecond Viſit to* Bath; *the different Reception he met with there from what he had before: His Adventures with the Duke of* Bolton, *Sir* William Courtenay, *Mr.* Portman, *Col.* Strangways, *and many others.*

OUR Lovers began to be at length weary of the ſame repeated Rounds of Pleaſures at *Bath*; for at that Time the *Wit* of *Man* had not reached ſo high as the Invention of that *moſt charming, entertaining, never cloying Diverſion* called E---O, which ſeems to have been reſerved amongſt the Secrets of Fa e to do *Honour* to the preſent *Age*; for, upon the niceſt *Scrutiny*, weare

quite convinced it is entirely *new*, and cannot find the leaſt *Traces* of its being borrowed from any Nation under the Sun; for though we have with great Pains and Labour enquired into all the *Games* and *Diverſions* of the Antients, though we have followed the untutor'd *Indians* through all their *Revels*, and though we have accurately examin'd into the *dull Pleaſures* of the uncouth *Hottentots*, yet in all theſe we find either ſome Marks of *Ingenuity* to exerciſe and refreſh the *Mind*, or ſomething of *Labour* to invigorate the *Body*: We therefore could not help interrupting our Hiſtory, to do *Honour* to this truly *original Game*.

Our Lovers having left *Bath*, viſited next the City of *Briſtol*, where they ſtay'd ſome Time, and cauſed more *Speculation* there, than they had before done at *Bath*, and did as much Damage to that City, as the famous *Lucullus* did at *Rome*, on his Return from his victorious Expeditions; for we have ſome Reaſon to think they firſt introduced the *Love* of *Dreſs* and *Gaiety* amongſt thoſe *plain* and *frugal* Citizens. After ſome Stay here, they made a Tour round *Somerſet* and *Dorſet* into *Hampſhire*, where they paid a Viſit to an Uncle of our Hero's, living then at *Porcheſter*, near *Goſport*, who was a Clergyman of diſtinguiſhed Merit and Character: Here they were received with great Politeneſs and Hoſpitality, and abode

abode a conſiderable Time. His Uncle took this Opportunity of making Uſe of every Argument to perſwade him to quit the Community of the *Gypſies*; but our Hero was ſo thoroughly fixed in his Principles, that even that *Argument* which oftentimes convinces Patriots in a few Hours, *that all they ſaid and did before, was wrong*, that Kings have a *divine Right* to grind the Faces of their Subjects, and that *Power* which lays its Iron Hands on *Naboth's* goodly Vineyard, and ſays, this is *mine*, for ſo I *will*, is preferable to heavenly *Liberty*, which ſays to every Man, poſſeſs what is thine *own*, reap what thou haſt *ſown*, gather what thou haſt *planted*, *eat*, *drink*, and *lie* down *ſecure*: Even this powerful Argument had no Effect upon our Hero; for though his Uncle made him very lucrative Offers for the preſent, and future Promiſes of making him Heir to all his Poſſeſſions, yet remembering his Engagements with the *Gypſies*, he rejected them all; and reflecting now that he had long liv'd uſeleſs to that Community, he began to prepare for his Departure from his Uncle's, in order to make ſome Excurſions on the Enemy; and to do this with more Effect, he bethought himſelf of a new Stratagem: He therefore equips himſelf in a long looſe black Gown, puts on a Band, a large white Peruke, and a broad brimm'd Hat: His whole Deportment was agreeable to his Dreſs; his Pace was ſolemn and ſlow, his Countenance thoughtful and grave, his

Eyes turn'd on the Ground, but now and then raiſed in ſeeming Ejaculations to Heaven; in every Look and Action he betray'd his Want, but at the ſame Time ſeemed overwhelmed with that *Shame* which modeſt *Merit* feels, when it's obliged to ſollicit the cold Hand of *Charity:* This Behaviour excited the Curioſity of many Gentlemen, Clergy, *&c.* to enquire into the Circumſtances of his Misfortunes; but it was with Difficulty they could engage him to relate them, it being with much ſeeming Reluctance that he acquainted them with his having exerciſed for many Years the ſacred Office of a Clergyman at *Abberuſtuth*, a Pariſh in *Wales*, but that the Government changing, he had preferred quitting his Benefice (though he had a Wife and ſeveral Children) to taking an Oath contrary to his *Principles* and *Conſcieence.* This Relation he accompanied with frequent Sighs, deep Marks of Admiration of the Ways of *Providence*, and warm Expreſſions of his firm Truſt and Reliance in its *Goodneſs* and *Faithfulneſs*, with high Encomiums on the inward Satisfaction of a good *Conſcience.* When he diſcourſed with any Clergyman, or other Perſon of Literature, he would now and then introduce ſome *Latin* or *Greek* Sentences, that were applicable to what he was talking of, which gave this Hearers an high Opinion of his Learning: All this, and his thorough Knowledge of thoſe Perſons whom it was proper to apply to, made this Stratagem

ſucceed

ſucceed even beyond his own Expectations. But now hearing of a Veſſel bound to *Philadelphia*, on board of which were many *Quakers*, being caſt away on the Coaſt of *Ireland*, he laid aſide his Gown, Caſſock and Band, clothes himſelf in a plain Suit, pulls the Button from his Hat, and flaps it on every Side: His Countenance was now *demure*, his Language unadorned with any *Flowers* of *Speech*, and the Words You and Sir he ſeemed to hold in Abomination; his Hat was moved to none, for though under Misfortunes, he would not think of bowing the Knee to *Baal*.

With theſe Qualifications he addreſſed himſelf to Perſons of the Denomination of *Quakers* with great Succeſs (*for indeed it were to be wiſh'd that all other Sects would imitate them in their Readineſs to relieve their Brethren,*) and hearing that there was to be a great Meeting of them from all Parts, at a Place called *Thorncombe*, in *Devonſhire*, he makes the beſt of his Way there, and with a demure Look, and modeſt Aſſurance, enters into the Aſſembly, where making his Caſe known, and ſatisfying them by his Behaviour, of his being one of their Sect, they made a very conſiderable Contribution for his Relief.

So active was the Mind of our Hero, that he was never more happy than when engaged in ſome Adventure or other; therefore, when he had no Opportunity of putting any great Stratage min Execution, he would amuſe himſelf

ſelf with thoſe which did not require ſo great a Share of *Art* and *Ingenuity*: Whenever he heard of any melancholy Accident by *Fire*, he immediately repaired to the Place where it happened, and there remarking very accurately the Spot, enquiring into the Cauſe of it, and getting an exact Information of the *Trades*, *Characters*, *Families* and *Circumſtances* of the unhappy Sufferers, he immediately aſſumed the Perſon and Name of one of them, and burning ſome Part of his Coat or Hat, as an *occular Demonſtration* of his *narrow Eſcape*, he made the beſt of his Way to Places at ſome Diſtance, and there paſſed for one who had been burnt out; and, to gain the greater Credit, ſhewed a Paper ſigned with the Names of ſeveral Gentlemen, in the Neighbourhood of the Place where the Fire happened, recommending him as an honeſt unhappy Sufferer; by which he got conſiderable Gains. Under this Character he had once the Boldneſs to addreſs Juſtice *Hull* of *Exmouth* in *Devon*, the Terror and profeſſed Enemy of every Order of the *Gypſies*; however, our Hero ſo artfully managed, though he went through a ſtrict Examination, that he at laſt convinced his Worſhip that he was an *honeſt Miller*, whoſe Houſe, Mill, and whole Subſtance, had been conſumed by Fire, occaſioned by the Negligence of an Apprentice Boy, and was accordingly relieved as ſuch by the Juſtice: With ſo wonderful Facility did he aſſume every Character,

racter, and metamorphize himſelf into every Shape, that he often deceived thoſe who were the moſt acquainted with him, and were the moſt poſitive of his not being able to impoſe upon them. Coming one Day to 'Squire *Portman*'s at *Brinſon*, near *Blandford*, in the Character of a Rat-catcher, with a Hair Cap on his Head, a Buff Girdle about his Waiſt, and a tame Rat in a little Box by his Side, he boldly marched up to the Houſe in this Diſguiſe, though his Perſon was well known by the Family, and meeting in the Court with Mr. *Portman*, the Rev. Mr. *Bryant*, and ſeveral other Gentlemen, whom he well knew, but did not ſuſpect he ſhould be known by them, he accoſted them as a Rat-catcher, aſking, *If their Honours had any Rats to kill? Do you underſtand your Buſineſs well*, replies Mr. *Portman? Yes, and pleaſe your Honour, I have followed it many Years, and have been employed in his Majeſty's Yards and Ships. Well, go in and get ſomething to eat, and after Dinner we will try your Abilities.*

Our Hero was accordingly placed at the ſecond Table to Dinner, and very handſomely entertained; after which he was called into a great Parlour, among a large Company of Gentlemen and Ladies: *Well, honeſt Rat-catcher*, ſays Mr. *Portman, can you lay any Scheme to kills the Rats without hurting my Dogs? Yes, yes*, replied Mr. *Carew, I ſhall lay*

it

it where even the Cats can't climb to reach it: And what Countryman are you? A Devonſhire *Man, pleaſe your Honour: What's your Name?* Our Hero now perceiving, by ſome Smiles and Whiſperings of the Gentlemen, that he was known, replyed very compoſedly, B,A,M,P, F,Y,L,D,E-M,O,O,R,E C,A,R,E,W. This occaſioned a good deal of Mirth; and Mr. *Carew* aſking, *What ſcabby Sheep had infeſted the whole Flock?* was told, *Parſon* Byrant *was the Man who had diſcovered him, none of the other Gentlemen knowing him under this Diſguiſe*; upon which, turning to the Parſon, he aſk'd him, *If he had forgot good King* Charles's *Rules?* Mr. *Pleydell*, of St. *Andrews Milbourn*, (who was one of the Company) expreſſed a Pleaſure at ſeeing the famous Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, ſaying, *He had never ſeen him before. Yes, but you have*, replies he, *and given me a Suit of Clothes:* Mr. *Pleydell* teſtified ſome Surprize at this, and deſiring to know when it was, Mr. *Carew* aſk'd him, *If he did not remember a poor Wretch met him one Day at his Stable Door with an old Stocking round his Head, inſtead of a Cap, and an old Woman's ragged Mantle on his Shoulders, no Shirt on his Back, nor Stockings to his Legs, and ſcarcely any Shoes to his Feet*; and that Mr. *Pleydell* aſk'd him, *If he was mad or maz'd?* He replied, *Neither, but a poor unfortunate Man, caſt away on the Coaſt, and taken up, with eight others, by a* Frenchman, *the reſt of the Crew, ſixteen in Number, being all drowned*;

drowned; and that Mr. *Pleydell* having aſk'd, *What Countryman he was, and ſome Queſtions concerning the Gentlemen about* Tiverton, *gave him a Guinea and a Suit of Clothes.* Mr. *Pleydell* ſaid, *He well remember'd ſuch a poor Object: Well*, replied our Hero, *that Object was no other than the expert Rat-catcher now before you:* at which all the Company laugh'd very heartily. *Well*, ſays Mr. *Pleydell*, *I will lay a Guiuea I ſhall now know you again, come in what Shape you will*; the ſame ſaid Mr. *Seymour*, of *Handford:* Some of the Company aſſerting to the contrary of this, they deſired our Hero to try his Ingenuity upon them, and then diſcover himſelf, to convince them of it.

This being agreed upon, and having received a handſome Contribution of the Company, he took his Leave; but Parſon *Bryant* followed him out, and acquainted him that the ſame Company, and many more, would be at Mr. *Pleydell*'s on ſuch a Day, and adviſed him to make Uſe of that Opportunity to deceive them all together; which our Hero ſoon reſolved to do: He therefore revolved in his Mind what Stratagem was moſt likely to ſucceed: At length he fixed upon one, which he thought could not fail anſwering his Purpoſe.

When the Day was come, the Barber was call'd

call'd in to make his Face as ſmooth as his Art could do, and a Woman's Gown and other Female Accoutrements of the largeſt Size were provided for him: Having jump'd into his Petticoats, pinn'd a large Dowde under his Chin, and put a high-crown'd Hat on his Head, he made a Figure ſo comical, that even *Hogarth*'s Humour can ſcarcely parallel; and though *Lucifer*, the Prince of Darkneſs, thinks himſelf ſufficiently diſguiſed under ſuch a Form, as we ſuppoſe, (for we oftener hear of his appearing in this, than any other Shape) yet our Hero bethought himſelf of ſomething elſe, to render his Diſguiſe more impenetrable: He therefore borrowed a little hump-back'd Child of a Tinker, who happened to be in the ſame Quarters, and two more of ſome others of his Community. There remained now only in what Situation to place the Children, and it was quickly reſolved to tie two to his Back, and to take the other in his Arms.

Thus accoutred, and thus hung with *helpleſs Infants*, but *moving Orators*, he marched forwards for Mr. *Pleydell*'s: Coming up to the Door, he puts his Hand behind him and pinches one of the Children, which ſet it a roaring; this gave the Alarm to the Dogs, who came out with open Mouths; ſo that between their barking and the Child's crying, the whole Family was ſufficiently diſturbed: Out comes the Maid, *Carry away the Children, old Woman*

man, they diſturb the Ladies. God bleſs their Ladyſhips, I am the poor unfortunate Grandmother of theſe poor helpleſs Infants, whoſe dear Mother and all they had was burnt at the dreadful Fire at Kirton, *and hope the good Ladies, for God's Sake, will beſtow ſomething on the poor famiſhed ſtarving Infants:* This moving Story was accompanied with Tears; upon which, in goes the Maid, to acquaint the Ladies with this melancholy Tale, while the good Grandmother kept pinching one or other of the Children, that they might play their Parts to greater Perfection: The Maid ſoon returned with Half a Crown from the Ladies, and ſome good Broth, which having received, he went into the Court-Yard to eat, (underſtanding the Gentlemen were not in the Houſe) and got one of the under Servants, whom he met, to give ſome to the Children on his Back. He had not long been there, before the Gentlemen all came in together, who accoſted him with, *Where did you come from, old Woman? From* Kirton, *pleaſe your Honours, where the poor unhappy Mother of theſe helpleſs Babes was burnt to Death by the Flames, and all they had conſumed. Damn you,* ſaid one of the Gentlemen, (who is well known by the Name of *Worthy Sir*, and was particularly acquainted with Mr. *Carew*) *there has been more Money collected for* Kirton, *than ever* Kirton *was worth*; however, he gave this good old Grandmother a Shilling, the other Gentlemen likewiſe relieved her, com-

miſerating her Age, and her Burthen of ſo many *helpleſs Infants*, not one of them diſcovering our Hero in the *old Woman*, who received their Alms very thankfully, and pretended to go away; but the Gentlemen were not got into the Houſe, before their Ears were ſaluted with a *Tantivee*, *Tantivee*, and a *Halloo* to the Dogs, upon which they turned about, ſuppoſing it to be ſome *Brother Sportſman*, but ſeeing no Body, *Worthy Sir* ſwore *the old Woman they had relieved was* Carew; a Servant therefore was diſpatch'd to bring her back, and ſhe was brought into the Parlour among the Gentlemen, where being examined, ſhe confeſs'd herſelf to be the famous Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, which made the Gentlemen very merry, and they were now all employed in unſcuring the Children from his Back, and obſerving the Features and Dreſs of this *Grandmother*, which afforded them ſufficient Entertainment; they afterwards very generouſly rewarded our Hero for the Mirth he had procured them.

In the ſame Manner he raiſed a Contribution of Mr. *Jones*, of *Aſhon*, near *Briſtol*, twice in one Day, who had maintained with a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, *that He could not be ſo deceived.* In the Morning, with a *ſooty Face*, *Leather Apron*, a *dejected Countenance*, and a *Woollen Cap*, he was generouſly relieved as an unfortunate *Blackſmith*, whoſe All had been conſumed by Fire: In the Afternoon he exchanged

changed his *Legs* for *Crutches*; his Countenance was now *pale* and *ſickly*, his Geſtures expreſſive of *Pain*, his Complaints *lamentable*, a poor unfortunate Tinner, *diſabled* from maintaining *himſelf*, a *Wife*, and *ſeven Children*, by the Damps and Hardſhips he had ſuffered in the Mines; and ſo well did he *paint* his *Diſtreſs*, that the *diſabled Tinner* was now as generouſly relieved as the *unfortunate Blackſmith* had been in the Morning.

Being now ſo near the City of *Bath*, where he had not long before made ſo great a *Figure* with his new-marry'd *Bride*, he was reſolved to viſit it in a quite different Shape and Character: He therefore ties up one of his Legs behind him, and ſupplies the Place of it with a *Wooden one*, and putting on a falſe *Beard*, aſſumes the Character of a *poor old Cripple*. In this Diſguiſe he had an Opportunity of entertaining himſelf with the different *Reception* he met with from every *Order* of Men now, from what he had done before in his *fine Clothes*: The *Rich*, who before ſaluted him with their Hats and Compliments, now ſpurn'd him out of their Way; the *Gameſters* overlook'd him, thinking he was no *Fiſh* for their *Net*; the *Chairmen*, inſtead of pleaſe your Honour, damn'd him; and the *Pumpers*, who attentively mark'd his *Nod* before, now denied him a Glaſs of Water; even many of the *Clergy*, thoſe eldeſt Diſciples of *Humility*, looked upon

him with a ſupercilious Brow; the *Ladies* too, who had before ſtrove who ſhould be his *Partner* at the *Balls*, could not now bear the Sight of ſo ſhocking a *Creature*: Thus *contemptible*, thus *deſpiſed*, is *Poverty* and *Rags*, though ſometimes the *Veil* of *real Merit*; and thus *careſſed* and *flattered* is *Finery*, though perhaps a *Covering* for *Shame*, *Poverty* of *Soul*, and abandoned *Profligacy*. One *Character* alone vouchſafed to look upon this *contemptible Object*; the *good Man* look'd upon him with an Eye melting into *Tenderneſs* and *ſoft Compaſſion*, which, at the ſame Time the *Hand* was ſtretch'd out to relieve him, ſhewed the *Heart* felt all the *Pangs* which it ſuppoſed him to feel. But notwithſtanding this almoſt *general Contempt*, he raiſed very conſiderable Contributions, for as ſome toſſed him Money out of *Pride*, others to get rid of his *Importunity*, and a few, as above, out of a *good Heart*, it amounted to no ſmall Sum by the End of the Seaſon.

It is almoſt unneceſſary to inform the Reader, that theſe ſucceſsful Stratagems gained him high Applauſe and Honour in the Community of the *Gypſies*: He ſoon became the *Favourite* * of their *King*, (who was now very old and decrepid) and had always ſome honourable Mark of Diſtinction aſſigned him at

* By this Word we do not mean a *worthleſs Flatterer*, but one who from *real Merit* deſerved the *Approbation* of his *KING*.

at their public Aſſemblies. Theſe Honours and Applauſes were ſo many freſh Spurs to his *Ingenuity* and *Induſtry:* So certain it is, that wherever thoſe Qualities are honoured, and publickly rewarded, though but by an Oaken Garland, there *Induſtry* will out-work itſelf, and *Ingenuity* will exceed the common Bounds of *Art*. Our Hero, therefore, was continually planning new Stratagems, and ſoon executed a very bold one on his Grace the Duke of *Bolton:* Coming to his Seat near *Baſingſtoke*, in *Hampſhire*, he dreſſed himſelf in a Sailor's ragged Habit, and knocking at the Gate, deſired of the Porter, with a compoſed and aſſured Countenance, Admittance to the Duke, or at leaſt that the Porter would give his Grace a Paper which he held in his Hand; but as he did not apply in a proper Manner to this great Officer (who we think may not improperly be ſtiled the *Turn Key* of the *Great*) and as he did not ſhew him that Paſſport which can open every Gate, paſs by the ſurlieſt Porter, and get Admittance even to Kings, neither himſelf nor Paper could gain any Entrance; however, he was not diſheartened with this, but waiting near the Gate for ſome Time, he at laſt ſaw a Servant come out, whom he followed, and telling him *that he was a very unfortunate Man*, deſired he would be ſo kind to introduce him where he might ſpeak to his Grace: As this Servant had no Intereſt in locking up his Maſter, (for that belonged to the Porter only)

he very readily promiſed to comply with his Requeſt, as ſoon as the Porter was off his Stand; which he accordingly did, introducing him into a Hall, where the Duke was to paſs through: He had not been long there, before the Duke came in, upon which he clapp'd his Knee to the Gronnd, and very gracefully offered a Paper to his Hands for Acceptance, which was a Petition, ſetting forth, *That the unfortunate Petitioner*, Bampfylde-Moore Carew, *was Supercargo of a Veſſel that was caſt away coming from* Sweden, *in which were his whole Effects, none of which he had been able to ſave.* The Duke ſeeing the Name of *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, and knowing thoſe Names to belong to Families of the greateſt Worth and Note in the Weſt of *England*, enquired, *Of what Family he was, and how he came entitled to thoſe honourable Names?* He replied, *They were thoſe of his Godfathers, the Honourable* Hugh Bamfylde *and the Honourable Major* Moore. The Duke then aſk'd him ſeveral Queſtions about his Family and Relations, all which he anſwered very fully; and the Duke expreſſing ſome Surprize that he ſhould apply for Relief in his Misfortunes to any but his own Family, who were ſo well able to aſſiſt him, he replied, *He had diſobliged them by ſome Follies of Youth, and had not ſeen them for ſome Years, but was now returning to them.* Many more Queſtions did the Duke and a Lady who

was

was preſent aſk him, all which he anſwered to their Satisfaction.

As this was not a great while after his becoming a Member of the Community of the *Gypſies*, the Duke had never heard that any one of the Noble Family of the *Carews* was become one of thoſe People; and was very glad to have it in his Power to oblige any of that Family: He therefore treated him with Reſpect, and called a Servant to conduct him into an inner Room, where the Duke's Barber ſoon waited on him to ſhave him, and preſently after came in a Footman, who brought in a good Suit of trimm'd Clothes, a fine Holland Shirt, and all other Parts of Dreſs ſuitable to theſe. As ſoon as he had finiſhed dreſſing, he was introduced to the Duke again, who complimented him on his genteel Appearance, and not without Reaſon, as few did more Honour to Dreſs: He was deſired to ſit down by the Duke, with whom were many other Perſons of Quality, who were all greatly taken with his Perſon and Behaviour, and very much condoled his Misfortunes; ſo that a Collection was ſoon made for him, to the Amount of Ten Guineas. The Duke being engaged to go out in the Afternoon, deſired him to ſtay there that Night, and gave Orders that he ſhould be handſomely entertained, leaving his Gentleman to keep him Company; but Mr. *Carew*, probably not liking his Company ſo well

well as the Duke's, took an Opportunity, ſoon after the Duke was gone, to ſet out unobſerved towards *Baſingſtoke*, where he immediately went to a Houſe which he knew was frequented by ſome of his Community: The Maſter of the Houſe, who ſaw him entering the Door, cry'd out, *Here's his Grace the Duke of* Bolton *coming in*; upon which there was ſo ſmall Hurry amongſt the Company: As ſoon at he entered, he ordered the Liquot to flow very plentifully at his private Coſt: His Brethren diſcovering who it was, were greatly amazed at the Appearance he made, ſo different from the uſual Cuſtom of their Order; but when he inform'd them of the bold Stratagem he had executed, the whole Place reſounded with Applauſe, and every one acknowledged he was moſt worthy of ſucceeding their preſent good old *King*.

As our Hero's Thoughts were bent upon making ſtill greater Advantage of this Stratagem, he did not ſtay long with his Brethren, but went to a reputable Inn, where he lodged, and ſet out the next Morning for *Saliſbury*: Here he preſented his Petition to the Mayor, Biſhop, and other Gentlemen of great Note and Fortune, (applying to none but ſuch who were ſo) and acquainted them with the Favours he had received from his Grace the Duke of *Bolton*: The Gentlemen having ſuch ocular Demonſtration of the Duke's Liberality, treated

treated him with great Complaiſance and Reſpect, and relieved him very generouſly, not preſuming to offer any ſmall Alms to one whom the Duke of *Bolton* had thought ſo worthy of Notice. In the ſame Manner, and with the ſame Succeſs, he viſited Lord *Arundle*, Sir *Edward Bouverie*, and many other Gentlemen in the Counties of *Wilts*, *Dorſet*, and *Somerſet*: Coming into *Devonſhire*, his native Country, he viſited all his Friends and moſt intimate Acquaintance, and was relieved by them, not one of them diſcovering this unfortunate Supercargo to be Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*. Being one Morning near the Seat of his great Friend, Sir *William Courtney*, he was reſolved to pay him three Viſits that Day: He goes therefore to a Houſe frequented by his Order, and there pulls off his fine Clothes, and puts on a Parcel of Rags: In this Dreſs he moves towards Sir *William*'s; there, with a piteous Moan, a diſmal Countenance, and deplorable Tale, he got Half a Crown of that Gentleman as a Man who had met with Misfortunes at Sea: At Noon he put on a Leather Apron, a Coat which ſeemed ſcorched by the Fire, and with a dejected Countenance applied again, and was relieved as an unfortunate *Shoemaker*, who had been burnt out of his Houſe, and all he had: In the Afternoon he goes again in his trimm'd Clothes, and deſiring Admittance to Sir *William*; with a modeſt Grace and ſubmiſſive Eloquence he repeats his

Misfortunes

Misfortunes as a Supercargo of a Veſſel which had been caſt away, and his whole Effects loſt, at the ſame Time mentioning the Kindneſs he had received from his Grace the Duke of *Bolton*. Sir *William* ſeeing his genteel Appearance and Behaviour, treated him with that Reſpect which the truly *Great* will always pay to thoſe who ſupplicate their Aſſiſtance, and generouſly relieved him, preſenting him with a Guinea at his Departure. There happened to be at that Time a great Number of the neighbouring Gentlemen and Clergy at Dinner with Sir *William*, not one of whom diſcovered who this Supercargo was, except the Rev. Mr. *Richards*, who did not make it known till he was gone; upon which Sir *William* diſpatched a Servant after him, to deſire him to come back: When he entered the Room again, Sir *William* and the reſt of the Company were very merry with him, and he was deſired to ſit down and give them an Account by what Stratagem he had got all his Finery, and what Succeſs had had with it, which he did; after which he aſk'd Sir *William*, *If he had not beſtow'd Half a Crown that Morning on a Beggar, and about Noon relieved a poor unfortunate* Shoemaker? *I remember*, reply'd Sir William, *that I beſtow'd ſuch an Alms on a poor ragged naked Wretch: Well*, ſays Mr. *Carew*, *that poor ragged naked Wretch was no other than the Supercargo now before you.* Sir *William* ſcarcely crediting this, Mr. *Carew* withdrew, and putting

putting on the ſame Rags, came again with the ſame piteous Moan, the ſame diſmal Countenance, and the ſame deplorable Tale as he had done in the Morning, which fully convinc'd Sir *William* that he was the ſame Man, and occaſioned no little Diverſion to the Company: He was introduc'd again, and ſeated amongſt them in his *Rags*, Sir *William* being one of the *few* who pay a greater Regard to the *Man* than the *Dreſs*, can diſcern and ſupport *Merit* under *Rags*, and deſpiſe *Poverty* of *Soul* and *Worthleſſneſs* under *Embroidery*: But notwithſtanding the Succeſs of this Stratagem, our Hero has always look'd upon it as one of the moſt unfortunate of his whole Life; for after he had been at Sir *William*'s, as above-mentioned, coming to *Stoke Gabriel*, near *Totneſs*, on a *Sunday*, and having done that, which diſcovered the Nakedneſs of *Noah*, he went to the Rev. Mr. *Oſburn*, the Miniſter of the Pariſh, and requeſted the Thankſgiving of the Church for a wonderful Preſervation of himſelf and Ship's Crew in the imminent Danger of a violent Tempeſt of Thunder and Lightening, which deſtroy'd the Veſſel they were abroad of: Tho' Mr. *Oſbburn* knew Mr. *Carew* very well, yet he had no Suſpicion of its being him in Diſguiſe, therefore readily granted his Requeſt; and not only ſo, but recommending him to his Pariſhioners, a handſome Collection was made for him by the Congregation, which he had Generoſity enough

to

to diſtribute afterwards amongſt the Poor of the Pariſh, reſerving but a very ſmall Part to himſelf: Though this was bringing *Good* out of *Evil*, yet he ſtill ſpeaks of this Action (after above thirty Years Elapſe ſince the Commiſſion) with the greateſt *Regret* and *Compunction of Mind*; *for he is ſenſible, that though he can deceive Man, he cannot deceive God, whoſe Eye penetrates into every Place, and marks all our Actions*; *and is a Being too Reverend and Awful to be jeſted with.*

As Ambition of excelling in his Profeſſion, is the ruling Paſſion in our Hero's Breaſt, nothing affords him greater Pleaſure than his being able to deceive thoſe who are moſt confident of their Penetration. Having ſpent ſome Days in hunting with the late Colonel *Strangways*, at *Melbury*, in *Dorſet*, the Converſation happening one Day at Dinner to turn on Mr. *Carew*'s *Ingenuity* and ſtrange *Metamorphoſes*, and the above being related, the Colonel ſeem'd ſurpriz'd that Sir *William Courtenay*, who was ſo well acquainted with our Hero, ſhould be deceived by him, aſſerting, *That he thought it impoſſible for Mr.* Carew *to deceive him under any Diſguiſe, as he had ſo thoroughly obſerved every* Feature *and* Line *in his Countenance*; our Hero modeſtly reply'd, *It might be ſo*, and ſome other Subject being ſtarted, the Matter dropp'd. The next Morning early, Mr. *Carew* being call'd upon to go out with the Hounds, deſired

deſired to be excuſed, as he had been very much out of Order, and had not ſlept the whole Night, therefore would try to take a Morning's Nap: The Colonel being informed of this, approved of his Reſolution, and went to the Field without him; ſoon after Mr. *Carew* comes down Stairs, ſaying, *He could not ſleep, therefore would try what a little Walk would do:* He then ſlightly enquired, *Which Way the Colonel generally returned?* Having got all the Information he deſired in this Reſpect, he preſently marches forth, and making the beſt of his Way to a Houſe frequented by his Community, he exchanged his Clothes for a poor ragged Habit, and his Legs for a Pair of Crutches, making a counterfeit *Wound** in his Thigh, and diſguiſing his Countenance by a venerable *Pity-moving grey Beard*, and ſome other Alterations, he ſets forward to meet the Colonel, which he accordingly did in the Town of *Everſhot:* His lamentable Moans began almoſt as ſoon as the Colonel was in Sight; his *Countenance* expreſs'd nothing but agonizing *Pain*, and *Heart-felt Sorrow*; his gaſtly *Wound* was expoſed in the fulleſt *Light* to the Colonel's *Eye*, and the *Tears* trickled down his Silver *Beard*. As the Colonel's Heart was not made of that flinty *Stuff* which can unmov'd hear the *Wailings*, and ſee the *Miſeries* of a Fellow Creature, he preſently

* The Method of doing this will be related hereafter

ſlings this miſerable Object Half a Crown, who receives it with exuberant *Gratitude*, and then with great Submiſſion tells this kind *Stranger*, *That he was informed a very charitable Gentleman lived in that Neighbourhood, call'd* Colonel Strangways, *and that if he would direct him the neareſt Way to his Seat, it would be a very great Kindneſs to him:* The Colonel accordingly, with a great deal of good Nature and Compaſſion for the miſerable Creature, directed him the ſhorteſt Way to his own Houſe: The poor old Creature takes his Leave with a great many Bleſſings upon his Honour, and hops away as faſt as his Crutches would carry him, making the beſt of his Way to the Place he had taken them up at, where he quickly finds his Legs again, heals the *Wound* without any *Plaiſter*, lays aſide his *Beard* without the Help of a *Barber*, and putting on his own Clothes with as much Expedition as poſſible, makes the beſt of his Way to the Colonel's, where he arriv'd, greatly refreſhed with his Morning's Walk, before the Colonel returned from hunting; who coming in ſoon after, was very glad to find Mr. *Carew* up, and pretty well: When they were ſat down to Dinner, Mr. *Carew* enquired, *What Sport they had had, and if the Colonel had not met a very miſerable Object of a Beggar? Aye*, replies the Colonel, *a very miſerable Object indeed; I gave him Half a Crown; he look'd moſt piteouſly, and had a very bad* Wound *on his Thigh. Did*

not

not you direct him here? Yes, reply'd the Colonel, *I did*; *and he got here before you too*, replies Mr. *Carew*. *What, has the poor Wretch been here? Yes, yes, he has, and is now at Table with your Honour.* This occaſioned a great deal of Mirth to the Company; but the Colonel would not be perſuaded of the Truth of what Mr. *Carew* aſſerted, till he ſlipp'd out and hopp'd in again upon his Crutches.------- *Think not, gentle Reader, theſe* Deceptions *and* Diſguiſes *incredible*; *for if thou wilt look into this great Theatre of the World, thou may'ſt ſee every Day far greater*; *thou may'ſt ſee bitter* Hatred *wear the cordial Smiles of* Friendſhip; *laſcivious* Wantonneſs *put on the ſevere Brow of* Modeſty; Corruption *the Angel Face of Heaven-born* Innocence; *thou may'ſt ſee* Cowardice *concealed under terrible* Looks, *and* Falſehood *dreſs'd in the Robes of* Truth; Fraud *borrowing the* Looks *of her greateſt Enemy* Honeſty, *and* Oppreſſion *balancing the Scales of* Juſtice.

CHAP. VI.

The Death *of the* KING *of the* Mendicants, *with his laſt* gracious Speech *to his* Subjects.

IT was about this Time the good old *King* of the *Mendicants*, * named *Clauſe Patch*, well known in the City of *London*, and moſt Parts of *England*, finiſhed a Life of true *Glory*, being ſpent in promoting the Welfare of his People. A little before his Death, finding the Decays of Nature increaſe every Day, and his final Diſſolution approach, he called together all his Children, to the Number of eighteen, and ſummoned as many of his Subjects as were within any convenient Diſtance, being willing that the laſt *Spark* of his *Life* ſhould go out in the Service of his *People:* This Summons was obey'd with heavy Hearts by his loving Subjects, and at the Day and Place appointed a great Number were aſſembled together.

The

* Under this Title we comprehend the Community of the *Gypſies*, as well as every other Order of *Mendicants*, vulgarly called *Beggar*.

The venerable old *King* was brought in a high Chair, and placed in the Midſt of them, his *Children* ſtanding next him, and his *Subjects* behind them.------*Reader, if thou haſt ever ſeen that famous* Picture *of* Seneca, * *bleeding to Death in the Bath, with his Friends and Diſciples ſtanding round him, then may'ſt thou form ſome Idea of this* Aſſembly: *Such was the lively* Grief, *ſuch the profound* Veneration, *ſuch the ſolemn* Attention, *that appeared in every Countenance: But we can give thee no adequate* Idea *of that inward* Joy *which the good old* King *felt at ſeeing theſe unfeigned* Marks *of* Love *in his Subjects, which he conſidered as ſo many* Teſtimonies *of his own* Virtues; *for certain it is, that when* Kings *are the* Fathers *of their* People, *their* Subjects *will have for them more than the filial* Love *and* Veneration *of* Sons. *The Mind of Man cannot conceive any Thing ſo* auguſt, *and the* Happineſs *of* GOD *can only equal a* King *belov'd by his* Subjects: *Could* Kings *but taſte this* Pleaſure *at their firſt mounting the Throne, inſtead of drinking of the intoxicating Cup of* Power, *we ſhould ſee them conſider their* Subjects *as* Children, *and themſelves the* Fathers *to nouriſh, inſtruct, and provide for them; as a* Flock, *and themſelves the* Shepherds *to bring them to pleaſant Paſtures, refreſhing Streams, and ſecure Folds.----- --*

* A Picture in the Poſſeſſion of the Earl of *Exeter*, at his Seat near *Stamford* in *Lincolnſhire*.

For ſome Time the *King* of the *Mendicants* ſat contemplating theſe Emotions of his Subjects, then bending forward, he thus addreſſed them:

" *Children* and *Friends*, or rather may I call " you all my *Children*, as I regard you all with " a paternal Love, I have taken you from " your daily Employments, that you may all " eat and drink with me before I die. I am " not Courtier enough yet, however, to make " my Favours a Loſs to my Friends: but be- " fore you depart, the Books ſhall be exa- " mined, and every one of you ſhall receive " from my privy Purſe the ſame Sum that " you made by your Buſineſs this Day of the " laſt Week: Let not this honeſt Act of Ge- " neroſity diſpleaſe my Heirs, it is the laſt " Waſte I ſhall make of their Stores; the reſt " of what I die poſſeſs'd is their's of Right, " but my Council, though directed to them " only, ſhall be a publick Good to all. The " good Succeſs, my dear Children, with " which it has pleaſed Heaven to bleſs my In- " duſtry in this our Calling, has given me " Power of beſtowing one Hundred Pounds " on each of you, a ſmall Fortune, but im- " proveable; and of moſt Uſe, as it is a Proof " that every one of you may gain as much as " the whole, if your own Idleneſs or Vice pre- " vent not: Mark by what Means! Our " Community, like People of all other Pro- " feſſions, live upon the Neceſſities, the Paſ-

" ſions

" ſions, or the Weakneſſes of their Fellow " Creatures. The two great Paſſions of the " Human Breaſt are Vanity and Pity; both " theſe have great Power in Men's Actions, " but the firſt the greater far, and he who can " attract theſe the moſt ſucceſsfully, will gain " the largeſt Fortune.

" There was a Time when Rules for doing " this were of more Worth to me than Gold; " but now I am grown old, my Strength and " Senſes fail me, and I am paſt being an Ob- " ject of Compaſſion. A real Scene of Afflic- " tion moves few Hearts to Pity; diſſem- " bled Wretchedneſs is what moſt reaches " the Human Mind, and I am paſt diſſem- " bling. Take therefore among you the " Maxims I have laid down for my own Guide, " and uſe them with as much Succeſs as I have " done.

" Be not leſs Friends becauſe you are Bro- " thers, or of the ſame Profeſſion; the Law- " yers herd together in their Inns, the Doctors " in their College, the Mercers on *Ludgate-* " *Hill*, and the old Clothes-men in *Monmouth-* " *Street:* What one has not among theſe, " another has; and among you, the Heart of " him who is not moved by one lamentable " Object, will probably be ſo by another; and " that Charity which was half awakened by " the firſt, will relieve a ſecond or a third. " Remember this, and always people a whole

" Street

" Street with Objects ſkilled in Scenes of dif-
" ferent Diſtreſs, placed at proper Diſtances:
" The Tale that moves not one Heart, may
" ſurprize the next; the obdurate Paſſer by
" of the firſt, muſt be made of no Human
" Matter, if it feels no Part of the Diſtreſs
" that twenty different Tales have reaped to-
" gether; and be aſſured, that where it is
" touched with a kindred Misfortune, it will
" beſtow.

" Remember that where one gives out of
" Pity to you, fifty give out of Kindneſs to
" themſelves, to rid them of your troubleſome
" Application; and for one that gives out of
" real Compaſſion, five hundred do it out of
" Oſtentation. On theſe Principles, trouble
" People moſt who are moſt buſy, and aſk
" Relief where many may ſee it given, and
" you'll ſucceed in your Attempt. Remem-
" ber that the Streets were made for People to
" walk, and not to converſe in; keep up their
" ancient Uſe, and whenever you ſee two or
" three gathered together, be you amongſt
" them, and let them not hear the Sound of
" their own Voices, till they have bought off
" the Noiſe of your's. When Self-love is
" thus ſatisfied, remember ſocial Virtue is the
" next Duty, and tell your next Friend where
" he may go and obtain the ſame Relief by
" the ſame Means.

" Trouble not yourſelves about the Nobi-
" lity, Proſperity has made them vain and
" inſenſible;

" inſenſible ; they cannot pity what they can
" never feel.

" The Talkers in the Street are to be tole-
" rated on different Conditions, and at diffe-
" rent Prices ; if they are Tradeſmen, their
" Converſation will ſoon end, and may be
" well paid for by a Half-penny ; if an Infe-
" rior clings to the Skirt of a Superior, he
" will give Two-pence, rather than be pull'd
" off ; and when you are happy enough to
" meet a Lover and his Miſtreſs, never part
" with them under Six-pence ; for you may
" be ſure they will never part with one ano-
" ther.

" So much regards Communities of Men ;
" but when you hunt ſingle, the great Game
" of all is to be played. However much you
" ramble in the Day, be ſure to have ſome one
" Street near your Home, where your chief
" Reſidence is, and all your idle Time is ſpent.
" Here learn the Hiſtory of every Family, and
" whatever has been the lateſt Calamity of
" that, provide a Brother or a Siſter that may
" pretend the ſame. If the Maſter of one Houſe
" has loſt a Son, let your eldeſt Brother at-
" tack his Compaſſion on that tender Side, and
" tell him that he has loſt the ſweeteſt, hope-
" fulleſt, and dutifulleſt Child that was his only
" Comfort ! What ſhould the Anſwer be, but
" aye, poor Fellow, I know how to pity thee in
" that, and a Shilling will be in as much haſte

" to

" to flow out of his Pocket as the firſt Tear
" from his Eye.

" Is the Maſter of a ſecond Houſe ſick,
" way-lay his Wife from Morning to Night,
" and tell her you will pray Morning, Noon
" and Night for his Recovery. If he dies,
" Grief is the reigning Paſſion for the firſt
" Fortnight, let him have been what he
" would: Grief leads naturally to Compaſſion,
" ſo let your Siſter thurſt a Pillow under
" her Coats, and tell her ſhe is a poor diſ-
" conſolate Widow left with ſeven ſmall Chil-
" dren, and that ſhe loſt the beſt Huſband in
" the World; and you may ſhare conſidera-
" ble Gains.

" Whatever People ſeem to want, give it
" them largely in your Addreſs to them; call
" the Beau ſweet Gentleman, bleſs even his
" Coat or Perriwig, and tell him they are hap-
" py Ladies where he's going. If you meet
" with a School-boy Captain, ſuch as our
" Streets are full of, call him *noble General*;
" and if the Miſer can be any way got to ſtrip
" himſelf of a Farthing, it will be by the Name
" of *charitable Sir.*

" Some People ſhew you in their Looks the
" whole Thoughts of their Heart, and give
" you a fine Notice how to ſucceed with
" them; if you meet a ſorrowful Countenance
" with a red Coat, be ſure the Wearer is a diſ-
" banded Officer, let a Female always attack
" him, and tell him ſhe's the Widow of a

" poor

" poor Marine, who had ſerved twelve Years,
" and then broke his Heart becauſe he was
" turn'd out without a Penny: If you ſee a
" plain Man hang down his Head as he comes
" out of ſome Nobleman's Gate, tell him,
" *good worthy Sir, I beg your Pardon, but I*
" *am a poor ruin'd Tradeſman that was once in*
" *good Buſineſs, but the great People would not*
" *pay me!* And if you ſee a pretty Woman
" with a dejected Look ſend your firſt Siſter
" that is at Hand to complain to her of a bad
" Huſband that gets drunk and beats her, that
" runs to Whores and has ſpent all her Sub-
" ſtance; there are but two Things that can
" make a handſome Woman melancholy, the
" having a bad Huſband, or the having no
" Huſband at all; if the firſt of theſe is the
" Caſe, one of the former Crimes will touch
" her to the Quick, and looſen the ſtring of
" her Purſe; if the other, let a ſecond diſtreſs'd
" Object, tell her ſhe was to have been mar-
" ry'd well, but that her Lover died a Week
" before: one way or other the tender Heart
" of the Female will be melted, and the Re-
" ward will be handſome. If you meet a
" homely but dreſs'd up Lady, pray for her
" lovely Face, and beg a Penny; and if you
" ſee a Mark of Delicacy by the drawing up
" of the Noſe, ſend ſome Body to ſhew her a
" ſore Leg, a ſcal'd Head or a Rupture. If
" you are happy enough to fall in with a ten-
" der Huſband leading his big Wife to
" Church,

" Church, ſend ſome Companion that has but
" one Arm, or has two Thumbs, or tell her of
" ſome monſtrous Child you have brought
" forth, and the good Man will pay you to be
" gone; if he gives ſlightly it is but follow-
" ing, getting before the Lady, and talking
" louder, and you may depend upon his ſearch-
" ing his Pockets to better Purpoſe a ſecond
" Time. Many more Things there are I
" have to ſpeak of, but my feeble Tongue
" will not hold out to ſpeak them; profit by
" theſe, they will be found ſufficient, and if
" they prove to you, my Children, what they
" have been theſe eighteen Years to me, I
" ſhall not repine at my Diſſolution."

Here he paus'd for ſome Time, being almoſt ſpent; then recovering his Spirits, he thus began again, " As I find the Lamp of Life
" is not quite extinguiſhed, I ſhall employ
" the little that remains in ſaying a few Words
" of my *public Conduct*, as your *King*: I call
" *Heaven* to witneſs that I have *lov'd* you all
" with a *Paternal Love*: Theſe now feeble
" Limbs and broken Spirits have been *worn*
" *out* in providing for your *Welfare*, and often
" have theſe now *dim Eyes* watch'd, whilſt
" *your's* have *ſlept*, with a *Father's* Care for
" your *Safety*. I call you all to witneſs that I
" have kept an *impartial Regiſter* of your *Ac-*
" *tions*, and no *Merit* has paſſed unnotic'd: I
" have with a moſt exact Hand divided to
" every Man his due Portion of our common

" Stock,

" Stock, and have had no *worthleſs Favourite*,
" nor *uſeleſs Officers*, to eat the *Honey* of your
" *Labour*. And for all theſe I have had my
" *Reward*, in ſeeing the *Happineſs*, and hav-
" ing the *Love* of all my Subjects. I depart
" therefore in *Peace*, to reſt with my *Fathers* :
" It remains only that I give you my laſt *Ad-*
" *vice*, which is, that in chuſing my *Suc-*
" *ceſſor*, you pay no partial Regard to my *Fa-*
" *mily*, but let him only who is moſt *worthy*,
" rule over you." He ſaid no more, but leaning back in his Chair, expired without a *Sigh*.

Never was there a Scene of more real *Diſtreſs*, or more unfeigned *Grief*, than appeared now amongſt his Children and Subjects, Nothing was heard but Sighs and Exclamations of their Loſs. When the Firſt Tranſports of their Grief were over, they ſent the ſorrowful News to all the Houſes that were frequented by their Community in every Part of the Kingdom; at the ſame Time ſummoning them to repair to the City of *London* by a certain Day, in order to the Election of a new *King*.

CHAP. VII.

A Rhapſody *on* Publick Liberty, *very proper to be read by all who vote for Members of Parliament. The Manner of electing a new* King *of the* Mendicants: *Mr.* Carew *is elected to that high Honour.*

BEFORE the Day appointed for the Election, a vaſt Concourſe of *Mendicants* flock'd from all Parts of the Kingdom to the City of *London*, for every Member of the Community has a Right to vote in the Choice of their King, as they think it inconſiſtent with that natural *Liberty* which every Man is born *Heir* to, to deny any one the Privilege of making his own *Choice* in a Matter of ſo great Importance to him.-------Here, Reader, as thou wilt be apt to judge from what thou haſt ſeen, thou already expecteſt a Scene of *Riot* and *Debauchery*; to ſee the *Candidates* ſervilely cringing, meanly ſuing, and baſely bribing; the *Electors* depriving themſelves of *Senſe* and *Reaſon*, and ſelling more

more than *Eſau* did for a *Meſs* of *Pottage*; for what is *Birthright*, what is *Inheritance*, when put in the Scales againſt that choiceſt of Bleſſings, *Publick Liberty?*----O *Liberty*, thou Enlivener of Life, thou Solace of our Toils, thou Patron of Arts, thou Encourager of Induſtry, thou Spring of Opulence, thou Something more than Life, beyond the Reach of Fancy to deſcribe, all hail! It is thou that beameſt the *Sun-ſhine* in the Patriot's Breaſt; it is thou that ſweeteneſt the *Toil* of the labouring Mechanick; thou doſt inſpire the Ploughman with his jocund *Mirth*, and thou tuneſt the merry Milk-maid's Song; thou canſt make the *Deſart* ſmile, and the barren *Rock* to ſing for Joy: By thy ſacred *Protection* the pooreſt Peaſant lies ſecure under the Shadow of his *defenceleſs Cot*, whilſt *Oppreſſion* at a Diſtance gnaſhes with her Teeth, but dares not ſhow her Iron *Rod*; and *Power*, like the raging Billows, daſhes its Bounds with *Indignation*, but cannot overpaſs them.-------But where thou art not, how chang'd the *Scene!* how taſteleſs *Life!* how irkſome *Labour!* how languid *Induſtry!* Where are the beauteous Roſe, the gaudy Tulip, the ſweet-ſcented Jeſſamine? Where the purple Grape, the luſcious Peach, the glowing Nectarine? Wherefore ſmile not the Vallies with their beauteous Verdure, and ſing for Joy with their golden *Harveſts?* All, all are withered by the ſcorching *Sun* of lawleſs *Power!* Where thou art

not, what Place ſo ſacred as to be ſecure? or who can ſay, *this is my own?* This is the Language only of the Place where thou delighteſt to dwell; but as ſoon as thou ſpreadeſt thy Wings to ſome more pleaſing Clime, *Power* walks Abroad with haughty Strides, and tramples upon the Weak, whilſt *Oppreſſion*, with its heavy Hand, bows down the unwilling Neck to the *Yoke*.-------O my Country! alas! my Country! Thou waſt once the choſen Seat of *Liberty*, her Footſteps appeared in thy Streets, thy Palaces, thy publick Aſſemblies; ſhe exulted in thee; her Voice, the Voice of *Joy* and *Gladneſs*, was heard throughout the Land; with more than a Mother's Love ſhe held forth her ſeven-fold *Shield* to protect the meaneſt of her *Sons*, whilſt *Juſtice*, ſupported by the *Laws*, rode triumphant by her Side with awful *Majeſty*, and look'd into *Fear* and *Trembling* every Diſturber of the Publick *Quiet*. O thou, whom my Soul loveth, wherefore do I now ſeek thy Footſteps in vain? Wherefore doſt thou ſit dejected, and hideſt thy Face all the Day long.----*Canſt thou aſk the Reaſon of my* Grief? See, ſee my generous and hardy *Sons* are become fooliſh, indolent, effeminate, thoughtleſs; behold, how with their own Hands they have loaded me with *Shackles*: Alas! alas! haſt thou not ſeen them take the *Rod* from my beloved Siſter, *Juſtice*, and give it to the *Sons* of *Blood* and *Rapine*? Yet a little while I mourn over my loſt and degenerate

degenerate *Sons*, and then with haſty Flight fix my Habitation in ſome more happy Clime.

Though the Community of the *Gypſies* at other Times give themſelves up to *Mirth* and *Jollity* with perhaps too much *Licence*, yet nothing is reckoned more infamous and ſhameful amongſt them, than to appear intoxicated during the Time of an *Election*; and it very rarely happens that any of them are ſo, for they reckon it a *Choice* of ſo much *Importance*, that they cannot exert in it too much *Judgment*, *Prudence*, and *Wiſdom*, therefore endeavour to have all their *Faculties* ſtrong, lively, penetrating, and clear at that Time. Their Method of *Election* is different from that of moſt other People, though perhaps it is the beſt contrived of any, and attended with the feweſt *Inconveniencies*. We have already obſerved, that none but thoſe who have been long Members of the Community, are well acquainted with the Inſtitutions of it, and have ſignalized themſelves by ſome remarkable Actions, are permitted to offer themſelves *Candidates*. Theſe are all obliged, ten Days before the Election, to fix up in ſome Place of their publick Reſort, an Account of thoſe *Actions*, upon the *Merit* of which they found their *Pretenſions* of becoming *Candidates*; to which they muſt add their *Sentiments* on *Liberty*, and the *Office* and *Duties* of a *King*: They muſt likewiſe, during theſe ten Days, appear every Day at the Place of Election, that their Electors may have an

Opportunity of forming ſome *Judgment* from the *Lineaments* and *Prognoſticks* of the Countenance. A few Days before the Election, a little white Ball, and as many black ones, as with the white one, will equal the Number of the Candidates, are given to each Elector.

When the Day of Election is come, as many Boxes are placed as there are Candidates, with the Name of the particular Candidates wrote on the Box, which is appropriated to him: Theſe Boxes are quite cloſed, except a little Opening at the Top, which is every Night during the Election lock'd up under the Keys and Seals of each of the Candidates, & of ſix of the moſt venerable old Men in the Community: It is in the little Opening, at the Top of theſe Boxes, that the Elector puts in the little Balls we have juſt now mentioned; at the ſame Time he puts his white Ball into the Box of the Candidate whom he chuſes to be his King, he puts a black Ball into the Boxes of all the other Candidates; and when they have all done ſo, the Boxes are broke open, and the Balls counted in the Preſence of all the Candidates, and as many of the Electors as chuſe it, by the old Men above-mentioned; and he who has the greateſt Number of white Balls, is always duly choſen. By this Means no *preſiding Officer* has it in his Power to make *one* more than *two*, which ſometimes happens in the Elections amongſt other Communities, who do not uſe this Form. There are other innumerable Advantages attending this

this Manner of Election, and it is likely to preſerve *publick Liberty* the longeſt; for firſt, as the Candidates are obliged to fix up publickly an Account of thoſe Actions, upon the Merit of which they become Candidates, it deters any but thoſe who are *truly worthy*, from offering themſelves; and as the Sentiments which each of them gives upon *publick Liberty*, and the *Office* and *Duty* of a *King*, is immediately entered in their publick Regiſter, it ſtands as a perpetual *Witneſs* againſt, and a *Check* upon that Candidate who is choſen, to deter him from a Change of *Sentiments* and *Principles*; for though in ſome Countries this has been known to have little Effect, and Men have on a ſudden, without any Alteration in the Nature of Things, ſhameleſsly eſpouſed thoſe *Principles* and *Sentiments* which they had vehemently all their Lives before oppoſed; yet in this Community (where there is ſo high a Senſe of Honour and Shame kept up) it muſt needs be one of the moſt binding *Obligations*. Secondly, by this Method of Balloting, or giving their Votes by Balls, the Elector's Choice is more free and unbiaſs'd; for as none but himſelf can know the Candidate he gives his white Ball to, there can be no Influence of Fear, Intereſt, Ties of Blood, or any other Cauſe to oblige him to give his Vote contrary to his *Judgment*; even *Bribes* (if they were known amongſt theſe People) would loſe their Effect under this Method of Voting; becauſe few Candidates

Candidates would chuſe to bribe, when they could have no Security, or Knowledge, whether the bribed Elector might not put a black Ball inſtead of a white one into his Box.

Our Hero was now one of the Candidates, and exhibited to the Electors ſo long a Liſt of bold and ingenious *Stratagems* which he had executed, and made ſo graceful and majeſtic an Appearance in his Perſon, that he had a conſiderable Majority of white Balls in his Box; (tho' there were ten Candidates for the ſame Honour) upon which he was declared duly elected, and hail'd by the whole Aſſembly, *King* of the *Mendicants:* The publick Regiſter of their Actions being immediately committed to his Care, and Homage done him by all the Aſſembly; the whole concluded with great Feaſting and Rejoicing, and the following *Ode* ſung by the Electors:

I.

CAST your *Nabs* * and *Cares* away,
This is *Maunder*'s Holiday:
In the World, look out, and ſee,
Where ſo happy a King as † He?

II.

At the *Crowning* of our King,
Thus we ever dance and ſing.
Where's the Nation lives ſo free,
And ſo merrily, as we?

Be

* Hats or Caps.

† Pointing to their new made King.

III.

Be it Peace, or be it War,
Here at Liberty we are:
Hang all *Harmenbecks*, ‡ we cry,
We the *Cuffin Queres* § defy.

IV.

We enjoy our Eaſe and Reſt,
To the Field we are not preſs'd:
And when the Taxes are increas'd,
We are not a Penny ceſs'd.

V.

Nor will any go to Law,
With a *Maunder* ‖ for a Straw,
All which Happineſs he brags,
Is only owing to his Rags.

‡ Conſtables.

§ A Juſtice of Peace or a Churl.

‖ A Beggar.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Mr. Carew's *Behaviour after his Election*; *his bold Adventure at* Fleet, *near* Portland; *the Character he appeared in at* Briſtol; *his unfortunate Meeting with Juſtice* Lethbridge; *Impriſonment, and Baniſhment to* America.

THOUGH Mr. *Carew* was now priviledg'd by the Dignity of his *Office* from going out on any Cruize, and was provided with every Thing neceſſary, by the joint Contributions of the *Community*, yet he did not give himſelf up to that ſlow Poiſon of the Mind, *Indolence*, which, though its Operations are imperceptible, is more hurtful and fatal than any of the quicker *Paſſions*; for we often ſee great *Virtues* break through the Cloud of other *Vices*, but *Indolence* is a ſtanding corrupted *Pool*, which always remains in the ſame *State*, unfit for every *Purpoſe*. Our Hero, therefore, notwithſtanding the particular *Privilege* of his *Office*, was as active in his Stratagems

Stratagems as ever, and ready to encounter any Difficulties which ſeem'd to promiſe Succeſs, of which the following is an Inſtance: Happening to be in the Pariſh of *Fleet*, near *Portland-Race*, in *Dorſetſhire*, he heard in the Evening of a Ship in imminent Danger of being caſt away, ſhe having been driven on ſome Shoals: Early in the Morning, before it was well light, he pulls off his Clothes, which he flung into a deep Pit, and then, unſeen by any one, ſwims to the Veſſel, which was now parted aſunder; he found only one of the Crew alive, who was hanging by his Hands on the Side of the Veſſel, the reſt being either waſhed overboard, or drown'd in attempting to ſwim to Shore. Never was there a more piteous *Object* than this poor *Wretch* hanging between *Life* and *Death*: Mr. *Carew* immediately offered him his Aſſiſtance to get him to Shore, at the ſame Time enquiring the Name of the Veſſel and her Maſter, what Cargo on board, whence ſhe came, and whither bound? The poor Wretch replied, *She belong'd to* Briſtol, *Capt.* Griffin, *Maſter*, *came from* Hamburgh, *and bound to* Briſtol *with* Hamburgh *Goods*, *and had ſeven Men and a Boy on board*, at the ſame Time our Hero was preſſing him to let go his Hold, and commit himſelf to his Care, and he would endeavour to ſwim with him to Shore; but when Danger is ſo imminent, and Death ſtands before our Eyes, it is

no

no eaſy Matter to be perſuaded to quit the weakeſt *Stay:* Thus this poor Wretch heſitated ſo long before he would quit his Hold of the Veſſel, that a large Sea broke upon the Wreck, and overwhelmed him in the great *Deep.* Mr. *Carew* was in no little Danger, but being an excellent Swimmer, he with great Difficulty got to Shore, tho' not without Hurt, the Sea throwing him with great Violence on the Beach, whereby one of his Arms was wounded. By this Time a great Number of Spectators were gathered on the Strand, who rejoiced to ſee Mr. *Carew* come to aſhore alive, ſuppoſing him to be one of the poor Wretches belonging to the Ship; *Naked, ſpent* with *Fatigue,* and *wounded,* he raiſed a feeling Pity in all the Spectators; for ſo ſtrongly is this tender *Paſſion* connected with our *Frame* by the beneficent *Author of Nature,* to promote the *mutual Aſſiſtance* of each other; that no ſooner doth the *Eye* ſee a deplorable *Object,* but the Heart feels it, and as quickly forces the *Hand* to relieve it; ſo that thoſe whom the *Love* of *Money* (for we think that the greateſt Oppoſite to *Pity*) has render'd unfeeling of another's *Woes,* are ſaid to have no *Hearts,* or *Hearts* of *Stone*; as we naturally conclude no one can be void of that ſoft, and God-like *Paſſion, Pity,* but either one who by ſome Cauſe or other happened to be made up without a *Heart,* or one in whom the continual

Droppings

Droppings of Self-love or Avarice have quite changed the Nature of it; which, by the moſt ſkilful *Anatomiſts*, is allowed, in its natural State, to be *fleſhy*, *ſoft*, and *tender*; but has been found, without Exception, upon Inſpection into the Bodies of ſeveral *Money-Lovers*, to be nothing but a *callous*, *ſtony Subſtance*; from which the *Chymiſts*, by the moſt intenſe Fires, have been able to extract nothing but a *Caput Mortuum*, or an earthy, dry, uſeleſs *Powder*.

Amongſt the Spectators of Mr. *Carew*, was the Houſekeeper of Madam *Mohun*, in the Pariſh of *Fleet*, who (with great Pleaſure do we mention it) had a *Heart* made of the *ſofteſt Subſtance*; for ſhe immediately, agreeable to the *beneficent Precepts* of the *Goſpel*, pull'd off her own Cloak to give to him who had none; and, like the good *Samaritan*, giving him a Handkerchief to bind up his *Wound*, bid him follow her, and led him to her Miſtreſs's Houſe, where ſhe ſeated him before a good Fire, gave him two large Glaſſes of Brandy with Loaf Sugar in it, then bringing him a Shirt and other Apparel, goes up Stairs and acquaints her Lady, in the moſt moving Manner, with the whole Affair.------*Here could we hope our Work would laſt to future Ages, we would immortalize this good Woman.*-------Her Miſtreſs was ſo affected with her Relation, that ſhe immediately ordered a Bed to be warmed very hot, for the poor Wretch to be put into, and

taken great Care of; which was accordingly ſoon done, and Mr. *Carew* lay very quiet for three or four Hours; then awaking, he ſeemed to be very much diſturbed in Mind; his Talk was incoherent, his Groans moving, and he toſſed from one Side of the Bed to the other, but ſeemed to find Eaſe in none: The good People ſeeing him ſo uneaſy in Bed, brought him a good Suit of Clothes, and he got up: Being told the Bodies of ſome of his Ship Mates were flung up by the Sea on the Shore, he ſeemed greatly affected, and the Tears dropp'd from his Eyes. Having received from Juſtice *Farwell* (who happened to be there ill of the Gout) a Guinea, and a Paſs for *Briſtol*, and conſiderable Contributions from the great Number of People who flocked to ſee him, to the Amount of nine or ten Pounds, he expreſſed an Inclination of making the beſt of his Way to *Briſtol*; and the good Juſtice *Farwell* lent him his own Horſe to ride as far as *Dorcheſter*, and the Parſon of the Pariſh ſent his Man to ſhew him the Way.

Mr. *Carew* would have been gladly excuſed from going through *Dorcheſter*, as he had appeared there but four or five Days before in the Character of a broken *Miller*, and had thereby raiſed a Contribution of the Mayor and Corporation of that Place; but as it lay in the direct Road to *Briſtol*, and he was attended by a Guide, he could not poſſibly avoid it: As ſoon as they came there, his Guide preſented the Paſs

Paſs in Behalf of Mr. *Carew* to the Mayor, who thereupon ordered the Town-Hall Bell to be rung, and aſſembled the Heads of the Corporation. Though he had been ſo lately with them, yet, being now in a quite different Dreſs, and his Paſs (which they knew to be ſigned by Juſtice *Farwell)* and the Guide teſtifying he was an unfortunate Ship-wreck'd Seaman, eſcaped from the moſt imminent Danger, they had no Notion of his being the broken *Miller* who had been with them a few Days before; they therefore treated him with great Humanity, and relieved him very generouſly. After this the Guide took his Leave of him with a great many good Wiſhes for his ſafe Arrival at *Briſtol*; but Mr. *Carew*, inſtead of purſuing his Way thither, ſteer'd his Courſe towards *Devonſhire*, and raiſed Contributions in the Way, as a Ship-wreck'd Seaman, on Col. *Brown*, of *Frampton*, 'Squire *Trenchard* and 'Squire *Fulford*, of *Tolla*, Col. *Broadrip*, Col. *Mitchell*, and 'Squire *Richards*, of *Long Britty*, and ſeveral other Gentlemen.

It was not long after this, that being in the City of *Briſtol*, he put in Execution a very bold and ingenious Stratagem. Calling to Mind one *Aaron Cock*, a Trader of conſiderable Worth and Note at *St. John's* in *Newfoundland*, whom he reſembled both in Perſon and Speech, he was reſolved to be the Son of Mr. *Aaron Cock* for ſome Time: He therefore goes upon the Tolſey, and other Places of pub-

lick Reſort for the Merchants in *Briſtol*, and there modeſtly acquaints them with his Name and Misfortunes: *That he was born, and lived all his Life, at* St. John's *in* Newfoundland; *that he was bound for* England, *in the* Nicholas, *Capt.* Newman; *which Veſſel ſpringing a Leak, they were obliged to quit her, and were taken up by an* Iriſhman, Patrick Pore, *and by him carried into* Waterford, *from whence he had got Paſſage, and landed at* King-Road; *that his Buſineſs in* England *was to buy Proviſions and Fiſhing Craft, and to ſee his Relations, who lived in the Pariſh of* Cockington, *near* Torbay, *where his Father was born.* The Captains *Elton, Calloway, Maſters, Thomas, Turner,* and ſeveral other *Newfoundland* Traders, (many of whom perſonally knew his pretended Father and Mother) aſk'd him many Queſtions concerning the Family, their uſual Place of fiſhing, *&c.* particularly, *If he remembered how the Quarrel happened at his Father's, (when he was but a Boy) which was of ſo unhappy Conſequence to Governor* Collins? Mr. *Carew* very readily replied, *That though he was then very young, he remember'd that the Governor, the Parſon and his Wife, Madam* Short, *Madam* Bengy, *Madam* Brown, *and ſeveral other Women of* St. John's, *being met together, and feaſting at his Father's, a warm Diſpute happened among the Men (in the Heat of Liquor) concerning the Vertue of Women, the Governor obſtinately averring (being unmarry'd himſelf) that*

there

there was not one honeſt Woman in all Newfoundland : *What, think you then of my Wife?* ſays the Parſon, *Nay, the ſame I do of all other Women, all Whores alike,* anſwered the Governor, roughly. *Hereupon the Women, not able to endure this groſs Aſperſion upon their Honour, with one Accord attacked the Governor, who being overpower'd by their Fury, could not defend his Face from being diſfigured by their Nails, nor his Clothes from being torn off his Back; and, what was much worſe, the Parſon's Wife thinking herſelf moſt injured, cut the Hamſtring of his Leg with a Knife, which rendered him a Cripple his whole Life after.*

This circumſtantial Account, which was in every Point exactly as the Affair happen'd, and many other Queſtions concerning the Family, which the Captains aſk'd him, and he as readily anſwered, (having got very particular Information concerning them when he was in *Newfoundland)* fully convinced the Captains that he muſt really be the Son of their good old Friend Mr. *Aaron Cock*; they therefore not only very generouſly relieved him, but offered to lend him any moderate Sum, to be paid again in *Newfoundland* the next fiſhing Seaſon; but Mr. *Carew* had too high a Senſe of Honour to abuſe their Generoſity ſo far; he therefore excuſed himſelf from accepting their Offer, by ſaying, *He could be furniſhed with as much as he ſhould have Occaſion for, by Merchant* Pemm *of* Exeter. They then took him with them to the

Guildhall, recommending him to the Benevolence of the Mayor and Corporation, teſtifying he was a Man of a reputable Family in *Newfoundland*. Here a very handſome Collection was made for him, and the Circumſtances of his Misfortune becoming publick, many other Gentlemen and Ladies gave him that Aſſiſtance, according to their Abilities, which is always due to unfortunate Strangers. Three Days did the Captains detain him by their Civilities in *Briſtol*, ſhewing him all the Curioſities and Pleaſures of that Place, to divert his Melancholy. He then ſet out for *Cockington*, (where his Relations liv'd) and *Bridgwater* being in his Road, he had a Letter from one of the *Briſtol* Captains, to Captain *Drake* in that Place. As ſoon as he came to *Bridgwater*, he went directly to the Mayor's Houſe, and knocking at the Door, it was opened to him by Madam Mayoreſs, to whom he related his Misfortunes; and the good Lady pitying him as an unfortunate Stranger ſo far diſtant from his Home, gave him Half a Crown, and engaged her Daughter, a Child, to give him a Shilling.---- We cannot paſs by this amiable Lady, without paying her the due *Tribute* of Praiſe; for *Tenderneſs* and *Compaſſion* ought to be the peculiar *Ornament* of every *Female Breaſt*; and it were to be wiſh'd that every Parent would betimes (like this good Lady) inſtill into their *Children* a tender *Senſe* of *Humanity*, and *Feeling* of another's *Woe*: They would by this Means teach

teach them the Enjoyment of the moſt *God-like* and *pleaſing* of all *Pleaſures*, that of *relieving* the *Diſtreſſed*; and would extinguiſh that *ſordid, ſelfiſh Spirit*, which is the *Blot* of *Humanity*. The good Lady, not content with what ſhe had already done, uſhered him into a Room, where her Huſband, an aged Gentleman, was writing; to whom ſhe related Mr. *Cock*'s Misfortunes in as moving a Manner as ſhe was able: The old Gentleman laid aſide his Spectacles, and aſk'd him ſeveral Queſtions, then diſpatch'd his Servant into the Town, who ſoon returned with two *Newfoundland* Captains, one of whom happened to be Captain *Drake*, to whom our Hero had a Letter of Recommendation given him by one of the *Briſtol* Captains; and the other Captain *Morris*, whoſe Buſineſs having lately call'd him to *Briſtol*, he had there been informed by the Captains of the Circumſtances of Mr. *Cock*'s Misfortunes; and he repeating the ſame now to the Mayor, Captain *Morris* confirmed his Relation, told them how he had been treated at *Briſtol*, and made him a Preſent of a Guinea, and a great Coat, (it being then very rainy Weather;) Capt. *Drake* likewiſe gave him a Guinea, for both theſe Gentlemen perfectly well knew Mr. *Aaron*'s Father and Mother; the Mayor likewiſe made him a Preſent, and entertained him very hoſpitably in his Houſe. In the ſame Character he viſited Sir *Haſwell Tent*, and

ſeveral

ſeveral other Gentlemen, raiſing conſiderable Contributions.

This Activity and Ingenuity of their new King, was highly agreeable to the Community of the Mendicants, and his Applauſes reſounded at all their Meetings: But as Fortune delights to change the Scene, and of a ſudden to depreſs thoſe ſhe hath moſt favour'd, we come now to relate the Misfortunes of our Hero, (tho' we know not whether we ſhould call them by that Name or not) as they gave him a larger Field of Action, and greater Opportunities of exerciſing the more manly Virtues, *Courage*, and *Intrepidity* in *Dangers*.

Going one Day to pay a Viſit to Mr. *Robert Incledon*, at *Barnſtaple* in *Devon*, (in an ill Hour, which his Knowledge could not foreſee) knocking at the Door ſoftly, it was opened to him by his Clerk, who accoſted him with the common Salutations of *How do you do Mr.* Carew? *Where have you been?* he readily reply'd, *That he had been making a Viſit to 'Squire* Baſſet's, *and in his Return had called to pay his Reſpects to Mr.* Incledon; the Clerk very civilly aſk'd him to walk in; but no ſooner was he enter'd than the Door was ſhut upon him by Juſtice *Lethbridge*, (a very bitter Enemy to the whole Community of Mendicants) who had conceal'd himſelf behind it, and Mr. *Carew* was made a Priſoner. *So ſudden are the Viciſſitudes of Life! and Misfortunes ſpring as it were out of the Earth. Thus ſudden and unexpected,*

peſted, fell the mighty Cæſar, *the Maſter of the World; and juſt ſo, affrighted* Priam *look'd, when the Shade of* Hector *drew his Curtains, and told him that his* Troy *was taken.*

The Reader will, undoubtedly, be at a Loſs to comprehend why he was thus ſeized upon contrary to the Laws of Hoſpitality; it is therefore our Buſineſs to inform him, that he had the Misfortune ſome Time before this, in the Shape of a poor lame Cripple, to frighten either the Juſtice or his Horſe on *Pilton-Bridge*; but which of the two it was, cannot be affirmed with any great Certainty: However, the Juſtice vow'd a *dire Revenge*, and now exulted greatly at having got him in his Power; *Fame* had no ſooner ſounded with her hundred *prattling* Tongues, that our Hero was in Captivity, but the Juſtice's Houſe was crowded with Interceſſors for him; however Juſtice *Lethbridge* was deaf to all, and even to the *Entreaties* of *Beauty*, ſeveral very pretty Ladies being likewiſe Advocates for him: Whether it was that the Juſtice was paſt that Age, when *Love* ſhoots his Darts with moſt Succeſs; or whether his Heart was always made of that *unmalleable Stuff* which is quite unaſſailable by *Love*, or by his *Couſin German*, *Pity*; we cannot well determine.

Among the reſt who came to ſee him, were ſome Captains of Collier Veſſels, whom the Juſtice eſpying, and, probably taking ſome Diſguſt to their Countenances, demanded who they

they were, and immediately diſcharging the Guard which had been before placed over Mr. *Carew*, charged the Captains with the Care of him, though they affirmed their Veſſels were to ſail with the next Tide; however, the Juſtice paying as little Regard to their Allegations, as he had done before to the Petitioners for Mr. *Carew*, they found they had no other Hope but from that good-natur'd Dame, *Patience:* She, good Woman, is always ready to render our Misfortunes leſs, and was, in all his Adventures, a great Friend to our Hero.

At length a Warrant was made out for conveying him to *Exeter*, and lodging him in one of the ſecureſt Places in that City; but as it was now too late to ſet forward on their Journey that Night, they were ordered to a Publick-Houſe in *Barnſtaple*; and the Juſtice remembering the old Proverb *faſt bind, faſt find*, would fain have lock'd the Door of the Room where Mr. *Carew* was, and taken the Key with him; but the honeſt Landlord offering to become Security for his Appearance in the Morning, the Juſtice was at laſt perſuaded to be content without the Office of Gaoler. Mr. *Carew*, notwithſtanding his Situation, was not caſt down, but bravely oppoſed his ill Fortune with his Courage, and paſſed the Night chearfully with the Captains, who were his Guard. The next Day he was conducted to *Exeter*, without any Thing remarkable happening on the

the Road: Here he was ſecurely lodged for more than two Months, and then brought up to the Quarter Seſſions held at the Caſtle, when Juſtice *Beavis* was Chairman; but that awful Appearance.

The Judges all met, a terrible Show!

did not ſtrike any *Terror* into his Breaſt; tho' loaded with Chains, he preſerved his uſual Firmneſs of Mind, and ſaluted the Court with a noble *Aſſurance.* Being aſk'd by the Chairman what Parts of the World he had been in, he, anſwered, *Denmark*, *Sweden*, *Muſcovy*, *France*, *Spain*, *Portugal*, *Newfoundland*, *Ireland*, *Wales*, and ſome Part of *Scotland:* The Chairman then told him, *He muſt proceed to a hotter Country*; he enquired into what Climate, and being told *Merryland*, he with great Compoſure made a critical Obſervation on the Pronunciation of that Word, implying, that he apprehended it ought to be pronounced *Maryland*, and added, it would ſave him Five Pounds for his Paſſage, as he was very deſirous of ſeeing that Country; but, notwithſtanding, with great Reſolution, deſired to know by what Law they acted, as he was not accuſed of any Crime: However, Sentence of *Baniſhment* was paſſed upon him for ſeven Years; but his Fate was not ſingular, for he had the Comfort of having Fellow Companions enough in his Sufferings, as out of 35 Priſoners, 32 were ordered into the like Baniſhment.——*Whether, at that Period of Time, Mankind were more*

more profligate than uſual: or, whether there was a more than ordinary Demand for Men in his Majeſty's Colonies, cannot by us be determin'd.

Mr. *Carew* was not, as is moſt commonly the Caſe, deſerted by his Friends in Adverſity, for he was viſited, during the Time of his Impriſonment, by many Gentlemen, who were exceeding liberal to him; and no ſooner did the News of his Captivity reach the Ears of his Subjects, than they flock'd to him from all Parts, adminiſter'd to his Neceſſities in Priſon, and daily viſited him till his Departure. This, and the Thoughts of the many new Scenes and Adventurers which he was likely to encounter with, whereby he might have an Opportunity of making his Name as *famous* in *America*, as it was already in *Europe*, often fill'd his Mind with too pleaſing Reflections, to regret his Fate, though he could have lik'd to have perform'd the Voyage under more agreeable Circumſtances; but, whenever the *Thought* of being cruelly ſeparated from his beloved Wife and Daughter glanc'd on his Mind, the *Huſband* and *Father* unmann'd the *Hero*, and melted him into *Tenderneſs* and *Fear*; the Reflection too of the Damage his Subjects might ſuſtain by his Abſence, and the Diſorder the whole Community would be put in by it, fill'd him with many Diſquietudes. Thus between pleaſing *Ideas*, and Heart-felt *Pangs*, did he paſs his Time till the Day arrived that he was to be conducted on board the *Juliana*, Capt.

Froade

Froade, Commander: But how, *gentle Reader*, ſhall I deſcribe the Ceremony of *Parting*, the laſt *Farewells* of that dreadful Day, unleſs I had the abundant Wit of the ingenious Author of *Tom Jones*, who can, whenever he pleaſes, entertain his Readers with a Chapter upon *Nothing*; had I been bleſs'd with the fertile Imagination of this Gentleman, I could here have entertained the *courteous Reader* with half a Score Pages at leaſt, in deſcribing the Tears, the Embraces, Adieus and Farewells of this ſorrowful *Parting*.

Leaving the Reader therefore to ſuppoſe all theſe fine Things, behold the Sails already ſpread, and the Veſſel cutting the Waves; but, as if Fate had oppoſed itſelf to the *Baniſhment* of our Hero, the Winds ſoon proved contrary, and they were oblig'd to ſtay more than a Fortnight in *Falmouth* Harbour for a fair Wind, and thence were eleven Weeks in their Paſſage to *Maryland*.

CHAP. IX.

Mr. Carew *arrives in* Maryland ; *a particular Deſcription of that Country* ; *an Account of the Manner of ſowing, cultivating and drying Tobacco* ; *a Deſcription of that remarkable Animal in* Maryland *the flying Squirrel* ; *the ſurpriſing Manner of the Fiſhing-Hawks catching Fiſh, and their Encounters with the bald Eagle* ; *the Sociableneſs and good Nature of the Rock Bird* ; *Mr.* Carew *is upon the Point of being ſold for a Slave, but whilſt they are bargaining for him, makes his Eſcape into the Woods.*

THE firſt Place they touch'd at was *Hampton*, between Cape *Charles* and Cape *Henry*, where the Captain went aſhore and got a Pilot ; and after about two Days Stay here, the Pilot brought the Veſſel down *Miles*'s River, and caſt Anchor in *Talbot* County ; when the Captain ordered a Gun to be fired as a Signal for the Planters to come down, and then went aſhore ; he ſoon after ſent on board a Hogſhead of Rum,

Rum, and ordered all the Men Priſoners to be cloſe ſhav'd againſt the next Morning, and the Women to have their beſt Head Dreſſes put on, which occaſioned no little Hurry on board, for between the *trimming* of Beards, and *putting* on of Caps, all Hands wery fully employ'd. In the Morning the Captain order'd publick Notice to be given of a Day of Sale, and the Priſoners, who were pretty near a Hundred, were all order'd upon Deck, where a large Bowl of Punch was made, and the Planters flock'd on board; their firſt Enquiry was for Letters and News from *Old England*, what Paſſage he had, how their Friends did, and the like. The Captain informed them of War being declared againſt *Spain*, and that it was expected it would ſoon be declared againſt *France*; that he had been eleven Weeks and four Days in his Paſſage. Their next Enquiry was, if the Captain had brought them good Store of Joiners, Carpenters, Blackſmiths, Weavers, and Taylors; upon which the Captain call'd out one *Griffy*, a Taylor, who had lived at *Chumleigh*, in the County of *Devon*, and was obliged to take a Voyage to *Maryland*, for making too free with his Neighbours Sheep; two Planters, who were Parſon *Nicholas* and Mr. *Rolles*, aſk'd him *If he was found Wind and Limb*, and told him, *It would be worſe for him, if he told them an* Untruth; and at laſt purchaſed him of the Captain. The

poor Taylor cry'd and bellowed like a *Bell-Weather*, curſing his Wife who had betray'd him: Mr. *Carew*, *like a brave Man*, *to whom every Soil is his own Country*, aſhamed of his Cowardice, gave the Taylor to the Devil; and as he knew he could not do without them, ſent his Shears, Preſſing-Iron, Thimble and Needle, to bear him Company: *Wherefore all theſe Wailings*, ſays our Hero, *have we not a fine glorious Country before us?* pointing to the Shore; and indeed in this he was very right, for *Maryland* not only affords every Thing which preſerves and confirms Health, but alſo all Things that are charming. The Beauty of the Proſpect, the Fragrancy of the Fields and Gardens, the Brightneſs of the Sky, and Serenity of the Air, affect the raviſh'd Senſes; the Country being a large Plain, and the Hills in it ſo eaſy of Aſcent, and of ſuch a moderate Height, that they ſeem rather an artificial Ornament to it, than one of the Accidents of Nature. The Abundance of Rivers and Brooks is no little Help to the Fertility of the Soil.

The Winter in *Maryland* does not continue above three or four Months, *December*, *January*, *February*, and *March*, of which thirty or forty Days only are bad Weather. The Froſts are ſevere, but attended with a clear Sky, and don't laſt long. The Rains are frequent and refreſhing; and the Heats of the Summer, which are moſt violent in *June*, *July*, and *Auguſt*, are

are much mitigated by them; and the freſh Breezes that are common in this Country, contribute much to render the Heat tolerable to new Comers, and hardly ſenſible to the Inhabitants.

Moſt Sorts of Fruits here grow wild, and without cultivating; and they have ſuch Plenty of Peaches, that they give them to their Hogs: Their Flowers likewiſe are as fine as any in the World.

Tobacco is the ſtanding Commodity of the Country, and is ſo beneficial to the Planter, and ſo natural to the Soil, that all other Improvements give Place to that. Indeed they could turn their Hands to nothing that would employ ſo many Slaves and Servants, and require ſo little Stock to manage it, or take up ſuch a large Tract of Land; for the ſame Ground that is planted every Year with Tobacco, would produce, if Corn was ſown there, more than all the Plantations of *America* could conſume. This Plant is ſo common in *England*, that we need not deſcribe it: It grows much like a Dock; and whereas in our Gardens it muſt be managed with as much Care as the choiceſt Fruit or Flower, in *Maryland* they leave it expoſed to all the Injuries of the Weather, which is very favourable to it, and 'tis ſeldom that the Crop ſuffers by it. The Tobacco of this Plantation was not at firſt ſo good as 'tis now. That of *Braſil* had once the

greateſt Reputation over all *Europe*; but now *Maryland* and *Virginia* has the beſt Price in all Markets. It is not known how the *Indians* cured theirs; they now have it all from the *Engliſh*: 'Tis ſaid they uſed to let it run to Seed, only ſuckering the Leaves, to keep the Sprouts from growing up and ſtarving them. When it was ripe, they pull'd them off, cured them in the Sun, and laid them up for Uſe. The *Maryland* Planters ſow the Tobacco Seeds in Beds, as the Gardeners in *England* do Colwort Seeds; they leave them there a Month, taking Care all that Time to have them well weeded. When the Plants are about the Breadth of one's Hand, they are removed in the firſt rainy Weather, and tranſplanted into what they call *Tobacco-Hills*. In a Month's Time the Plants will be a Foot high, and they top them, and then prune off all the bottom Leaves, leaving only ſeven or eight on the Stalk, that they may be better fed by the Top; and theſe Leaves, in ſix Weeks Time, will be at their full Growth. The Planters prune off the Suckers, and clear them of the Horn-Worm twice a Week, which is called *Worming* and *Suckering*; and this laſt Work laſts three Weeks or a Month; by which Time the Leaf from green begins to turn browniſh, and to ſpot and thicken, which is a Sign of it ripening. As faſt as the Plants ripen, you muſt cut them down, leave them in the Field for half a Day, then heap them up,

let

let them lie and ſweat a Night, and the next Day carry them to the Tobacco-Houſe, where every Plant is hanged one by another (by a Peg which is drove into the Stalk of each Plant) at a convenient Diſtance, for about a Month or five Weeks; at the End of which Time, they ſtrike or take them down in moiſt Weather, when the Leaf gives, or elſe it will crumble to Duſt; after which, they are laid upon Sticks, and covered up cloſe in the Tobacco-Houſe for a Week or a Fortnight to ſweat; and then opening the Bulk in a wet Day, the Servants ſtrip them and ſort them, the top Leaves being the beſt, and the bottom the worſt Tobacco. The laſt Work is to pack it in Hogſheads, or to bundle it up, which is alſo done in a wet Seaſon; for in the curing Tobacco, wet Seaſons are as neceſſary as dry, to make the Leaf pliant, which would otherwiſe be brittle and break.

Beſides *Lions*, *Leopards*, *Elks*, *Bears*, and others Animals which are met with in *Maryland*, there are two peculiar to the Country which deſerve to be deſcribed, *viz.* the *Flying Squirrel* and the *Opaſſum*.

The *Flying Squirrel* has a fleſhy Subſtance, which it extends in its ſkipping from one Tree to another, like Wings; and by the Help of theſe he will fly, or rather ſkip, thirty or forty Yards at a Time, from Tree to Tree.

The *Opaſſum* has a Head like a Hog, and a Tail like a Rat; 'tis about the Bigneſs of a Cat,

Cat; and the falſe Belly, in which the Female carries her Young, is thus deſcribed by one that ſaw it: 'Tis like a looſe Skin quite over the Belly, which never ſticks to the Fleſh, but may be looked into at all Times, after they have been concerned in Procreation. In the hinder Part of it is an Overture big enough for a ſmall Hand to paſs; and thither the young ones, after they are full haired, and ſtrong enough to run about, fly when any Danger appears, or when they go to reſt or ſuck, and continue to do ſo till they have learned to live without their Dam. The ſtrangeſt Part of this Deſcription is, that the young ones are bred in this falſe Belly, without ever having been in the true one. They are formed at the Teat, and grow there for ſeveral Weeks together, till they are in perfect Shape, and have Strength, Sight, and Hair: They then drop off, and reſt in this falſe Belly, going in and out at Pleaſure. They are to be ſeen faſtened to a Teat from the Bigneſs of a Fly, till they become as large as a Mouſe. Neither is it any Hurt to the old one to open the Bag, and look in upon her Young.

There were no Rats nor Mice in *Maryland* when the *Engliſh* firſt landed; but they ſoon multiplied ſo from the *Engliſh* Shipping, that once there was like to have been a Sort of *Rat-Plague* among the Planters.

There

There is no Country more remarkable for the Variety of Birds in it, than *Maryland*; where the Woods and Groves in the Spring, Summer, Autumn, and almoſt all the Year, are rendered as delightful by the Muſick of the feathered Choirs, as by the Coolneſs of their Shades, or the Fragrancy of their Flowers. Among theſe the Rock-Birds are the moſt diverting; they love Society ſo well, that whenever they ſee Mankind, they will perch upon a Twig near the Perſon, and ſing the ſweeteſt Airs in the World. The next is the Humming-Bird, who revels among the Flowers, and licks off the Dew and Honey from the Leaves: 'Tis not half ſo large as an *Engliſh* Wren, and its Colour is a ſhining Mixture of Scarlet, Green and Gold.

As for Fiſh, there is ſuch a prodigious Plenty of them, that it is hardly credible to an *European*. Many of theſe Fiſhes will leap into Canoes and Boats, as the *Engliſh* or *Indians* croſs a River.

The Manner of the Fiſhing-Hawks here preying upon Fiſh, is very diverting and remarkable. The Sport is to be ſeen every Summer in the Morning, and ſometimes all Day long. Theſe Hawks are wonderful eager after their Game, when the Fiſh firſt come in the Spring. In the Dead of the Winter they fiſh further off at Sea, or remain among the uninhabited Iſlands upon the Sea Coaſt. They have often been ſeen to catch Fiſh out of the Water,

Water, and as they were flying away with their Prey, the bald Eagles have taken it from them again. The Fiſhing-Hawk will hover over the Water, and reſt upon the Wing ſome Minutes together, and then from a vaſt Height dart down at once into the Water, plunge into it for the Space of half a Minute, and at laſt bring up a Fiſh with him ſo big, that he can hardly carry it. When he is on the Wing, he ſhakes himſelf ſo ſtrongly, that the Water comes off of him like a Miſt, and then he flies to the Woods with his Prey, unleſs the bald Eagle intercepts him, and takes it away from him. This Bird, as ſoon as he perceives the Fiſhing-Hawk with the Game in his Mouth, purſues him, and ſtrives to get above him in the Air, which if he can do, the Hawk lets his Fiſh drop, and the Eagle leaves him to take up his Prey, which he ſhoots after with ſuch ſurprizing Swiftneſs, that he catches it in the Air before it falls to the Ground. Theſe Fiſhing-Hawks, when the Seaſons are extraordinary plentiful, will catch a Fiſh, and loiter about with it in the Air, on Purpoſe to have a Chace with the Eagle for it; and if the Eagle does not come, he'll make a daring Noiſe, as if it were to defy him. This Sport has been frequently ſeen, and by the Deſcription of it, muſt certainly be extreamly pleaſant to the Spectators.

But to return: When all the beſt Tradeſmen were bought up, a Planter came to Mr. *Carew*,

Carew, and aſk'd him what Trade he was of: Mr. *Carew*, to ſatisfy him of his Uſefulneſs, told him he was a *Rat-catcher*, a *Mendicant*, and a *Dog-Merchant*, *What the D---l Trades are thoſe?* replies the Planter, in Aſtoniſhment, *for I have never before heard of them.* Upon which the Captain, thinking he ſhould loſe the Sale of him, takes the Planter a little aſide, and tells him, *He did but jeſt, being a Man of Humour, for that he was a great Scholar, and was only ſent over on Account of having diſobliged ſome Gentlemen; that he had no Indenture with him, but he ſhould have him for ſeven Years, and that he would make an excellent* School-Maſter: However, no Purchaſe was made of him. The next Day the Captain aſk' him to go on Shore with him to ſee the Country, but indeed with a View of getting a Purchaſe for him among the Planters. As they were walking, ſeveral People came up to Mr. *Carew*, and aſk'd him what Countryman he was, *&c.* At length they went to a Tavern, where one Mr. *David Huxter*,, who was formerly of *Lyme* in *Dorſet*, and Mr. *Hambleton*, a *Scotchman*, ſeemed to have an Inclination to buy him between them: Soon after came in one Mr. *Aſhcraft*, who put in for him too, and then the Bowl of Punch went round merrily. In the midſt of their Mirth, Mr. *Carew*, who had given no Conſent to the Bargain they were making for him, thought it no Breach of Honour or good Manners to take an

Opportunity

Opportunity of ſliping away, without taking any Leave of them; and taking with him about a Pint of Brandy, and ſome Biſcuit Cakes, which, by good Luck, he chanced to lay his Hands on, he immediately betook himſelf to the Woods, as the only Place of Security for him.

CHAP. X.

Mr. Carew *congratulates himſelf on his Eſcape, and flatters himſelf that he ſhall find Means to regain his native Country; but is ſoon ſtopp'd on his Journey, by an unforeſeen Difficulty: He is ſeiz'd upon and carried Priſoner to* New Town: *He there meets unexpectedly with Friends: They reſolve to purchaſe his Freedom; but he refuſes their Offer, and deſires to be delivered up to Captain* Froade, *from whom he had made his Eſcape: The cruel Treatment he meets with from the Captain, and the Method taken to prevent his eſcaping again.*

MR. *Carew* having found he had eluded their Search, congratulated himſelf on his happy Eſcape and Deliverance; for he now made no Doubt of getting to *Old England* again, notwithſtanding the *Difficulties* which lay in his Way, as he knew his *Courage* was equal to every *Danger*; but we are too often apt, as the Proverb ſays, *To reckon*

without our Hoſt, and are oftentimes neareſt Danger when we think ourſelves moſt ſecure; and ſo it happened to our Hero at this Time, for, amidſt his joyful Reflections, he did not know that none were allowed to travel there, unleſs where known, without proper Paſſes, of which we need not tell the Reader he was not provided; and there is moreover a Reward of 5*l.* for any one who apprehends a Runaway: It therefore happened that one Morning early, going through a narrow Path, he was met by four Timber Men going to Work; he would fain have eſcaped their Obſervation, but they ſoon hail'd him, and demanded where he was going, and where his Paſs was? Theſe were Queſtions which he would willingly have been excuſed from anſwering; however, as his Wit was always ready, he immediately told them he belonged to the *Heſtor* Privateer, (which he knew then lay upon the Coaſt) and that he was going on ſome Buſineſs for the Captain to *Charles County*; but, as he could produce no Paſs, this would not ſatisfy them; ſo they ſeized upon him, and conducted him to one Colonel *Brown*'s, a Juſtice of the Peace, in *Anne Arundel* County.---*But here, moſt gentle Reader, that thou may'ſt not form wrong Ideas of this* Juſtice, *and (as too often is the Caſe) judge of what thou haſt not ſeen from what thou haſt ſeen, it will be neceſſary to inform thee, that he was not ſuch a one as* Hudibraſs *deſcribes*:

An

An old dull Sot, *who told the Clock*
For many Years at Bridewell-Dock,
At Weſtminſter *and* Hicks's Hall,
And Hickius Doccius *play'd in all.*
Where in all Governments and Times,
He had been both Friend and Foe to Crimes,
And us'd two equal Ways of gaining,
By hindering Juſtice, *or maintaining.*

Neither was he ſuch a *one* as that excellent Artiſt Mr. *Hogarth* has depicted, in his Picture of *A Modern Midnight Converſation*; nor ſuch a *one* as the Author of *Joſeph Andrews* has, above all others, ſo inimitably drawn to the Life; nor yet was he ſuch a *one* as thou haſt often ſeen at a *Quarter-Seſſions*, with a large *Wig*, a heavy unmeaning *Countenance*, and a ſour *Aſpect*, who gravely nods over a *Cauſe*, and then paſſes a *Deciſion* on what he does not underſtand; and no *Wonder*, when he, perhaps, never ſaw, much leſs ever read, the *Laws* of his Country. But of Juſtice *Brown*, I can aſſure the Reader, he could not only read, but upon Occaſion write a Mittimus, without the Aſſiſtance of his Clerk; he was thoroughly acquainted with the general *Duties* of his *Office*, and the particular *Laws* of *Maryland*; his Countenance was an awful *Majeſty*, temperate with a humane *Sweetneſs*, ever unwilling to puniſh, yet always afraid of offending *Juſtice*; and if, at any Time, *Neceſſity* obliged him to uſe the *Rod*, he did it with ſo much

Humanity and *Compaſſion*, as plainly indicated the *Duties* of his *Office* forced, rather than the *Cruelty* or *Haughtineſs* of his *Temper* prompted him to it; and whilſt the unhappy *Criminal* ſuffered a corporal *Puniſhment*, he did all that lay in his Power, to the End that it might have a due *Effect*, by endeavouring to amend the *Mind* with ſalutary *Advice:* If the Exigencies of the State required *Taxes* to be levied upon the Subject, he never, by his *Authority* or *Office*, excuſed himſelf from bearing his full *Proportion*; nor would he meanly ſubmit to ſee any of his Fellow Juſtices do ſo.

It was before ſuch a Juſtice Mr. *Carew* had the good Fortune to be carried; they found him in his Court-Yard, juſt mounting his Horſe to go out; he very civilly enquired their Buſineſs; the Timber Men told him, they had got a Runaway; the Juſtice then enquired of Mr. *Carew*, who he was; he replied, he was a Seafaring Man, belonging to the *Hector* Privateer of *Boſton*, Captain *Anderſon*, and that as they could not agree, he had left the Ship. The Juſtice told him, he was ſorry it ſhould happen ſo; but he was obliged, by the *Duty* of his *Office*, and the *Laws* of his Country, to ſtop all Paſſengers who could not produce Paſſes; and that therefore, though unwillingly, he ſhould be obliged to commit him; he then entertained him very plentifully with Victuals and Drink, and in the mean Time made his Commitment for *New Town* Gaol. Mr. *Carew*

rew finding his Commitment made, told the Timber Men, *That as they got their Money ſo very eaſily, he would have a Horſe to ride on, for it was too hot for him to walk in that Country.* The Juſtice merrily cry'd, *Well ſpoken, Priſoner.* There was then a great Ado with the Timber Men to get a Horſe for him; but at laſt one was procured, and our Hero, mounted on a Milk-white Steed, was conveyed in a Sort of *Triumph*, to *New Town*, the Timber Men performing the Cavalcade on Foot. The Commitment was directed to the Under-Sheriff in *New Town*, a Sadler by Profeſſion, who immediately waited upon him to the Priſon; he found it well peopled, and his Ears were confuſed with almoſt as many Dialects as put a Stop to the Building of *Babel:* Mr. *Carew* ſaluted them courteouſly, and enquired what Countrymen they were; ſome where of *Kilkenny*, ſome *Limerick*, ſome *Dublin*, others of *Somerſet*, *Dorſet*, *Devon*, and *Cornwall*,; ſo that he found he had Choice enough of Companions; and, as he ſaw he had no Remedy but *Patience*, he endeavoured to amuſe himſelf as well as he could. Looking through the Iron Bars, he eſpies the Whipping-Poſt and Gallows, at which he turns to his Companions, and cries out, *A fine Sight truly this is, my Friends!* which was a Jeſt many of them could not truly reliſh, as they had before taſted of the Whipping-Poſt; looking on the other

Side, he ſaw a fine Houſe, and demanding whoſe it was, they told him it was the Aſſembly-Houſe. While he was thus amuſing himſelf, reflecting on the Variety of his Fate, Fortune was preparing a more agreeable Scene for him: A Perſon coming up to the Window, aſk'd where the Runaway was, who had been brought in that Day; Mr. *Carew* compoſedly told him, he was the Man; they then entered into Diſcourſe, enquiring of each other of what Country they were, and ſoon found they were pretty near Neighbours, the Perſon who addreſſed him being one of *Dorſetſhire*. While they were thus talking, Mr. *Carew* ſeeing the Tops of ſome Veſſels riding in the River, enquired what Place they belonged to: The Man replied, to the Weſt of *England*, to one Mr. *Buck* of *Bideford*, to whom moſt of the Town belonged. Our Hero's Heart leap'd for Joy at this good News, and he haſtily aſk'd, if the Captains *Kenny*, *Harvey*, *Hopkins*, and *George Burd* were there: The Man replying in the Affirmative, ſtill heightened his Satisfaction. *Will you have the Goodneſs to be an unfortunate Priſoner's Friend*, ſays he to the Perſon he was talking with, *and preſent my humble Duty to any of them, but particularly to Captain* Harvey, *and inform them I am here?* The Man very civilly replied, *He would do it*; and aſk'd what he ſhould tell them to be his Name? *Carew*, reply'd our Hero. Away runs the Meſſenger with

with great Haſte; but before he had got half Way, forgetting the Name, runs back again to aſk it; *Tell them my Name is* Carew, *the* Rat-catcher. Away goes the Man again, repeating all the Way *Carew Rat-catcher*, leſt he ſhould forget it a ſecond Time; and he now executed his Meſſage ſo well, that very ſoon after up came the Captains to the Goal Door, enquiring what *Carew Rat-catcher* wanted to ſpeak with them? Mr. *Carew*, who heard them, anſwered with a Tantivy and Halloo to the Dogs; upon which Captain *Harvey* ſwore it was *Carew*, and fell a laughing very heartily: Then coming up to the Window, they very cordially ſhook Hands with him, ſaying, *They ſhould as ſoon have expected to have ſeen Sir* Robert Walpole *there as him.* They then enquired by what Means he came there; and he informed them circumſtantially of every Thing as aforementioned. The Captains aſk'd him, if he would drink a Glaſs of Rum, which he accepting of very gladly in his preſent Condition, one of them ſent down to the Store-Houſe for a Bottle of Rum and a Bottle of October, and then they all came into the Goal, and ſat down with him. Thus did he ſee himſelf once more unexpectedly ſurrounded by his Friends, ſo that he ſcarce regretted his meeting with the Timber Men, as they had brought him into ſo good Company: He was ſo elevated with his good Fortune, that he for-

got

got all his Misfortunes, and paſſed the Evening as chearfully as if he was neither a Slave nor a Priſoner. The Captains enquired, if he had been ſold to a Planter before he made his Eſcape; he replying in the Negative, they told him, *That unleſs his Captain came and demanded him, he would be publickly ſold the next Court Day.* When they took their Leaves, they told him, they would ſee him again the next Morning.

Accordingly they returned very early, and as ſoon as they had got Admittance into the Priſon, hail'd him with the pleaſing Sound of *Liberty*; telling him, *They had agreed among themſelves to purchaſe him, then give him his Releaſe, and furniſh him with proper Paſſes*; but inſtead of receiving this joyful News with the Tranſports they expected, our Hero ſtood for ſome Time ſilent, and loſt in Thought. During this while, he reflected within himſelf, whether his Honour would permit him to purchaſe his Liberty on theſe Terms; and it was, indeed, no little Struggle which paſſed in his Breaſt on this Occaſion: On the one Side, *Liberty*, with all her Charms, preſented herſelf, and woo'd to be accepted, ſupported by *Fear*, who ſet before his Eyes all the Horrors and Cruelties of a ſevere Slavery; on the other Side, Dame *Honour*, with a majeſtick Mien, forbad him, ſounding loudly in his Ears, how it would read in future Story, *That the ingeni-*

ous

ous Mr. Carew *had no Contrivance left to regain his loſt Liberty, but meanly to purchaſe it at his Friends Expence.* For ſome Time did theſe Paſſions remain in Equipoiſe, as thou haſt often ſeen the Scales of ſome honeſt Tradeſman, before he weighs his Commodity; but at length *Honour* prepondered, and *Liberty* and *Fear* flew up and kicked the Beam: He therefore told the Captains, *He had the moſt grateful Senſe of this Inſtance of their Love, but that he could never conſent to purchaſe his Freedom at their Expence; and therefore deſired they would only do him the Favour to acquaint Captain* Froade *of his being there.* The Captains were quite amazed at this Reſolution, and uſed great Entreaties to perſuade him to alter it, but all in vain; ſo that at laſt they were obliged to comply with his Requeſt, in writing to Captain *Froade. And here, charm'd with the Beauty of it, we muſt beg Leave of our Reader to expatiate a little on this noble Action of our Hero; which, in our Judgment, as far ſurpaſſes all the Actions of that celebrated Hero of the Age,* Tom Jones, *as Mount* Ararat, * *or the lofty* Alps *exceed the humble Hills of* Maryland, *none of which are above fifty Yards high.*

Captain *Froade* received, with great Pleaſure, the News of his being in Cuſtody at *New-Town,*

* This Mountain is reckoned one of the higheſt in the World, and that on which *Noah*'s Ark is ſuppoſed to have firſt reſted.

Town, and ſoon ſent round his Long Boat, paid all Coſts and Charges, and brought him once more on board his Ship. The Captain received him with a great deal of malicious Satisfaction in his Countenance, telling him in a taunting Manner, *That though he had promiſed Sir* William Courtenay *to be at Home before him, he ſhould find himſelf damnably miſtaken*; and then, with a tyrannick Tone, bid him ſtrip, calling to the Boatſwain to bring up a Cat and nine Tails, and tie him to the Main Gears: Accordingly our Hero was obliged to undergo a cruel and ſhameful Puniſhment. *Here, gentle Reader, if thou haſt not a Heart made of ſomething harder than* Adamant, *thou canſt not chuſe but melt at the Sufferings of our Hero; he, who but juſt before did what would have immortalized the Name of a* Cæſar *or* Alexander, *is now rewarded for it with cruel and ignominious Stripes, far from his native Country, Wife, Children, or any Friends, and ſtill doom'd to undergo ſeverer Hardſhips.* As ſoon as the Captain had ſufficiently ſatisfied his Revenge, he ordered Mr. *Carew* on Shore, taking him to a Blackſmith, whom he ordered to make an heavy Iron Collar for him, which in *Maryland* they call a *Pot-Hook*, and is uſually put about the Necks of the runaway Slaves. When it was faſtened on, the Captain jeeringly cry'd, *Now run away if you can; I will make you help to load this*

this Veſſel, and then I'll take Care of you, and ſend you to the Iron Works *of* Suſky Hallam.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Mr. Carew, *by Hardſhips and Severities, is almoſt driven to Deſpair; is unexpectedly viſited by ſome Friends: They contrive his Eſcape, and adviſe him to travel through the* Indians *Country, to avoid being re-taken: A particular Deſcription of the* Indian *Nations; their Governmemt, Religion, Manners, and Cuſtoms: The uncommon Ceremony of* Huſkanawing.

CAPTAIN *Froade* ſoon after left the Veſſel, and went up to a Storehouſe at *Tuckhoe*, and the Firſt Mate to *Kent* Iſland, whilſt the Second Mate and Boatſwain kept the Ship: In the mean Time our Hero was employed in loading the Veſſel, and doing all Manner of Drudgery; gall'd with a heavy Yoke, and narrowly watch'd, he began to looſe all Hopes of Eſcape; his Spirits began now to fail him, and he gave himſelf up almoſt to Deſpair, little thinking his Deliverance to be ſo near at Hand, as he found it ſoon to be.

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One Day, as he was employed in his uſual Drudgery, reflecting within himſelf upon his unhappy Condition, he unexpectedly ſees his good Friends, the Captains *Harvey* and *Hopkins*, two of the *Bideford* Captains; who, as has been before related, had offered to redeem him at *New Town:* He was overjoy'd at the Sight of them; not that he expected any Deliverance from them, but only as they were Friends he had been ſo much obliged to. The Captains came up and enquired very kindly how it fared with him, and how the bore the Drudgery they ſaw him employed in; adding, *That he had better have accepted the Offer they made him at* New Town. Our Hero gallantly replied, *That however ſevere the Hardſhips he underwent, and were they ſtill more ſo, he would rather chuſe to ſuffer them, than purchaſe Liberty at their Coſt.* The Captains, charmed with this Generoſity, were reſolved to make one Attempt more to get him his Liberty; they ſoon after ſounded the Boatſwain and Mate, and finding them not greatly averſe to give him an Opportunity of Eſcape, they took him aſide, and thus addreſs'd him: *Friend* Carew, *the Offer we made you at* New Town, *may convince you of the Regard we have for you; we therefore cannot think of leaving the Country, before we have, by ſome Means or other, procured your Liberty; we have already ſounded the Boatſwain and Mate, and find we can bring them to*

wink at your Eſcape; but the greateſt Obſtacle is, that there is Forty Pounds Penalty, and half a Year's Impriſonment for any one that takes off your Iron Collar; ſo that you muſt be obliged to travel with it, till you come among the friendly Indians, *many Miles diſtant from hence, who will aſſiſt you to take it off; for they are great Friends to the* Engliſh, *and trade with us for Lattens, Kettles, Frying Pans, Guns, Powder and Shot, giving us in Exchange, Buffalo and Deer Skins, with other Sorts of Furs: But there are two other Sorts of* Indians, *one of which are diſtinguiſhed by a very flat Forehead, who uſe Croſs Bows in Fighting; the other of a very dwarf Stature, who are great Enemies, and very cruel to the Whites; theſe you muſt endeaour by all Means to avoid, for if you fall into their Hands they will certainly murder you* ------ And here the Reader will, we make no Doubt, be pleaſed to ſee ſome Account of the *Indians*, among whom our Hero was treated with ſo much Kindneſs and Civility, as we ſhall relate in its proper Place.

At the firſt ſettling of *Maryland*, there were ſeveral Nations of them, governed by petty Kings. Mr. *Calvert*, Lord *Baltimore*'s Brother, who was ſent by him to make the firſt Settlement in *Maryland*, landed at *Patowmeck* Town, where the Werowance being a Child, *Archihau*, his Uncle, who governed his Territories in his Minority, received the *Engliſh* in a friendly Manner. From *Patowmeck* the Governor

vernor went to *Piſcattaway*, about twenty Leagues higher, where he found many *Indians* aſſembled, and among them an *Engliſhman*, Captain *Henry Fleet*, who had lived there ſeveral Years in great Eſteem with the Natives. Captain *Fleet* brought the Werowance or Prince on board the Governor's Pinnace, to treat with him. Mr. *Calvert* aſk'd him, *Whether he was willing he and his People ſhould ſettle in his Country, in Caſe they found a Place convenient for them?* The Werowance reply'd, *I will not bid you go, neither will I bid you ſtay, but you may uſe your own Diſcretion.* The *Indians* finding their Werowance ſtaid on board longer than they expected, crowded down to the Water-ſide to look after him, fearing the *Engliſh* had kill'd him, and they were not ſatisfied, till he ſhew'd himſelf to them, to appeaſe them. The Natives, who fled from St. *Clement*'s Iſle, when they ſaw the *Engliſh* came as Friends, returned to their Habitations; and the Governor, not thinking it adviſeable to ſettle ſo high up the River, in the Infancy of that Colony, ſent his Pinnaces down the River, and went with Captain *Fleet* to a River on the North Side of *Patowmeck*, within four or five Leagues of its Mouth, which is called St. *George*'s River. He went up four Leagues in his Long-Boat, and came to the Town of *Yoamaco*, from whence the *Indians* of that Neighbourhood are called *Yoamacoes*. The Governor landed, and treated with the Werowance

there, acquainting him with the Occaſion of his Coming; to which the *Indian* ſaid little, but inviting him to his Houſe, entertained him very kindly, and gave him his own Bed to lie on. The next Day he ſhew'd him the Country, and the Governor determining to make the firſt Settlement there, ordered his Ship and Pinnaces to come thither to him. To make his Entry the more ſafe and peaceable, he preſented the Werowance and Wiſos, or principal Men of the Town, with ſome *Engliſh* Cloth, Axes, Houghs and Knives, which they accepted very kindly, and freely conſented that he and his Company ſhould dwell in one Part of their Town, reſerving the other for themſelves. Thoſe *Indians* who inhabited that Part which was aſſigned the *Engliſh*, readily abandoned their Houſes to them; and Mr. *Calvert* immediately ſet Hands to Work, to plant Corn. The Natives agreed further, to leave the whole Town to the *Engliſh*, as ſoon as their Harveſt was in; which they did accordingly, and both *Engliſh* and *Indians* promiſed to live friendly together. If any Injury was done on either Part, the Nation offending was to make Satisfaction. Thus, on the 27th of *March*, 1634, the Governor took Poſſeſſion of the Town, and named it St. *Mary*'s.

There happened an Event which very much facilitated this Treaty with the *Indians*. The *Saſquehanocks*, a warlike People, dwelling between *Cheſeapeak* Bay and *Delaware* Bay, where wont

wont to make Incurſions on their Neighbours, partly for Dominion, and partly for Booty, of which the Women were moſt deſired by them. The *Yoamacoes*, fearing theſe *Saſquehanocks*, had, a Year before the *Engliſh* arrived, reſolved to deſert their Habitations, and remove higher into the Country; many of them were actually gone, and the reſt preparing to follow them. The Ship and Pinnaces arriving at the Town, the *Indians* were amazed and terrified at the Sight of them, eſpecially at hearing their Cannon thunder, when they came to an Anchor.

The firſt Thing that Mr. *Calvert* did, was to fix a Court of Guard, and erect a Store-Houſe; and he had not been there many Days, before Sir *John Harvey*, Governor of *Virginia*, came thither to viſit him, as did ſeveral *Indian* Werowances, and many other *Indians*, from ſeveral Parts of Continent: Among others, came the King of *Patuxent*, and being carried abroad the Ship, then at Anchor in the River, was placed between the Governor of *Virginia* and the Governor of *Maryland*, at an Entertainment made for him and others. A *Patuxent Indian* coming abroad, and ſeeing his King thus ſeated, ſtarted back, thinking he was ſurprized; he would fain have leaped over-board, and could not be perſuaded to enter the Cabin, till the Werowance himſelf came and ſatisfied him he was in no Danger. This King had

formerly been taken Priſoner by the *Engliſh* of *Virginia*. After the Store-Houſe was finiſhed, and the Ship unladen, Mr. *Calvert* ordered the Colours to be brought aſhore, which was done with great Solemnity, the Gentlemen and their Servants attending, in Arms; ſeveral Vollies were fired a Ship-board and aſhore, as alſo the Cannon, at which the Natives were ſtruck with Admiration, ſuch at leaſt as had not heard the firing of Pieces of Ordnance before, to whom it could not but be dreadful.

The Kings of *Patuxent* and *Yoamaco* were preſent at this Ceremony, with many other *Indians* of *Yoamaco*; and the Werowance of *Potuxent* took that Occaſion to adviſe the *Indians* of *Yoamaco* to be careful to keep the League they had made with the *Engliſh*. He ſtaid in Town ſeveral Days, and was full of his *Indian* Compliments: When he went away, he made this Speech to the Governor; *I love the* Engliſh *ſo well, that if they ſhould go about to kill me, if I had ſo much Breath as to ſpeak, I would command my People not to revenge my Death; for I know they would not do ſuch a Thing, except it was through my own Fault.*

This Infant Colony ſupplied themſelves with *Indian* Corn at *Barbadoes*, which at their firſt Arrival they began to uſe, to ſave their *Engliſh* Store of Meal and Oat-meal. The *Indian* Women perceiving their Servants did not know how to dreſs it, made their Bread for them,

and

and taught them to do it themſelves. There was *Indian* Corn enough in the Country, and theſe new Adventurers ſoon after ſhipped off 10,000 Buſhels for *New-England*, to purchaſe Salt Fiſh and other Proviſions. While the *Indians* and *Engliſh* lived at St. *Mary*'s together, the Natives went every Day to hunt with the new Comers for Deer and Turkies, which when they had caught they gave to the *Engliſh*, or ſold for Knives, Beads, and ſuch-like Trifles. They alſo brought them good Store of Fiſh, and behaved themſelves very kindly, ſuffering their Women and Children to come among them, which was a certain Sign of their Confidence in them.

Moſt of the *Indians* ſtill follow the Religion and Cuſtoms of their Anceſtors; and are not become either more pious or more polite by the Company of the *Engliſh*.

As to their Religion, they have all of them ſome dark Notion of GOD: and ſome of them brighter ones, if a Perſon may be believed, who had this Confeſſion from the Mouth of an *Indian*: "That they believed "GOD was univerſally beneficent; that his "Dwelling was in Heaven above, and the In-"fluences of his Goodneſs reached to the "Earth beneath; that he was incomprehen-"ſible in his Excellence, and enjoy'd all poſ-"ſible Felicity; that his Duration was eter-"nal, his Perfection boundleſs; and that he "poſſeſſes everlaſting Happineſs." So far the

Savage

Savage talk'd as rationally of the Being of a GOD, as a Chriſtian, Divine, or Philoſopher, could have done; but when he came to juſtify their worſhipping of the *Devil*, whom they call *Okee*, his Notions were very heterodox. He ſaid, "'Tis true GOD is the Giver of all good "Things, but they flow naturally and pro- "miſcuouſly from him; that they are ſhow- "er'd down upon all Men indifferently, with- "out Diſtinction; that GOD does not trou- "ble himſelf with the impertinent Affairs of "Men, nor is concerned at what they do; but "leaves them to make the moſt of their free "Will, and to ſecure as many as they can of "the good Things that flow from him; that "therefore it was to no Purpoſe either to fear "or worſhip him; but, on the contrary, if "they did not pacify the evil Spirit, he would "ruin their Health, Peace, and Plenty, he be- "ing always viſiting them in the Air, Thun- "der, Storms, *&c.*"

As to the Idol which they all worſhip, and is kept in a Temple, called *Quiocaſan*, he ſeem'd to have a very indifferent Opinion of its Divinity, and cried out upon the Juggling of the Prieſts.----This Man does not talk like a common Savage, and therefore we may ſuppoſe he had ſtudied the Matter more than his Countrymen; who, for the Generality, pay a great deal of Devotion to the Idol, and worſhip him as their chief Deity.

Their Prieſts and Conjurors are highly re-

verenced

verenced by them: They are given extreamly to pawawing or conjuring; and one of them very lately conjured a Shower of Rain for a Gentleman's Plantation in a Time of Drought, for two Bottles of Rum. We are not apt to give Credit to ſuch ſupernatural Events; and had we not found this in an Author who was on the Spot, we ſhould have rejected it as a Fable.

Their Prieſts promiſe fine Women, eternal Spring, and every Pleaſure in Perfection in the other World, which charmed them in this; and threaten them with Lakes of Fire and Torments, by a Fairy in the Shape of an old Woman. They are often bloody in their Sacrifices, and offer up young Children to the Devil. They have a ſuperſtitious Ceremony among them, which they call *Huſkanawing*, and is performed thus: They ſhut up ten or twelve young Men, the moſt deſerving among them, about twenty Years of Age, in a ſtrong Incloſure, made on Purpoſe, like a Sugar-loaf, and every Way open like a Lattice, for the Air to paſs through. They are kept there for ſeveral Months, and are allowed to have no Suſtenance but the Infuſion or Decoction of poiſonous intoxicating Roots, which turns their Brain, and they run ſtark mad.

By this 'tis pretended they loſe the Remembrance of all former Things, even of their Parents, Treaſure, and Language, as if they had drank

drank of the Water of Oblivion, drawn out of the Lake of *Lethe*.

When they have been in this Condition as long as their Cuſtom directs, they leſſen this intoxicating Potion; and by Degrees the young Men receive the Uſe of their Senſes: But before they are quite well, they are ſhewn in their Towns; and the Youth who have been *huſkanaw'd* are afraid to diſcover the leaſt Sign of their remembering any Thing of their paſt Lives; for in ſuch Caſe, they muſt be *huſkanaw'd* again; and they are diſciplin'd ſo ſeverely the ſecond Time, that it generally kills them.

After the young Men have paſſed this Trial, they are *Coucarouſes*, or Men of Quality in their Nations; and the *Indians* ſay they do it *to take away from Youth all childiſh Impreſſions, and that ſtrong Partiality to Perſons and Things, which is contrasted before Reaſon comes to take Place.*

The *Indian* Prieſts, to command the Reſpect of the People, make themſelves look as ugly and as terrible as they can: The Conjurors always ſhare with them in their Deceit, and they gain by it: The *Indians* conſult both of them before they go on any Enterprize: There are no Prieſteſſes or Witches among them. They erect Altars on every remarkable Occaſion, and have Temples built like their common Cabins, in which their Idol ſtands, and the Corpſe of their Kings and Rulers are preſerved.

They

They have no Sort of Literature among them; and their Way of communicating Things from one to another, is by Hieroglyphicks. They make their Accounts by Units, Tens, Hundreds, *&c.* as the *Engliſh* do; but they reckon their Years by Cohonks or Winters, and divide every Year into five Seaſons, the budding Time, the Earing of the Corn, the Summer, the Harveſt, and the Winter.

Their Months they count by Moons. They divide the Day into three Parts, the Riſe, Power, and Lowering of the Sun; and keep their Accounts by Knots on a String, or Notches on a Stick; of which Captain *Smith* relates a pleaſant Story: That when the Princeſs *Pocahonta* came for *England*, a *Coucarouſe*, or Lord of her own Nation, attended her: his Name was *Uttamaccomack*; and King *Powhatan*, *Pocahonta*'s Father, commanded him, when he arrived in *England*, to count the People, and give him an Account of their Number. *Uttamaccomack*, when he came aſhore, got a Stick, intending to count them by Notches; but he ſoon found that his Arithmetic would be to no Purpoſe, and threw away his Stick. At his Return, the King aſk'd him, *How many People there were?* and he reply'd, *Count the Stars of the Sky, the Leaves upon the Trees, and the Sand on the Sea-ſhore, and you will know how many; for ſuch is the Number of the People in* England.

They eſteem the Marriage Vow as the moſt ſacred

ſacred of all Engagements, and abhor Divorces: Adultery is the moſt unpardonable of Crimes amongſt them.

Their Maidens are very chaſte; and if any one of them happens to have a Child before Marriage, her Fortune is ſpoiled. They are very ſprightly and good-humour'd, and the Women generally handſome. Their Manner of handling Infants is very rough: As ſoon as the Child is born, they plunge it over Head and Ears in cold Water, and then bind it naked to a Board, making a Hole in the proper Place for Evacuation. Between the Child and the Board they put ſome Cotton-Wool, or Fur, and let it lie in this Poſture till the Bones begin to harden, the Joints to knit, and the Limbs to grow ſtrong: Then they looſen it from the Board, and let it crawl about where it pleaſes From this Cuſtom 'tis ſaid the *Indians* derive the Cleanneſs and Exactneſs of their Limbs, which are the moſt perfect in the World. Some of them are of a gigantick Stature, live to a great Age, and are ſtronger than others; but there is never a crooked, bandy-legg'd, or ill-ſhapen *Indian* to be ſeen. Some Nations of them are very tall and large limb'd, but others are ſhort and ſmall: Their Complexion is a Cheſnut Brown and Tawny. They paint themſelves with a Pecone-Root, which ſtains them of a reddiſh Colour. They are clear when they are young, greaſing and

and ſunning makes their Skin turn hard and black. Their Hair, for the moſt Part, is Coal black, ſo are their Eyes: They wear their Hair cut after ſeveral whimſical Modes, the Perſons of Note always keeping a long Lock behind: The Women wear it very long, hanging it at their Backs, or twiſted up with Beads; and all the better Sort adorn their Heads with a Kind of Coronet. The Men have no Beards, and to prevent their having any, uſe certain Devices, which they will not communicate to the *Engliſh*.

Their Clothes are a Mantle girt cloſe in the Middle, and underneath a Piece of Cloth tied round their Waſte, and reaching down to the Middle of the Thigh. The common Sort only tie a Piece of Cloth or Skin round the Middle. As for their Food, they boil, broil, or roaſt all the Meat they eat; *Honomy* is their ſtanding Diſh, and conſiſts of *Indian* Corn ſoak'd, broken in a Mortar, and then boil'd in Water over a gentle Fire for ten or twelve Hours together. They draw and pluck their Fowl, ſkin and paunch their Quadrupedes; but dreſs their Fiſh with their Scales on, without gutting: They leave the Scales, Entrails and Bones, till they eat the Fiſh, when they throw the Offals away. Their Food is chiefly Bevers, Turtle, ſeveral Species of Snakes, Broth made of Deer's Humbles, Peaſe, Beans, *&c.* They have no ſet Meals; they eat when they are hungry, and drink nothing but Wa-

ter. Their Bread is made of *Indian* Corn, wild Oats, or the Seed of the Sun-flower: They eat it alone, and not with Meat.

They travel always on Foot, with a Gun or Bow. They live upon the Game they kill, and lie under a Tree, upon a little high Graſs. The *Engliſh* prohibit them to keep Corn, Sheep or Hogs, leſt they ſhould ſteal their Neighbours.

When they come to Rivers, they preſently patch up a Canoe of Birch Bark, croſs over in it, and leave it on the River's Bank, if they think they ſhall not want it; otherwiſe they carry it along with them.

Their Way of receiving Strangers is by the Pipe or *Calumet* of Peace. Of this *Pere Hennepin* has given a large Account in his Voyages, and the Pipe is as follows: They fill a Pipe of Tobacco, larger and bigger than any common Pipe, light it, and then the Chief of them takes a Whiff, gives it to the Stranger, and if he ſmoaks of it, 'tis Peace; if not, War: If Peace, the Pipe is handed all round the Company.

The Diſeaſes of the *Indians* are very few, and eaſy to be cured: They, for the moſt Part, ariſe from exceſſive Heats and Colds, which they get off by ſweating. As for Aches, and ſettled Pains in the Joints or Limbs, they uſe Cauſticks and ſcarifying. Their Prieſts are their Phyſicians, and from their Childhood are taught

taught the Nature and Uſe of Simples, in which their Knowledge is excellent; but they will not communicate it, pretending 'tis a Gift of God's: And by this Myſtery, they make it the more valuable.

Their Riches conſiſt in Furs, Peak, Roenoke, and Pearl. Their Peak and Roenoke are made of Shells; the Peak an *Engliſh* Buglas; the Roenoke is a Piece of Cockle, drill'd through like a Bead. Before the *Engliſh* came among them, the Peak and Roenoke were all their Treaſure; but now they ſet a Value on their Fur and Pearl, and are greedy of keeping Quantities together. The Pearl is good, and formerly was not ſo rare as 'tis at this Time.

They had no Iron Tools before the *Engliſh* brought them over: Their Knives were ſharpen'd Reeds, or Shells, their Axes ſharp Stones. They rubb'd Fire, by turning the End of a hard Piece of Wood upon the Side of one that is ſoft and dry, which at laſt would burn. They fell'd great Trees by burning them down at the Root, having Ways of keeping the Fire from aſcending. They hollow'd them with a gentle Fire, and ſcraped the Trunk clean; and this made their Canoes, of which ſome were thirty Feet long. They are very good Handicraftſmen, and what they do is generally neat and convenient.

Their Kingdoms deſcended to the next Heir, Male or Female; and they were very exact

in preſerving the Succeſſion in the right Line. If, as it often happened, one great Prince ſubjected the other, thoſe Conqueſts commonly were loſt at his Death, and the Nations returned again to the Obedience of their natural Princes. They have no written Laws, neither can they have any, having no Letters. Their Lands are in common, and their *Werowances*, or Judges, are all Lord Chancellors, deciding Cauſes and inflicting Puniſhments according as they think fit. Theſe *Werowances*, and the *Coucarouſes*, are their Terms to diſtinguiſh their Men of Quality; the former are their War Captains, and the latter ſuch as have paſt the Trial of Huſkanawing. Their Prieſts and Conjurors have great Authority among them. They have Servants whom they call *Black Boys*, and are very exact in requiring the Reſpect that is due to their ſeveral Qualities.

Moſt of the *Indians* live on the Eaſtern Shore, where they have two or three little Towns, ſome of them come over to the other Side in Winter-time to hunt for Deer, being generally employ'd by the *Engliſh*. They take Delight in nothing elſe, and tis very rare that any of them will embrace the Chriſtian Way of Living and Worſhip. There are not above 500 fighting *Indians* in all the Province; the Cauſe of their diminiſhing proceeded not from Wars with the *Engliſh*, for they have had none with them worth ſpeaking of; but from their perpetual

perpetual Diſcords and Wars among themſelves. The Female Sex has alſo ſwept away a great many.

One Thing is obſervable in them, tho' they are a People very timorous, and cowardly in Fight; yet when taken Priſoners and condemn'd, they will die like Heroes, braving the moſt exquiſite Tortures that can be invented, and ſinging all the Time they are upon the Rack.

We find ſeveral of the *Indians* doing Actions which would do Honour to the greateſt Heroes of Antiquity: Thus Capt. *Smith*, who was one of the firſt Adventurers in planting the Colony of *Virginia*, being taken Priſoner, while he was making Diſcoveries, by King *Oppecamcanough*, he not only ſpared Mr. *Smith*'s Life, but carried him to his Town and feaſted him; and afterwards preſented him to *Powhatan*, the chief King of the Savages, who would have beheaded him, had he not been ſaved by the Interceſſion and Generoſity of his Daughter *Pocahonta*, who, when Mr. *Smith*'s Head was on the Block, and ſhe could not prevail with her Father to give him his Life, put her own Head upon his, and ventured receiving of the Blow to ſave him, tho' ſhe was then ſcarce thirteen Years of Age.

Some Time after Sir *Thomas Dale* ſent Captain *Argall*, to *Powtowmack* to buy Corn, where he met with *Pocahonta*. He invited

her to come aboard his Ship, which with ſome ſmall Difficulty ſhe conſented to, being betrayed by the King of *Poſtacny*, Brother to the King of *Potowmack*, with whom ſhe then reſided.

Argall having got her into his Cuſtody, detain'd her, and carried her to *James* Town, intending to oblige her Father King *Powhatan* to come to what Terms he pleaſed, for the Deliverance of his Daughter. Tho' the King loved her tenderly, yet he would not do any Thing for her Sake which he thought was not for his own and his Nation's Intereſt; nor would he be prevail'd upon to conclude a firm Treaty of Peace, 'till he heard his Daughter, who turned Chriſtian, and was chriſten'd *Rebecca*, was married to Mr. *John Rolfe*, an *Engliſh* Gentleman, her Uncle giving her in Marriage in the Church.

Powhatan approved of the Marriage, took it for a ſincere Token of Friendſhip, and was ſo pleaſed with it, that he concluded a League with the *Engliſh* in the Year 1613.

Some Time after Sir *Thomas Dale* going for *England*, took Mr. *Rolfe* and his Wife *Pocahonta* with him, and arrived at *Plymouth*.

Captain *Smith* hearing the Lady who had been ſo kind to him was arrived in *England*, and being engaged at that Time in a Voyage to *New-England*, which hindered his waiting on her himſelf, petitioned Queen *Anne*, Conſort

to

to King *James*, on her Behalf, ſetting forth the Civilities he had received from her, and the Obligations ſhe had laid upon the *Engliſh*, by the Services ſhe had done them with her Father.

The Queen received this Petition graciouſly; and before Captain *Smith* embarked for *New-England*, Mr. *Rolfe* came with his Wife from *Plymouth* to *London*. The Smoke of the City offending her, he took Lodgings for her at *Brentford*, and thither Captain *Smith* went with ſeveral Friends to wait on her.

Pocahonta was told all along that Captain *Smith* was dead, to excuſe his not coming to *Virginia* again; from which he had been diverted, by ſettling a Colony in *New-England*. Wherefore, when this Lady ſaw him, thinking the *Engliſh* had injured her in telling her a Falſity, which ſhe had ill deſerved from them, ſhe was ſo angry, that ſhe would not deign to ſpeak to him; but at laſt, with much Perſuaſion and Attendance, was reconciled, and talked freely to him: She then put him in Mind of the Obligations ſhe had laid upon him, and reproach'd him for forgetting her, with an Air ſo lively, and Words ſo ſenſible, that one might have ſeen Nature abhors nothing more than Ingratitude; a Vice which even the very Savages deteſt.

She was carried to Court by the Lady *Delaware*, and entertained by Ladies of the firſt Quality, towards whom ſhe behaved herſelf with

with ſo much Grace and Majeſty, that ſhe confirmed the bright Character Captain *Smith* had given of her. The whole Court was charm'd with the Decency and Grandeur of her Deportment ſo much, that the poor Gentleman, her Huſband, was threatened to be called to an Account for marrying a Princeſs Royal without the King's Conſent; though in that, King *James* ſhewed a very notable Piece of King-Craft, for there was no Likelihood that Mr. *Rolfe*, by marrying *Pocahonta*, could any Way endanger the Peace of his Dominions; or that his Alliance with the King of *Wiccomoco* could concern the King of *Great Britain:* Indeed we are told, that upon a fair and full Repreſentation of the Matter, the King was pleaſed to be ſatisfied.

The Lady *Pocahonta* having been entertained with all Manner of Reſpect in *England*, was taken ill at *Graveſend*, where ſhe lay in order to embark for *Virginia*: She died there with all the Signs of a ſincere Chriſtian, and true Penitent.

She had one Son by Mr. *Rolfe*, whoſe Poſterity are at this Day in good Repute in *Virginia*, and inherit Lands by Deſcent from her.

The Language of the *Indians* is lofty, but narrow; the Accent and Emphaſis of ſome of their Words are great and ſweet, as *Oſtorockon*, *Rancocas*, *Oriſton*, *Shakameron*, *Poqueſſin*, all Names of Places, and as ſonorous as any in *Attica*; then for Sweetneſs they have their

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CHAP. XII.

Mr. Carew, *notwithſtanding the great Difficulties and Dangers which he is told by his Friends he muſt expect to meet with in his Journey, reſolves to undertake it: He takes Leave of his Friends, and ſets out: The Terrors in which he paſſes the firſt Night, being ſurrounded by wild Beaſts: The Method he makes Uſe of to ſecure himſelf from them: His Manner of travelling afterwards; is in great Danger; ſees ſome* Indians *at a Diſtance, who likewiſe diſcover him, and come towards him: Their Manner of accoſting him: Their King joins them, who ſpeaks to him in* Engliſh: *A Deſcription of his Dreſs: He conducts Mr.* Carew *to their* Wigwams, *and performs a very kind Office to him with his own Hands: He brings him into his own* Wigwam, *and orders Refreſhments to be ſet before*

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Mr. Carew, *notwithſtanding the great Difficulties and Dangers which he is told by his Friends he muſt expect to meet with in his Journey, reſolves to undertake it: He takes Leave of his Friends, and ſets out: The Terrors in which he paſſes the firſt Night, being ſurrounded by wild Beaſts: The Method he makes Uſe of to ſecure himſelf from them: His Manner of travelling afterwards; is in great Danger; ſees ſome* Indians *at a Diſtance, who likewiſe diſcover him, and come towards him: Their Manner of accoſting him: Their King joins them, who ſpeaks to him in* Engliſh: *A Deſcription of his Dreſs: He conducts Mr.* Carew *to their* Wigwams, *and performs a very kind Office to him with his own Hands: He brings him into his own* Wigwam, *and orders Refreſhments to be ſet before*

before him: The Queen and a young Prince come in: He is preſented to the Wiſos, *and received with great Civility; grows in high Eſteem with them: His Converſations with King* Lillycraft.

THE Captains aquainted Mr. *Carew* that the unfriendly *Indians* were not the only Enemies he had to fear, for he muſt expect to encounter with great Dangers and Difficulties, as Rattle-Snakes, Horn-Snakes, Black-Snakes, Lions, Leopards, Bears, Wolves, and wild Cats. However, this did not diſhearten our Hero, for he was reſolved to attempt regaining his Liberty, let the Conſequence be what it would. The Captains then gave him a Pocket Compaſs to ſteer by, a Steel and Tinder-Box, a Bag of Cakes, a Cheeſe and ſome Rum, telling him, he muſt leave the three-notch'd Road a little Way off, and ſteer to his Left Hand; (in *Maryland* they diſtinguiſh the Roads by Letters or Notches cut on the Trees) that he muſt travel by Night, and lie concealed in the Day, for forty Miles; and then he would come to a Part of the Country quite uninhabited; from thence he would enter the *Indians* Country. They likewiſe told him, that all the wild Beaſts were afraid of Fire, ſo that his beſt Defence would be to ſtrike a Light and kindle ſome Sticks, whenever

ever he was apprehenſive of being attacked by any of them.

Our Hero having received theſe and ſome other neceſſary Inſtructions, and having returned his generous Benefactors many Thanks for their Kindneſs, bidding them farewell with Tears, ſet out on his dangerous Journey about Three o'Clock in the Afternoon. He had not travelled far, before he began to reflect on his melancholy Condition: *Alone, unarm'd, unacquainted with the Way, gall'd with a heavy Yoke, expoſed every Moment to the moſt eminent Dangers*, and a dark tempeſtuous Night approaching with all its Horrors, increaſed his Terror; his Ears were now aſſaulted with the diſmal Yells and Cryings of wild Beaſts of different Sorts, but remembering the Inſtructions he had received from the Captains, he ſoon ſtruck Fire, and kindled ſome Sticks, and was obliged the whole Night to ſwing a Firebrand round his Head; the Sight of which kept the wild Beaſts from coming near; for though they often came and look'd upon him, yet they ſoon turn'd Tail again, ſeeing the Fire. However, it was with great Joy he ſaw Day-light appear, at firſt Dawn of which he was quite freed from theſe troubleſome Gueſts: He had now nothing to do but to ſeek for the thickeſt Tree he could find, and climbing up into it, he took ſome Refreſhment of Sleep, which he had great Need of, having travelled hard all Night.

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He afterwards eat ſparingly of his Cheeſe and Biſcuit, fearing they might not laſt till he could get a freſh Supply, and then took a pretty large Dram of Rum, with which, finding his Spirits much refreſhed, and Night coming on, he began his Journey again, travelling in the ſame Manner as the preceding Night, with a Firebrand whirling round his Head. In this Manner, travelling by Night and concealing himſelf by Day, he went on for four Days, when he reached the blue Mountains, where he thought himſelf out of any Danger of Purſuit, or being ſtopped for Want of a Paſs. He now travelled by Day, meeting with great Multitudes of Buffaloes, black Bears, Deer, Wolves, and wild Turkies, the latter being ſo large as to weigh thirty or forty Pounds: None of theſe Creatures offered to attack him; but walking one Day on the Side of a ſmall Rivulet, almoſt loſt in Thought, he was ſuddenly alarmed by ſomething he heard plunging in the Water, and turning his Head on the Side from whence the Noiſe came, he was ſtruck with the Sight of a great white Bear, who being likewiſe diſturbed, raiſed herſelf immediately, and made towards him. Our Hero now thought there was no Eſcape; however, with great Preſence of Mind, he ſtepped aſide to a Furze Buſh, and ſtriking Light with all the Haſte he could, ſet it on Fire; at the Sight of which the Bear, who was now within a very ſmall Diſtance from

from him, turned about, and went away roaring hideouſly.

Some Time after this, he was comically alarmed by an inoffenſive Animal: As he was walking along a Deer-Track, he chanced to eſpy a very fine Tortoiſhell Box, as he imagined, though he could not conceive how it could be dropped there; and thinking he might make good Advantage of it among the *Indians*, claps it into his Pocket: He had not gone far, before he heard a hiſſing Noiſe, which ſeemed to be very near; he immediately thought it to be ſome venemous Snake, and endeavoured to avoid it, by going out of the Path he was in; but ſtill the Noiſe ſeemed to purſue him: At laſt looking down, he ſees a little ugly black Head peeping out of his Pocket, which he found came out of what he had pick'd up for a Box; he with much Ado ſlips his Fingers into his Pocket, takes out his ſuppoſed Box, and flings it to the Ground, when the Creature opening the upper from the under Shell, marched away: This was, as he afterwards found, no other than a Land Tortoiſe.

He found his Journey very often obſtructed by Rivers and Rivulets, which he was obliged either to wade through, or ſwim over. At length, after many Days tireſome Travel, being grievouſly galled by his Yoke or Collar, he diſcovered ſeveral Tracts of the *Indians*: Never did more different Paſſions agitate the

Breaſt of any Man, than did the Breaſt of our Hero at this Time: On the one Side, he was overjoyed at the Sight of the Tract of any Human Creature, thinking he ſhould now get rid of his heavy Collar, as well as get ſome Refreſhment of Proviſions, his own having been exhauſted for almoſt two Days paſt; but he had not pleaſed himſelf long with theſe Reflections, before the Idea of the barbarous and unfriendly *Indians* ſtruck into his Mind,-for he was quite uncertain whether the Footſteps he diſcovered might lead him to the good and friendly *Indians*, or to thoſe barbarous and inhuman Wretches: He now repreſented himſelf as ſet upon by theſe, againſt whom he had no Arms to defend himſelf, cruelly tormented, and at laſt ſlain as a Victim in ſome of their bloody Sacrifices. It was about the Evening when he diſcovered theſe Footſteps, and paſſed the whole Night in this tormenting Suſpenſe: Very early in the Morning, he diſcovered five *Indians* at a Diſtance; his Fear repreſented them in the moſt frightful Colours; they ſeemed of a gigantick Stature, and he thought he could perceive their Faces to be very flat and broad, which was the Characteriſtic or Mark of the unfriendly *Indians*. This ſtruck him with unuſual Dread, and he now gave himſelf over for loſt, as he ſaw they had eſpyed him, and were making towards him: They coming nearer, he perceived them to be clothed in Deer Skins, their Hair to be exceeding

ing long, hanging down a great Way over their Shoulders; and to his inexpreſſible Joy, diſtinguiſhed they had Guns in their Hands, which was a ſure Sign to him they were the friendly *Indians*. This raiſed his Spirits, and he approached them in a ſuppliant Manner, making Signs that he craved their Aſſiſtance. The *Indians* accoſted him with clapping their Hands on their Head, and crying *Huſh a me Top*, which in their Language ſignifies *Good-morrow*; then taking hold of his Collar, they repeated to one another, in broken *Engliſh*, *A Runaway! A Runaway!* Preſently after came up two more *Indians*, one of whom was a Perſon of a fine majeſtic Preſence, whoſe Dreſs was by far more magnificent than any of the others, his Habit being a moſt beautiful Panther's Skin lac'd with Fur; his Hair was adorned with a great Variety of fine Feathers, and his Face painted of a great many Colours. By theſe Marks of Diſtinction, Mr. *Carew* ſuppoſed him to be their King or Prince, and indeed ſuch he was; he ſpoke very good *Engliſh*, and accoſted him as the others had done before; he then had him brought to a *Wigwam*, which is the Name they give their Houſes, which are no more than Stakes drove into the Ground, covered over with Deer or other Skins. Here obſerving that our Hero was grievouſly hurt by his Collar, this good King immediately ſet himſelf about freeing him from it; but as he had no proper Tools for the Purpoſe, he was

at a great Loſs how to execute it; but at laſt, taking the Steel of Mr. *Carew*'s Tinder-Box, he jagg'd it into a Kind of a Saw, with which he cut off his Collar, but not without much Labour, his Majeſty ſweating heartily at the Work. He then carried him into his own *Wigwam*, which appeared handſomely furniſhed. Here he ordered ſome *Indian* Bread and other Refreſhments to be ſet before Mr. *Carew*, who eat very heartily. During this the Prince acquainted him his Name was *George Lillycraft*; that his Father was one of thoſe Kings who were in *England* in the Reign of Queen *Anne*; and then ſhewed him ſome fine laced Clothes, which he ſaid were made a Preſent of to him by the late King *George* of *England*, (meaning his late Majeſty King *George* the Firſt:) He expreſſed a great Affection for his Brother Kings of *England*, as he called them, and for the *Engliſh* Nation in general. Soon after came in the Queen, dreſs'd in a ſhort Jacket, leading in her Hand a young Prince, who both repeated the Word *Runaway* once or twice.

Next Day the King preſented him to the Wiſos, or chief Men of the Town, who received him with a great deal of Civility, and Tokens of high Eſteem: He eat every Day at at the King's Table, and had a Lodging aſſigned him in his *Wigwam*, and grew every Day more and more in Eſteem among them, being conſulted in all Matters of Difficulty. *Thus ſud-*

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den are the Scenes of Life ſhifted and changed, that a brave Man will never deſpair, under whatſoever Misfortunes; for our Hero, who but a few Weeks before was treated like a Beaſt of Burthen, heavily loaded, cruelly whipp'd, coarſely fed, and all by the *Inſolence* and *Inhumanity* of his own Countrymen, is now ſeated in a ſtrange Country, with Kings and Princes, and conſulted by a whole Nation.

King *Lillycraft*, who was a Man of very good natural Senſe, uſed to diſcourſe with, and aſk Mr. *Carew* many Queſtions of the Cuſtoms and Manners of his Brother Kings of *England:* Being told one Day that the King of *England* never ſtirred Abroad without being ſurrounded with a great Number of arm'd Men, whom he paid for defending him, and fighting for him, he very ſimply aſked, *Who he was afraid of? or, whether he was conſtantly at War with any neighbouring King, who might fall upon him unawares?* Being told to the contrary, he expreſſed very great Surprize, and could not conceive of what Uſe theſe armed Men were, when the King had no Enemy; adding, *When I am at War, my whole People are my Guard, and fight for me without being paid for it, and would each of them lay down his Life to defend mine; and when I am at Peace, I can fear no Evil from my own People, therefore have no Need of arm'd Men about me.* Being told another Time, that the King of

England kept himſelf generally in his Wigwam or Palace, ſurrounded by certain Officers, who permitted no one to come near him, but by their Permiſſion, which was the greateſt Difficulty in the World to obtain, and that not a thouſandth Part of the People who lived in the Town where his Palace was, had ever once ſeen him in their Lives, he turned away from Mr. *Carew* in a Paſſion, telling him, *He was certain he deceived him, and belied his good Brother of* England; *for how*, adds he, *can he be the King of a People, whom he hath no Knowledge of? or, how can he be beloved by his Subjects, who have never ſeen him? How can he redreſs their Grievances, hear their Complaints, and provide for their Wants? How can he lead his People againſt their Enemies? or, how know what his Subjects ſtand in Need of, in the diſtant Parts of his Kingdom, if he ſo ſeldom ſtirs out of his Wigwam?* Being told that the King of *England* was informed of, and tranſacted all this by Means of the Officers that were about him; he replied, *It might be ſo; but if he ſhould ever chance to go to* England, *he ſhould talk with his good Friend the King upon theſe Matters, as he could not clearly apprehend how they could be. For my Part*, adds he, *I know, and am known by all my Subjects; I appear daily among them, hear their Complaints, and redreſs their Grievances, and am acquainted with every Place in my Kingdom.* Being told, the People of *England* paid their King yearly vaſt Sums

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out of the Profits of their Labour; he laughed, and cry'd, *O! poor King!* adding, *I have often given to my Subjects, but never received any Thing from them.**

CHAP. XIII.

Mr. Carew, *deſirous of returning to his Native Country, leaves the* Indians: *He arrives in* Penſylvania: *His Adventure with the Rev. Mr.* Whitfield, *the* Methodiſt *Preacher: Comes to* Philadelphia: *A Deſcription of that beautiful City; waits on the Proprietor of* Penſylvania, *and the Governor; is treated handſomely by both of them; travels through* Penſylvania, *&c. to the City of* New-York: *A Deſcription of the remarkable Places he paſſed through, and of that City.*

HUNTING being the principal Employment and Diverſion of the *Indians*, at which they are very expert, Mr. *Carew* had an Opportunity of gratifying to the utmoſt his

* The *Indian* Kings are obliged to provide for the Subſiſtence of their People.

his Taſte for this Diverſion, there ſcarce paſſing a Day but he was a Party among them, at ſome Hunting Match or other, and moſt generally with the King himſelf. He was now grown into ſo great Reſpect among them; that they offered him a Wife out of one of the principal Families of the Place, nearly related to the King; but our Hero, notwithſtanding theſe Honours, could not forget his Native Country, the Love of which glowed within his Breaſt; he had, therefore, for ſome Time, formed the Deſign of leaving them, and very ſoon after this found an Opportunity of doing ſo.

One Day, being out hunting, they chanced to fall in Company with ſome other *Indians*, near the River *Delaware*; and when the Chace was over, ſat down to be merry together, and having got ſome Rum amongſt them, they drank pretty freely, and fell to ſinging and dancing after their Country Faſhion.

Mr. *Carew* took this Opportunity of ſlipping out; and going down to the River Side, ſeizes one of the Canoes; and though he was entirely unacquainted with the Method of managing them, boldly puſhes from Shore, landing near *Newcaſtle* in *Penſylvania*, the Place he croſſed over being called *Duck's Creek*, which communicates with the great River *Delaware*. Mr. *Carew* being now got, as it were, among his own Countrymen again, ſoon transformed himſelf

himſelf into a *Quaker*,* pulling off the Button from his Hat, and flapping it on every Side, he put on as demure and preciſe a Look, as if his whole Family had been *Quakers*, and he had never ſeen any other Sort of People. *Here, Reader, it will be neceſſary to remark, that as our Hero is no longer among the* ſimple *and* honeſt Indians, *who are enough poliſhed to forget the* Dictates *of* Nature, *but follow* her *in all their Ways*; *who have not* Art *enough to* deceive, *but* ſpeak *what they* think, *and* act *what they* ſay: *As he is no longer amongſt* ſuch, *but amongſt a* poliſhed People, *whoſe* Knowledge *has taught them to* forget *the Ways of* Nature, *and to act every Thing in* Diſguiſe; *whoſe* Hearts *and* Tongues *are as far diſtant aſunder, as the North from the South Pole, and who daily over-reach one another in the moſt common Occurrences of Life: We hope it will be no Diſgrace to our Hero, if among ſuch he appears as* poliſhed *as the* beſt, *and puts on a freſh* Diſguiſe *as often as it ſuits his* Convenience.

The firſt Houſe he went to was a Barber's, of whoſe Aſſiſtance he had indeed Need enough, not having ſhaved his Beard ſince he left the Ship: Here he told a moving Story, ſaying, *His Name was* John Elworthy, *of* Briſtol; *that he had been artfully kidnapped by one* Samuel Ball, *of the ſame Place, and gone thro' great Hardſhips in making his Eſcape.* The good

* Moſt of the Inhabitants of *Penſylvania* are *Quakers*.

good Barber, moved by his Tale, willingly lent him his Aſſiſtance to take off his Beard; during the Operation, he entered into a good deal of Chat, telling him, his Father was one of *Exeter*, and when he went away, gave him a Half Crown Bill,* and recommended him to one Mr. *Wiggil*, a *Quaker*, of the ſame Place. Here he told his moving Story again, and got a Ten Shilling Bill from Mr. *Wiggil*, with Recommendations to the reſt of the *Quakers* of the Place, amongſt whom he got a great deal of Money. When he took his Leave, he was recommended by them to the *Quakers* of a Town called *Caſtile*. Here he found a great deal of Favour, and made the beſt of his Way to *Brandywine* Ferry, where is Room enough to lay up the whole Royal Navy of *England*; and from thence to *Cheſter*, ſo called becauſe the People who firſt ſettled there, came for the moſt Part from *Cheſhire*. Here are above an hundred Houſes, and a very good Road for Shipping; the *Delaware*, on which it ſtands, being about three Miles over. Here are a Court-Houſe, and a Priſon. This Place is alſo called *Upland*, and has a Church dedicated to St. *Paul*, with a numerous Congregation of thoſe, whom, excluſive of all other Chriſtians, we call *Orthodox*. Mr. *Carew* came here on a *Saturday*, and ſtay'd all Night,

* In *Penſylvania*, and other Parts of the *Weſt-Indies*, they make great Uſe of Paper Money.

Night, and next Morning enquired out one Mrs. *Turner*, a *Quaker*, who formerly lived at *Embercomb*, by *Minehead*, in *Somerſetſhire*: From her he got a Bill, and a Recommendation to ſome *Quakers* at *Derby*, about five Miles further, where ſhe told him he would find Mr. *Whitfield*. He hearing this, ſets out for *Derby*; but before he reached there, was overtaken by Hundreds of People going to hear Mr. *Whitfield* preach. *Friend*, ſays he to one of them, *where art thee going ſo faſt? Haſt thou not heard, Friend*, ſays the other, *that the ſecond Chriſt is come?* He then joined them, and proceeded to *Derby* with them, where he found Mr. *Whitfield* preaching in an Orchard, but could not get near enough to hear his Diſcourſe, by Reaſon of the great Concourſe of People; however, he ſeemed to be affected with it, and ſtrictly imitated the *Quakers* in all their Sighs, Groans, lifting up of the Eyes, *&c.* Leaving them, he went to the Sign of the *Ship*, and enquiring where Mr. *Whitfield* lodged that Night, was told at the Juſtice's, who was a Miller; he then aſk'd if he could have a Bed there that Night, and being told he might, paſſed the Evening very chearfully.

In the Morning he aſk'd for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and ſoon drew up a moving Petition in the Name of *John Moore*, the Son of a Clergyman, who had been taken on board the *Tyger*, Captain *Matthews*, and carried into the

Havannah,

Havannah, from whence he had got his Redemption, by Means of the Governor of the City of *Annapolis*; that he was in moſt deplorable Circumſtances, having nothing to help himſelf with, and hoped he would commiſerate his Condition. Having finiſhed his Petition, away goes he to the Miller's Houſe, where Mr. *Whitfield* lodged, and found above an hundred People were waiting about the Door, to ſpeak to Mr. *Whitfield*; looking narrowly about, he eſpies a young Lad, who he found belonged to Mr. *Whitfield*; and going up to him, accoſts him very civilly, and begg'd he would do an unfortunate Man the Kindneſs to give that Paper (giving him his Petition) to Mr. *Whitfield:* The young Lad readily promiſed he would. Preſently after comes forth Mr. *Whitfield*; and as ſoon as they perceived him, the *Quakers* preſſed round him, one crying, *Pray thee Friend, come and pray by my dear Wife*; and another, *Pray thee Friend, come and ſee my dear Brother*. Mr. *Whitfield* made his Way through them all as well as he could towards Mr. *Carew*, whom the young Lad pointed out to him; when he came up to him, he told him, *He was heartily ſorry for his Misfortunes, but that we were all liable to them, and that they happened by the Will of God, and therefore it was our Duty to ſubmit to them with Patience and Reſignation:* Then pulling out his Pocket-Book, gave him three or four Pounds of that Country Paper Money. Mr.

Carew

Carew returned him Thanks with all the Marks of the moſt lively Gratitude, and Mr. *Whitfield* wiſhing him well to *England*, went away ſinging Pſalms with thoſe who were about him; and we make no Doubt but Mr. *Carew* joined with them in the Melody of the Heart, for the good Succeſs he had had with Mr. *Whitfield*.

From hence *Bampfylde* had only ſeven Miles to the City of *Philadelphia*, which is one of the fineſt in all *America*, and one of the beſt laid out Cities in the World, the Capital of *Penſylvania*; and was it full of Houſes and Inhabitants, according to the Proprietor's Plan, it would be a Capital fit for a great Empire. As it is, 'tis a large City, conſidering its late Foundation, moſt commodiouſly ſituated between two navigable Rivers, the *Delaware* and *Schuylkill*. He deſigned the Town in Form of an Oblong Square, extending two Miles in Length, from one River to the other. The long Streets, eight in Number, and two Miles in Length, he cut at right Angles by others of one Mile in Length, and ſixteen in Number, all ſtrait and ſpacious. He left proper Spaces for Markets, Parades, Keys, Meeting-Houſes, Schools, Hoſpitals, and other public Buildings. There are a great Number of Houſes, and it encreaſes every Day in Buildings, which are all carried on regularly, according to the firſt Plan. The City has two Fronts on the

Water, one on the Eaſt Side, facing the *Schuylkill*, and the other on the Weſt, facing the *Delaware*, which is near two Miles broad, and navigable 300 Miles, at leaſt for ſmall Veſſels. The Eaſtern Part is the moſt populous, on Account of the *Schuylkill*, which is navigable 800 Miles above the *Falls*. We have obſerved that each Front of the Street was to be two Miles from River to River, as it was at firſt laid out; but one cannot ſuppoſe it is finiſhed in that Manner. The Streets that run againſt the *Schuylkill* are three Quarters of a Mile in Length; the Houſes are ſtately, the Wharfs and Warehouſes numerous and convenient. This City flouriſhed ſo much at firſt, that there were near 100 Houſes, great and ſmall, in it in leſs than a Year's Time, and it has made anſwerable Progreſs, the Number of Houſes, at this Time, being above 2000, and, generally ſpeaking, better Edifices than in the Cities of *England*, a few excepted, and thoſe only in a few Streets. All the Houſes have large Orchards and Gardens belonging to them; the Land on which the City ſtands is high and firm, and the Convenience of Cover, Docks and Springs, have very much contributed to the Commerce of this Place, where many rich Merchants now reſide, ſome of whom are ſo wealthy, that they keep their Coaches. Ships may ride here in ſix or ſeven Fathom Water, with a very good Anchorage; the Land about

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it is a dry wholeſome Level. All Owners of 1000 Acres and upwards have their Houſes in the two Fronts, facing the Rivers, and in the *High-ſtreet*, running from the Middle of one Front to the Middle of the other. Every Owner of 1000 Acres, hath about an Acre in Front, and the ſmaller Purchaſers about half an Acre in the back Streets; by which Means the leaſt has Room enough for a Houſe, Garden, and ſmall Orchard. *High-ſtreet* is 100 Feet broad, ſo is *Broad-ſtreet*, which is in the Middle of the City, running from North to South. In the Centre is a Square of ten Acres, for the State-Houſe, Market-Houſe, and School-Houſe, as before hinted. The Names of the Streets here denote the ſeveral Sorts of Timber that are common in *Penſylvania*, as *Mulberry-ſtreet*, *Saſſafras-ſtreet*, *Cheſnut-ſtreet*, *Walnut-ſtreet*, *Beach-ſtreet*, *Aſh-ſtreet*, *Vine-ſtreet*, *Cedar-ſtreet*. There are alſo *King-ſtreet*, *Broad-ſtreet*, *High-ſtreet*. The Court-Houſe is built of Brick, and under it is a Priſon; ſeveral Houſes on the Key are worth 4 or 5000 *l.* and 13 Ships have been on the Stocks at a Time; ſome Hundreds have been built there. The Cellars or Ware-Houſes on the Key are made over the River three Stories high. Here are two Fairs in a Year, and two Markets a Week. It ſends two Members to the Aſſembly.

The Inhabitants were at firſt moſtly *Quakers*, and ſo they continue. It was ſome Time before

there was a Church built after the Manner of *England*; but as ſoon as one was built, it was called *Chriſt-church*. It had, in a few Years, a very numerous Congregation, and King *William* ordered an Allowance of 50*l.* a Year to the Miniſter; which, with voluntary Contributions, made a very handſome Proviſion for him. There are above twelve hundred of the Inhabitants that are of this Congregation, who have for ſome Years had the Benefit of an Organ; and though it looked and ſounded ſtrange to the *Quakers* at firſt, yet they are now ſo far reconciled to it, as to bear with their Neighbours having it without grumbling. Here are, beſides this, ſeveral *Meeting-Houſes*, viz. for the *Quakers*, who are properly the Church, as by Law eſtabliſhed, being the Originals, the *Preſbyterians*, the *Baptiſts*, and a *Spaniſh* Church.

According to the Plan, there is, in each Quarter of the City, a Square of eight Acres, intended for the ſame Uſes as was *Moorfields* in *London*, Walks and Exerciſes for the Citizens. The great Dock is formed by an Inlet of the River *Delaware*, at the South Corner of the Front of the Wharfs, and has a Bridge over it at the Entrance; ſeveral Creeks run into the City out of the two Rivers, and there's no City in *Holland* that is ſo naturally accommodated with fine & commodious Canals, as this might be very eaſily. The Key is beautiful, above 200 Feet ſquare, to which a Ship of 500 Tons may lay her Broadſide; and as theſe ſurprizing

prizing Advantages have already rendered it one of the beſt trading Towns in the *Britiſh* Empire out of *Europe*, ſo in all Probability, it will continue to encreaſe in Commerce, Riches, and Buildings, till for Number and Magnificence it will have no Equal in *America*; where the *French* have not, nor are likely to have, any Thing like it. Here alſo are almoſt all Sorts of Trades and Mechanicks, as well as Merchants and Planters. Here the Aſſemblies and Courts of Judicature are held, and the Buſineſs of the Province is chiefly managed, as in all Capitals. Here is a Printing-Houſe, and a *Gazette* weekly publiſhed. In a Word, here are all Things neceſſary for an *Engliſhman*'s Profit and Pleaſure.

Mr. *Carew* walking through the *High-ſtreet*, had a Mind to refreſh himſelf with a Nip of Punch; the firſt Publick-Houſe he chanced to fall upon, was kept by an *Iriſhman*, and aſking him if he ſold Punch, *Yes, my dear Honey*, reply'd the Man; *Arrah*, ſays Mr. *Carew*, *are you my Countryman, dear Joy?* quite in the *Iriſh* Brogue; *Yes*, replies the Man: *What do you belong to one of our Veſſels?* No, *I belong'd to Captain* Dubois, *of* Dublin, *who was taken off the* Capes, *and carried into the* Havannah: *Arrah, dear Joy, I know Captain* Dubois *very well*, replies the *Iriſhman. Come in, come in.* Accordingly, in goes Mr. *Carew*; and the *Iriſhman* was ſo well pleaſed with his Countryman, (for giving a very particular Account of

many Places in *Ireland*, and counterfeiting the Brogue extremely well, he did not ſuſpect him to be any other) that he entertained him very well, and they paſſed the Day very merrily together.

The next Morning his Hoſt takes him out to ſee the City: Mr. *Carew* did not content himſelf with idly gazing, (as moſt of our modern Travellers do) but diligently enquired the Names of the principal Merchants and Places, and informed himſelf of all thoſe Circumſtances which could be of any Service to him. At length, ſeeing a very fine Houſe, he enquired whoſe it was; and being told the Proprietor *Penn*'s, who was juſt come from *England* with his Brother-in-Law, Captain *Frame*, he takes his Leave of his Hoſt, telling him, *He had a little Buſineſs to tranſact, and would be at Home preſently, for that he ſhould be able to find the Way back, without his ſtaying for him.* Having thus got rid of the *Iriſhman*, he claps his Right Hand into his Coat, as if he had loſt the Uſe of it; and then going up to the Proprietor's, knocks at the Door, which was opened to him by a *Negro*, with a Silver Collar about his Neck: He enquired if the Proprietor lived there, and if he was at Home; being told he was, *Pray tell him*, ſays he, *that a poor Man deſires the Favour of ſpeaking with him.* The *Negro* then bid him come into the Court: Soon after, out came the Proprietor very plainly dreſs'd, and his Brother, Captain *Frame*,

Frame, in his Regimentals: The Proprietor came up to him, enquiring who he was, and what he wanted with him; he replied, *He was a poor unfortunate Man, who craved his Honour's charitable Aſſiſtance; that his Name was* John Hawkins, *of the City of* Exeter, *and belonged to Captain* Davis's *Ship of the ſame Place, who was taken near the* Capes. Capain *Frame*, ſeeing him a luſty tall Fellow, preſently cries out, *Revenge! Revenge! my brave Boy, you ſhall go along with me and fight the Dogs:* Mr. *Carew* replied with a Sigh, *that he ſhould be glad to do that, but that it was his Misfortune by the Severities and Hardſhips he ſuffer'd in Priſon, to have loſt the Uſe of his Right Arm by the Dead Palſy.* This moved their Compaſſion ſo much, that each of them gave him a Guinea, the Proprietor telling him he would take Care to ſend him Home with Captain *Read*, who would ſail very ſoon; then aſking if he had been at the Governor's, and he replying in the Negative, the Proprietor told him, *He ſhould go there, for he was a very good-natured Man, and would aſſiſt him*; then calling to his Black, bid him ſhew the poor Man to the Governor's. As they were going along, he informed himſelf of the Black what Countryman the Governor was, and being told a *Welſhman*, and his Name *Thomas*, took Care to make his Advantage of it. When he came to the Governor's, and enquired for him, he was told he was walking in the Garden: While

he

he was waiting for his coming out, in came the Proprietor and his Brother, and going into the Garden, they repreſented his Caſe to the Governor, who coming out, enquired where he was born, *&c.* He told him, as he had before done the Proprietor, and added, *That he had married* betty Larkey, *Parſon* Griffy's *Maid, of* Wales, *and that the Parſon had a Son at* Biſhop's Nympton, in Devon: The Governor, replied, *He knew the Parſon very well, and likewiſe* Betty Larkey; and after he had aſk'd ſome Queſtions about them, which Mr. *Carew* anſwered very readily, he gave him two Guineas.

In this Manner did he apply to moſt of the principal Merchants in *Philadelphia*, always ſuiting ſome Circumſtances of his Story, in particular to the Perſon he applied to, which he did by diligently enquiring from what Places they came from in *England*, who were their Friends and Acquaintance, and the like, which he knew how to ſuit moſt to his Purpoſe.

Captain *Read* being now ready to ſail, and Mr. *Carew* having a Curioſity of ſeeing more of the Country, thought proper to leave *Philadelphia*, without taking Leave of any of his good Friends there. From hence he goes into *Buckingham* County, where he enquired out one *George Boon*, a Juſtice of the Peace in that County, who formerly lived at *Bradninch*, in *Devon*, his Father being a Weaver there. Here

he

he went by his own Name, telling him, *He had been taken Priſoner, and carried into the* Havannah, *where he had lain many Months.* The Juſtice having known his Father very well, entertained him generouſly, ſhow'd him the Country, and gave him three Guineas at his Departure to help pay his Paſſage.

From hence he went to *Burlington*, the firſt Town in Weſt *New-Jerſey*, which contains about 250 Families, and has an anſwerable Number of Acres laid out for Plantations. The Houſes are well built, and almoſt all of Brick. The Market affords Plenty of all Sorts of Proviſions, which are as good here as any where in *America.*

From thence to *Perth-Amboy*, ſo called in Honour to the Duke of *Perth.* 'Tis at the Mouth of the River *Raritan*, which runs into *Sandyhook Bay*, and able to contain 500 Ships. The Plan of this City was laid out very regularly and ſpaciouſly. The Plot of Ground was divided into 150 Shares for Purchaſers to build upon. Four Acres were perſerved for a Market-Place, and three for publick Wharfage; very uſeful Things, if there had been Inhabitants, Trade, and Shipping. The Town being thus artfully and commodiouſly laid out, ſome *Scots* began building, eſpecially a Houſe for a Governor, which was then as little wanted as a Wharf or Market. The whole Plan of the City conſiſts of 1070 Acres, and there are two

good

good Roads from it to *Piſcataway* and *Woodbridge*. Ships in one Tide can come up to the Port, and be at the Merchants Doors, though of 300 Tons Burthen; but the *Perth* City has not above 2 or 300 Men, Women and Children in it.

From thence over a Ferry, into a Town called *Trent* Town, in *Staten Iſland*; and from thence over *Brunſwick* Ferry, to *Eaſt Jerſy*, where he found out one Mr. *Matthews*, a Miller, who formerly lived at *Whitechurch*, near *Lyme* in *Dorſet*; and making Uſe of his old Story of having been taken, was received by Mr. *Matthews* with great Hoſpitality; he kept him three Days in his Houſe, and would have entertained him ſtill longer. At his Departure he gave him a Guinea, with ſeveral Letters of Recomendation, and ſent Letters by him to his Friends in *England*, ſending his Servant with him as far as *Elizabeth* Town, which is three Miles within a Creek, oppoſite to the Weſt End of *Staten Iſland*. Here the firſt *Engliſh* Settlement was made, and if any Place in the *Jerſeys* may be ſaid to have thrived, it is this; for notwithſtanding the Endeavours of the Proprietors to make a Capital of *Perth* by calling it a City, *Elizabeth* Town has near ſix Times the Number of Inhabitants, containing above 250 Families, and 40,000 Acres of Land caſt out. Here the Proprietors have a Plantation, which goes by the Name of their *Farm*. The Government of the Province is here

here managed, Courts are kept, Aſſemblies held, and the greateſt Part of the Trade of the Colony carried on. Here he met with one Mr. *Nicholas*, a *Corniſhman*, who gave him a Ten Shilling Bill, and recommended him to one Mr. *Anderſon* in *Long-Iſland*, ſometimes call'd *Naſſau* Iſland, ſtretching from *Fairfield* Country, in a fine Spot of Ground, 150 Miles in Length, and 12 in Breadth. Here he changed his Religion, and turned *Preſbyterian*, moſt of the Inhabitants being of that Denomination, travelling quite through the Iſland; and then croſſed over a Ferry into *Block Iſland*, from whence there are great Quantities of Timber tranſported to *Boſton*.

Soon after croſſing another Ferry, he came into *New-York*, which is a very fine City. There are now about 1100 Houſes, and near 7000 Inhabitants in it. The Houſes are well built, the meaneſt of them ſaid to be worth 100l. which cannot be ſaid of any City in *England*. The great Church here was built in the Year 1695, and is a very handſome Edifice. Here are alſo a *Dutch* Church, a *French* Church, and a *Lutheran* Church. The Inhabitants of *Dutch* Extraction make a very conſiderable Part of the Town; but moſt of them ſpeaking *Engliſh*, one may ſuppoſe they go pretty much to the great Church, eſpecially all thoſe that are, or hope to be, in Offices. Here he was ſurprized at the Sight of a great Number of Gibbets with Blacks hanging upon them; but on enquiring

quiring, he found the Negroes had not long before entered into a Conſpiracy of burning the whole City; but the Plot being timely diſcovered, great Numbers were executed, and hung up to terrify the others. His firſt Care here was to enquire the Names, Circumſtances, Family, and Countries of the principle Inhabitants of the City: Amongſt the reſt, he enquired out Captain *Luſh*, who was formerly one of *Charmouth*, by *Lyme*, in *Dorſetſhire*, to whom he had a Recommendatory Letter from Mr. *Matthews*, of *Eaſt Jerſey*: He was received very hoſpitably by Captain *Luſh*, who likewiſe gave him two Shirts, and informed him there was no Ship ready to ſail for *England* there, but that he would find one at *New-London*. Having found there was one Mr. *Lucas*, formerly of *Taunton*, in *Somerſetſhire*, in *New York*, and judging he was a Brother to Mr. *Lucas*, of *Bampton*, in *Devon*, whom he knew very well, he goes boldly to his Houſe, which was in the Fiſh-Shambles, and knocking at the Door, it was opened to him by a *Negro*: He enquired if Mr. *Lucas* was at Home; and before the *Negro* could give him an Anſwer, out came Mr. *Lucas* with a little Boy, and enquired what he wanted; he replied, *he was an* Engliſhman *born in* Devonſhire, *who had the Misfortune to be caſt away in a Ship behind* Long Iſland, *and hearing his Name was* Lucas, *had made bold to apply to him for Aſſiſtance, as he was very well acquaitned with his Brother,*

Mr.

Mr. Lucas *of* Bampton. Mr. *Lucas* aſked him *If he could tell whom his Brother married? He replied, Mrs.* Mary Triſtam: *Do you know* Huntſham? *Yes*, replied he, *and Mr.* Beer, *who firſt courted Mrs.* Triſtam: *And how many Children has my Brother?* To this likewiſe Mr. *Carew* anſwered very exactly; and Mr. *Lucas* being convinced by this of his being no Impoſture, bid him come in, telling him, *He expected his youngeſt Brother there in three Weeks Time.* He was entertained here very generouſly, and at his Departure Mr. *Lucas* gave him two Guineas.

From thence he goes through *Seabroke* and *Seaford* to *New-London*, which is ſituate on a River called the *Thames*. The firſt Branch of which River goes by the Name of *Glaſs-River*, the next Branch by that of *Ruſſel's Delight*, the third by that of *Indian River*. There is a ſmall River which falls into the Sea at *Manchester*. The Trade of Ship-building flouriſhes here. Here he enquired if there were none of the Name of *Davey* in that City, and being aſked why, he replied, *They were near Heirs to a fine Eſtate near* Crediton *in* Devon, *formerly belonging to Sir* John Davey. He was then ſhewn to two ancient Siſters Sir *John Davey*, whoſe Sons were Timber Men: They aſked a great many Queſtions about the Family; and he told them, *Sir* John Davy *was dead, and his eldeſt Son alſo, who had left two Sons; that the youngeſt Brother*, Humphry

Davey, *was then living at* Creedy-Houſe, *and the little Boys ſome where about* Exeter. They then gave him two Letters to deliver to Mr. *Humphry Davey*; after which, each gave him a Guinea, with Recommendations to one Juſtice *Miller*, and Captain *Rogers*, who was bound for *England*. Juſtice *Miller* received him very kindly, and ſent his Servant with him to Captain *Rogers*, with whom he agreed to take the Run to *England* for ten Guineas, ten Gallons of Rum, ten Pounds of Sugar, ten Pounds of Tabacco, and ten Pipes.

CHAP. XIV.

Mr. Carew *embarks at* New London, *on board Captain* Rogers, *for* England; *provides, with great Prudence, againſt Accidents: The bold Reſolution of an honeſt* Indian: *Mr.* Carew *arrives at* Briſtol, *and proceeds to* Exeter, *where he meets with the Owner of the Veſſel in which he had been carried to* America.

CAPTAIN *Rogers* having taken in his Loading, which conſiſted of Rice, Tobacco, and Pipe Staves, ſet ſail with a fair Wind from *New-London*, and run to *Lundy* in

in a Month and three Days: Nothing happened material on their Voyage, and the Sailors paſſed their Time very jovially, having ſo favourable a Gale; but our Hero, who knew that *Fortune*, like a common *Jilt*, often puts on the *faireſt Smiles* when ſhe is about to *diſcard* you, thought it prudent to provide againſt her ſlippery Tricks as much as lay in his Power: He therefore pricked his Arms and Breaſt with a Needle, and then rubbed it with Bay Salt and Gunpowder, which made it appear like the Small-Pox coming out; in the Night Time he groaned very diſmally, till at length the Captain called to him, to know the Reaſon of his graoning ſo in his Sleep. *Alas! Sir*, replied he, *I have been dreaming my poor Wife was dead, and that ſhe died in the Small-Pox. Be of good Cheer, Man*, ſays the Captain, *Dreams are but Fables; and, for your Comfort, I believe we ſhall quickly make Land:* However, they did not do this ſo ſoon as the Captain expected; for towards the next Even'ng the Wind ſpringing up a freſh Gale, the Captain ordered to ſtand out to Sea again: During all the Day Mr. *Carew* did not ſtir out of his Hammock, pretending to be very ill. Towards the Morning the Wind was ſomewhat laid, and they ſtood in before it; but it being very hazy Weather, the Captain ordered a good Look-out, crying, *My brave Boys take Care we don't fall foul of ſome Ship, for we are now in the Channel*; the Men replied, *All*

is well. Now the Cocks began to crow on board, *and* Sol *took his laſt Embrace of* Thetis, *to begin his daily Stage; for indeed, already had his Equipage waited near an Hour for him.* Reader, if thou art acquainted with the inimitable Hiſtory of *Tom Jones*, thou mayeſt perhaps know what we mean by this; but leſt thou ſhould'ſt not, we think it not improper to inform thee, that we mean no more than we might have told thee in three Words, *That it was broad Day-light.* The Captain called out, *How goes the Glaſs, my brave Boys? Eight Glaſſes are juſt run*, replied the Men; *then look out ſharp for Land.* Soon after the Cabin Boy hollows out, *Land! Land!* The Captain runs nimbly to ſee if it was ſo, ſaying, *I am afraid we are embay'd. No*, replies the Mate, *I will be bound for it, it's* Lundy Iſland. The Captain ran up immediately to the Main-top-maſt Head, to look out for other Lands to the Right and Left, and found it to be indeed *Lundy Iſland:* Upon which ſeveral Sailors ran up the Rigging; and, among the reſt, Mr. *Carew* creeps out with nothing but a Blanket upon his Shoulders, and makes an Attempt to run up the Rigging; which the Captain ſeeing, haſtily cries out, *Where is old* John *going? Take Care of the old Man, he is light-headed:* Upon which ſome of the Sailors took him down, and carried him back to his Hammock. They then crouded all the Sail they could for *Lundy:* When they came near, they perceived

ſeveral

ſeveral Ships lying at Anchor there, and made a Signal for a Pilot; ſoon after comes off a Pilot of *Clovelly*, who was then upon the Iſland, waiting to pilot Ships up to *Briſtol*. The Captain welcomed him on board, and agreed for ſeven Guineas to be piloted to *Briſtol*; then the Captain aſk'd him, *What News? and if any* New-England *Men were gone up the Channel?* He replied, *that none had paſſed, but that he could inform him of bad News for his Men, which was, that the* Ruby *Man of War, Capt.* Goodyere, *lay then in* King-Road, *and preſſed all the Men they could lay hold of.* Mr. *Carew* hearing this, immediately comes upon Deck, with his Blanket upon his Shoulders, and pretended to vomit over the Ship's Side. The Pilot obſerving him, aſk'd the Captain, *What was the Matter with the old Man? I believe,* replies the Captain, *he has got the Small-Pox; he dreamed the other Night that his Wife was dead of them, which frighted him ſo much, that I think the Small-Pox is come out upon him:* The Pilot then ſtepped up to him, and aſk'd him to let him look upon him, which he complying with, and ſhewing him his Arms, the Pilot ſwore he had the Small-Pox heavily upon him; and Mr. *Carew* kept on groaning very mournfully. They then ſailed by *Appledore*, *Bideford*, and *Barnſtaple*, (where Mr. *Carew*, notwithſtanding his having the Small-Pox ſo heavily, wiſhed himſelf on Shore, drinking ſome of their fat Ale,) ſo to the *Holmes*, and

into *King-Road* early in the Morning. He then thought it adviſeable to take a pretty large Quantity of warm Water into his Belly, and quickly after, to their great Concern, they ſaw the *Ruby* Man of War lying in the Road, with Jack, Enſign and Pendant hoiſted.

Now were all the Sailors, who had been ſo jovial before, ſtruck with a dreadful Pannick; but our Hero, ſecure of the Favour and Protection of the Goddeſs *Prudence*, was quite eaſy at Heart: --- So courteous Reader, if thou wilt follow our Advice, thou ſhould'ſt always in thy Proſperity, when the Waters of Life are ſmooth and calm, endeavour to provide for what may happen hereafter, as thou canſt not tell how ſoon the Winds may riſe, and change thy halcyon Calm into a troubled Sea; and then if thou haſt not before moored thyſelf with the Anchor of *Prudence*, what can prevent thee from ſinking like a Stone in the mighty Waters.---And now they perceived the Man of War's Boat making towards them; upon which, Mr. *Carew* grew ſicker and ſicker: The Captain ordered the Ropes to be flung out for the Man of War's Boat, and the Stanchions and red Ropes to be got ready for the Lieutenant, as though they had been to receive ſome good Viſiter on board: *Such are the poliſhed Arts of the World*; for we think we may venture to ſay, both the Captain and Crew, at the ſame Time they were making theſe Preparations to receive

the

the Lieutenant, had rather have ſeen him gone to the Bottom of the Sea, than come on board their Veſſel. At length the Man of War's Boat came along-ſide the Ship: Mr. *Carew* goes down into the Steerage, with his Belly full of hot Water, and the Lieutenant ſteps on board. *Sir, you are welcome on board*, ſays the Captain; or rather, that little Part of the Captain, called the *Tougue*; for the Heart, Mind, and every other Particle of the Captain, wiſh'd him at the D------l at the ſame Time. The Lieutenant enquired, from whence they came, and what Paſſage; the Captain replied, from *Boſton*, in a Month and four Days; and then aſked him to walk aft, and take a Dram of Rum; but before he did ſo, the Lieutenant aſk'd, How many Hands there were on board? The Captain anſwered, He had only fifteen, for Men were very ſcarce. Of what Burthen is your Ship? 250 Tons. I muſt have your Hands, Sir, ſays the Lieutenant, Come in Barge Crew, and do your Duty. No ſooner was the Words ſpoken, than the Crew leaped upon Deck, and the Lieutenant ordered all the Ship's Company aft, ſaying, He wanted to talk with them. He then accoſted them with an oratorial Harangue, 'Gen-
'tlemen Sailors, ſaid he, I make no Doubt
'but you are willing to enter voluntarily, and
'not as preſſed Men; if you go like brave
'Men, freely, when you come round to *Ply-*
'*mouth*

'*mouth* and *Portſmouth*, and go on board your 'reſpective Ships, you will have your Bounty 'Money, and Liberty to go on Shore, and 'kiſs your Landladies.' Tho' this Oration was pronounced with as much Self-applauſe as *Cicero* felt, when, by the Force of his Eloquence, he made *Cæſar*, the Maſter of the World, to tremble; or, as the vehement *Demoſthenes*, when he uſed to thunder againſt King *Philip*; yet we are not quite certain whether it was the Power of his Eloquence alone that perſuaded the Men to enter voluntarily, or, whether being ſeated between the two Rocks of *Scylla* and *Charibdis*, it was indifferent to them which they daſhed upon: However this was, all but one of the Men entered, (though with ſad Hearts) without being preſſed; which, we make no Doubt, the Lieutenant attributed to the Eloquence of his Oration-------Here Reader, if thou haſt any Father, Son, Brother, Friend, or Relation belonging to the Sea, thou wilt drop a Tear of Indignation; that in the Land of *Liberty*, *Juſtice*, and *Wiſdom*, no more humane or equitable Method can be thought of to man our Fleets, than to drag unhappy Men like the Ox to the Slaughter, juſt at that Moment, when, after a tedious Abſence, they hail the Sight of their native Land, and already ſtretch out their Arms to embrace their long abſent and long wiſhed for Friends: Perhaps, Reader, thou haſt experienced the *Heart felt Pang*, when after counting the

Years,

Years, Months, Days, and even Hours of Abſence of ſome beloved Friend, juſt when the long expected Hour was come, when thou hadſt perhaps prepared thy Banquet to welcome him, and already thought him within thy Arms, at that Hour to have him unwillingly and cruelly forced away to ſome diſtant Shore, perhaps never to ſee him more. But let us throw a Veil, thicker than Night itſelf, over this barbarous Cuſtom, and return to our Story.

The Lieutenant obſerving a ſtout Fellow in a Frock and Trouſers, who did not come aft with the other Men, aſked the Captain, Who he was; the Captain replied, He was an *Indian*, and a brave Sailor, and called to him by him Name. *Wat ye want wit mee*, replies the *Indian*, *mee won't comee demme*. Upon which the Lieutenant ſent ſome of the Barge Crew to bring him forwards, which the brave *Indian* perceiving, caught hold of a Handſpike, and put himſelf in a Poſture of Defence, crying out to the Barge Crew who came up towards him, *Demme, ye meddle wit mee, mee daſhee your Brains out*. The Crew finding him reſolute, did not think proper to attack him; upon which the Lieutenant aſk'd him, *If he would ſerve King* George: *Dem King* George, *mee know no King* George, *mee be an* Indian, *mee have a King in my own Country, whom mee lovee and fightee for, becauſe he be de very good King*:

At

At which the Lieutenant and Captain fell a laughing, and left him.

Are theſe all your Men? ſays the Lieutenant; *Yes*, replied the Captain, *except one old Man, who dreamed the other Night that his Wife died in the ſmall-Pox, and was ſo much frighted that the Small-Pox is come out upon him.* The Captain then ordered the Bills to be made for what was due to the Men, and aſked the Lieutenant in the mean while to walk down and taſte his Rum. Accordingly down comes the Lieutenant humming a Tune; Mr. *Carew* hearing this, perpared himſelf, and taking an Opportunity of putting his Finger down his Throat, diſcharges his Stomach juſt under the Lieutenant's Feet, crying out in a moſt lamentable Tone at the ſame Time, O, my Head! O, my Back! What, cries the Lieutenant very haſtily, is this the Fellow who has the Small-Pox? No, no, replies he, I have had the Small-Pox many Years ago, and have been with Sir *Charles Wager* and Sir *George Walton* up the *Baltic*: and do for God's Sake, take me on board your Ship, noble Captain, for I only want to be blooded. The Lieutenant whips out his Snuff Box, and claps it to his Noſe, ſwearing, "He "would not take him on board for Five Hun- "dred Pounds, for he was enough to infect a "whole Ship's Crew, that the D---l ſhould take "him before he would," hurrying at the ſame Time as faſt as he could into the great Cabbin. When he came there, Mr. *Carew* heard him com-

complaining how unfortunate it was that he ſhould come on board them, as he never had the Small-Pox himſelf. When the reſt of the Men had had their Bills made out, the Captain, willing to get rid of Mr. *Carew*, ſaid to him, come old *John*, I will have your Bill made too; which was accordingly done, and amounted to ſeven Pounds ten Shillings, for which the Captain gave him a Draught on Merchant *Lidiate* in *Briſtol*. The Captain then ordered the Boat to put him on Shore; he beſeeched the Captain to let him die on board: No, no, ſays the Captain, by all Means take him on Shore: Ay, ay, ſays the Lieutenant, take him on Shore, take him on Shore. Then the Captain called to ſome of the Sailors, to help the poor old Man over the Side of the Ship, and out came Mr. *Carew* with the Blanket wrapped about his Shoulders, and ſo well did he counterfeit, that he ſeemed a moſt deplorable Object of Compaſion. The Boat being got a little Diſtance from the Ship, was called back again, and the Lieutenant toſſed him half a Guinea, charging him not to go into the City of *Briſtol*, for that he was enough to infect the whole City.

Thus our Hero, after ſeeing many Cities and Men, undergoing great Hardſhips, and encountering many Dangers and Difficulties, once more ſets his Foot on his beloved Country. Notwithſtanding the Joy he felt at being ſafe on Shore, he did not lay aſide his Small-Pox, but travels on toward *Briſtol*, as one very bad

in

in that Diſtemper: Coming to Juſtice *Cann*'s, near *Durdham Downs*, he meets with the Gardiner, whom he aſked, If the Juſtice lived there, and was at Home? Being told he was, he made a moſt lamentable Moan, and ſaid, He was juſt come from *New-England*, and had the Small-pox on him. The Gardiner goes into the Houſe, and ſoon returning, told him, The Juſtice was not at Home; but gave him Half a Crown: He ſtill kept crying, I am a dying Man, and I beſeech you let me lie and die in ſome Hay-Tallat, or any Place of Shelter. The Gardener ſeeing him ſo ill, goes in again, and brings out a Cordial Dram, and a Mug of warm Ale, which Mr. *Carew* made ſhift to ſwallow. The Gardiner then left him, being ſo much affrighted at his Appearance and lamentable Moans, that he let both Glaſs and Mug fall to the Ground before he reached the Houſe. Mr. *Carew* then made Shift, notwithſtanding his dying Condition, to reach the City of *Briſtol*; and being now freed from his Apprehenſions of being preſſed, at the firſt Barber's he came to he got rid of his Beard, and bid adieu to the Small-Pox; then makes the beſt of his Way to the Mendicant's-Hall, on *Mile-Hill*: Juſt as he came there, the Landlady and an old Croney, a Tinker's Wife, were ſtanding at the Door: As ſoon as the Landlady eſpied him, ſhe claped her Hands, and ſwore it was either Mr. *Carew* or

his

his Ghoſt: As ſoon as they were convinced he was Fleſh and Blood, great were the Kiſſes, Hugs and Embraces of theſe three. Our Hero's firſt Enquiry was, when they had ſeen his dear *Polly?* meaning his Wife; the Landlady told him, She had not ſeen her lately, but had heard both ſhe and his Daughter were well; but that his Wife never expected to ſee him more.

Mr. *Carew* ſoon called for a Room above Stairs, ordered an elegant Dinner to be provided, and paſſed the Afternoon very merrily: The next Morning he waited on the Merchant with his Bill, and received the Money for it, then weighed Anchor, and ſteered for *Bridgwater*, where he arrived juſt at Night: He immediately repaired to a Mumper's Houſe, kept by a one-ey'd old Woman, named *Laſkey*; from whence he goes to the *Swan*, where were ſeveral Gentlemen paſſing the Evening together, *viz.* Mr. *Moore*, Dr. *Dipford*, Counſellor *Bedford*, and others, all of whom were particularly acquainted with him; however, he pretended to be a *Weſt-Indian*, who had been caſt away in a Ship coming from *Antigua*, which foundered behind *Cape-Clear*; that he was taken up by an *Iriſhman*, and afterwards put on board a *Briſtol* Ship. Having by this Story raiſed a Contribution from the Gentlemen, he diſcovered himſelf, knowing them to be his good Friends; but the Gentlemen could ſcarcely credit him, till he gave them very

ſufficient Proofs of his being the real *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*.

The next Morning he goes to Sir *John Tynte*, and made the ſame Complaint as he had done the Night before at the *Swan* in *Bridgwater*; the Servant telling him, Sir *John* would come forth ſoon, he waited till he did ſo, and then diſcovered himſelf; Sir *John* would not believe him, but at laſt made him a Preſent. He afterwards viſited Juſtice *Croſſe* of *Bromfylde*, who preſently knew him, and made him very welcome; from whence, ſetting out for *Exeter*, he viſited on the Road Mr. *John Bampfylde* of *Heſticombe*, the Rev. Mr. *Boſwell* and Dr. *Hildyard* of *Taunton*, the Rev. Mr. *Minifee*, 'Squire *Bluet*, of *Holcombe Rogus*, the Rev. Mr. *Newt*, of *Tiverton*, 'Squire *Blundel* and Major *Worth*, in the Neighbourhood of that Place, who being all his particular Friends, were very glad to ſee him returned, and treated him very handſomely. Major *Worth* took him a hunting with him; but he ſoon took an Opportunity of ſlipping away, and directed his Steps to his own Pariſh of *Bickley*. Here he happened to meet Lady *Carew*; but ſo great was his Reſpect for her, that he who uſed to attempt every Thing, had not Courage to accoſt this Lady, therefore turned off to a Place called *Condbury*, the Seat of Mr. *Furſdon*: As ſoon as he came there, he was known by Mr. *Furſdon's* Siſter, who told him, He ſhould not ſtir thence till her Brother came Home; ſoon after

after Mr. *Furſdon* returned, and brought with him one Mr. *Land* of *Silverton*; he was very much ſurprized to ſee him, and treated him very generouſly, making him a very handſome Preſent, as did alſo Mr. *Land:* He abode there that Night, went a hunting with Mr. *Furſdon* the next Day, and likewiſe to ſee Mr. *Bampfylde Rode*, at *Stoke*, who would not believe Mr. *Carew* had been in *America*, but treated him handſomely, and made him a Preſent at his Departure. He next comes into *Exeter*, the Place he had ſailed from to the *Weſt-Indies*, and going into St. *Peter*'s Church-yard, ſees Sir *Henry Northcote*, Dr. *Andrews*, and two other Gentlemen, who were walking there: He accoſted them with a "God bleſs you, Sir *Harry*, Dr. *Andrews*, and the reſt of the Company." Sir *Harry* ſtaring very wiſtfully at him, cry'd, Are you Fleſh and Blood? Why, you can never have been in America. Dr. *Andrews* then aſk'd, If it was *Carew*? and the Report being ſpread that he was in *Exeter*, drew a Number of Spectators to ſee him; and among the reſt Merchant *Davey* himſelf, who aſk'd him, in a very great Hurry, If the Ship was caſt away? No, no, ſays he, I have been in *America*, have had the Honour to ſee your Factor, Mr. *Mean*, and ſaw *Griffiths* ſold for a thouſand Weight of Tobacco; but, did not I tell you that I would be at Home before Captain *Froade?* He then gave an Account of ſeveral Particulars, which convinced

the Gentlemen he had really been in *America*. Mr. *Davey* aſk'd him, If he had been ſold before he ran away? and he replying, he had not, the Merchant told him jeeringly, Then he was his Servant ſtill, that he ſhould charge him five Pounds for his Paſſage, and five Pounds for Coſts and Charges, beſides Captain *Froade*'s Bill. He next enquired, Where he had left Captain *Froade?* Mr. *Carew* told him, he had left him in *Miles*'s River. The Gentlemen then gave him Money, as did likewiſe Merchant *Davey*.

Two Months after this, came Home Captain *Froade*, laden with Tobacco: As ſoon as he came to an Anchor, ſeveral Gentlemen of *Exeter* going on board him, enquired, *What Paſſage? and where he left Mr.* Carew? *Damm him*, replied the Captain, *you'll never ſee him again: He ran away, was taken, put into* New Town *Goal, brought back and whipped, had a Pot-hook put upon him, ran away with it on his Neck, and has never been heard of ſince; ſo that, without Doubt, he muſt be either kill'd by ſome wild Beaſt, or drown'd in ſome River.* At which the Gentlemen fell a laughing, telling the Captain, *He had been at Home two Months before him.* Captain *Froade* ſwore it could never be; however, they confirmed it to him that it was ſo.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Mr. Carew *viſits Sir* William Courteney: *His handſome Reception, and the Character of that Gentleman: He diſguiſes himſelf, and viſits his Relation, Sir* Thomas Carew; *paſſes undiſcovered by his own Brother: His remarkable Adventure with Lord* Weymouth.

SOON after this, Mr. *Carew* went and paid his Reſpects to Sir *William Courtenay*, returning him many Thanks for what he had furniſhed him with, when he ſailed for *Maryland*; adding, *He had been as good as his Word, in coming Home before Captain* Froade: Sir *William* told him, *He thought he had*; and then called to his Butler to give him ſomething to drink. In a little Time Sir *William* comes to him again, with his Brother, Mr. *Henry Courtenay*, who conducted him into a noble Parlour, where was a great Company of fine Ladies ſitting, whom our Hero accoſted with all that Reſpect which is ever due to Beauty and Merit. Sir *William* then aſk'd him jocoſely, If he could find out which was his Dove? He replied, He knew ſome of

the Ladies there; and that, unleſs his Judgment deceived him, ſuch a Lady (ſingling out one of them) was the happy Perſon. You are right, reply'd Sir *William*, this is indeed my Dove, and Turtle Dove. Sir *William* then put a Piece of Money into his Hat, as did Mr. *Henry Courtenay*, and bid him go round to the Ladies; which he did, addreſſing them in a very handſome Manner, and, we need not add, gathered a very plentiful Harveſt, as the fair Sex are, in general, ſo much inclined to Humanity and good Nature. Sir *William* aſk'd him, If he would not drink to the Ladies Health? and fill'd him up a Bumper of excellent Wine: He then took his Leave of this truly noble and hoſpitable Gentleman.---- Here Reader, if my Pen was equal to the Taſk, I would deſcribe to thee One, whom in this degenerate Age, thou may'ſt gaze at as a Prodigy; One, who like the Phœnix riſing from the Aſhes of his Father, inherits all the Virtues of his glorious Anceſtors; I would deſcribe to thee Magnificence without Extravagance, Pomp without Oſtentation, Plenty without Luxury or Riot, and Greatneſs undiminiſhed by little Pride: I would ſet before thee ſomething more than a King, (ſurrounded and impriſoned by worthleſs and imperious Favourites, fawning Sycophants, and taſteleſs Grandeur.) Such are the Scenes within thy Walls, ſuch thy Maſter, happy *Powderham*!*

From

* The Seat of Sir *William Courtenay*, near *Exon*.

From hence our Hero goes to 'Squire *Ball*'s, of *Mamhead*; in the Way he meets with Mr. *Jackſon*, his Steward, who was lame with the Gout; he preſently knew Mr. *Carew*, gave him Half a Crown, and told him, He would hop back on his Crutches to give him ſomething to drink. While they were drinking a Glaſs, the Steward adviſ'd him to make his Application to the 'Squire. Preſently after, out he comes, and Mr. *Carew* ſoon began his Attack upon him: Pray who are you, ſays the Juſtice? I am a poor unfortunate *Weſt-Indian*, replies he, who have been ſhip-wreck'd on the Coaſt of *Ireland*, and was taken up by a *Briſtol* Ship. Ay, ay, you are one of *Carew*'s Gang I ſuppoſe, ſays the Juſtice, but he is tranſported. Bleſs your Honour, ſays he, I am no Impoſtor; I have heard *Carew* was a very great one, and I think deſerved more than Tranſportation. Well, well, there's a Shilling for you, replies the Juſtice, and go about your Buſineſs.

From hence he ſteers towards Mr. *Oxenham*'s, at *New-Houſe*; when he came near the Houſe, he pulls off his Shirt, and gives it to an old Man he met, as though he had been maz'd; then marches up to the Houſe, and juſt at the Stables meets Mrs. *Oxenham* and another Lady, whom he immediately accoſted with a doleful Complaint of being a poor ſhip-wreck'd Mariner. Mrs. *Oxenham* told him, *She ſhould have taken him for* Bampfylde-

Moore

Moore Carew, *but that ſhe knew he was tranſported:* He was not diſconcerted at this, but readily told her, with great Compoſure, that his Name was *Thomas Jones*, belonging to *Bridport*, in *Dorſetſhire*. The Ladies gave him each a Shilling, and then bid him go into the Houſe, where he had Victuals ſet before him; and before he went away, the Lady ſent him a fine *Holland* Shirt: Being thus equipp'd, he enquires out the Church-Wardens of the Pariſh, and by the ſame Story gets a Crown of them. From hence he goes to Lord *Clifford*'s at *Uggbrooke*, in the Pariſh of *Chudleigh:* Here he ſends in a Petition to my Lord, as an unfortunate *Roman Catholick*, and received a Guinea, lay that Night at *Sandy Gate*, and behaved as a *Roman Catholick*, under the Name of *William Paſſmore.*

The next Day, at *Moll Upton*'s in *Newton-Buſhell*, he met with one of the Siſters of that Order of Mendicants, commonly called Couſin *Betties*; and he having an Inclination to pay a Viſit to Sir *Thomas Carew*'s, at *Hackum*, ſoon made an Agreement with the Couſin *Betty* to exchange Habits for that Day. The Barber was then called in to make his Beard as ſmooth as his Art and Razor could make it, and his Hair was dreſt up with Ribbands; thus metamorphos'd, our Hero ſets out, having a little Wand in his Hand, and a little Dog under his Arm: being come to Sir *Thomas Carew*'s, he ruſhes into the Houſe without Ceremony, demanding

demanding his Rent in an imperious Tone; none of the Men Servants being in the Way, the Women ran one one Way, and one another; but he taking no Notice of this Confuſion, continued to act the mad Woman, beating his Head again the Wall, kiſſing his Dog, and demanding his Rent: At laſt comes one of the Women Servants, ſaying, 'Lady you are welcome to your Rent,' and gave him Half a Crown; but he was not to be got rid of ſo eaſily, for now he fell a raving again, and demanded ſome Merry-go-down; upon which they brought him ſome Ale, which he having drank, took his Leave, thanking them with a very low Curteſie. From hence he continues his Progreſs to Parſon *Sandford*'s of *Stoke*, in *Tinney*, where having entered the Houſe with as little Ceremony as before, he not only demanded his Rent as uſual, but a Gown of ſome of his Couſins; neither would he take his Leave till he had got a Shilling for Rent, a good Gown and ſome Pinners. He next calls upon Parſon *Richards*, at *Coombe*, in *Tinney*, where he got a Shilling and a new Shift. Having thus ſucceeded in this new Adventure, he returns to his Quarters at Mother *Upton*'s, in *Newton-Buſhell*, where he divided the Profits of the Day with his good Couſin *Betty*, and paſſed the Night very merrily with her.

The next Day he reſtored his borrowed Accoutrements to the Couſin *Betty*, and calling for a Pen and Ink, wrote a Petition in the Character,

Character of a poor unfortunate Soap-boiler, whoſe Houſe was ſet on Fire by the Careleſſneſs of an Apprentice, in the Pariſh of *Monkſilver*, not forgetting to ſign it with the Names of ſeveral neighbouring Gentlemen: With this fictitious Petition he goes to Juſtice *Taylor*'s, at *Denbury*, where he was handſomely relieved: From hence he goes to Juſtice *Nile*'s, and finding, upon Enquiry, the Juſtice himſelf was at Home, did not venture to deliver his Petition, but begged as an unfortunate Man, and was relieved with a Cup of Cyder and ſome Bread and Cheeſe. At *Darlington* he aſſumed the Character of a Rat-catcher, and ſold a Receipt to a Gentleman's Steward for a Crown, and under this Character he travels forward to *Plymouth*. Here, hearing there was to be a great Cock-match, he lays aſide his Rat-catcher's Habit, and puts on that of a Gentleman, and not the Habit only, (as too many do, but the Manners and Behaviour likewiſe) ſo that going to the Cock-Match he betted ſeveral Wagers with Sir *Coventry Carew*, and his own Brother, Mr. *Henry Carew*, the Miniſter of *Saltaſh*, which he had the good Fortune to win, and left the Cock-Pit undiſcovered by any one. Thus great is the Power of Dreſs, that it transforms and metamorphoſes the Beggar into a Gentleman, and the *Cinder-Wench* into a fine Lady; therefore let not the little Great (I mean thoſe who have nothing to recommend them but their Equi-

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page) pride themſelves as though they had ſomething ſuperior in them to the poor Wretch they ſpurn from them with ſo much Contempt; for let me tell them, if we are apt to pay them Reſpect, they are ſolely indebted for it to the *Mercer* and *Taylor*; for ſtrip them of their gaudy Plumes, and we ſhall not be able to diſtinguiſh them from the loweſt Order of Mumpers. This puts us in Mind of a remarkable Adventure of our Hero's Life, which he always tells with a great deal of Pleaſure.

One Day as he was begging in the Town of *Maiden Bradley* from Door to Door, as a ſhipwrecked Seaman, he ſaw on the other Side of the Street a mendicant Brother Sailor in a Habit as forlorn as his own, a begging for God's Sake, juſt like himſelf, who ſeeing Mr. *Carew*, croſſed over the Way and came up to him, and in the canting Language aſked him where he lay laſt Night, what Road he was going, and ſeveral other Queſtions; then whether he would bruſh into a Boozing-ken and be his Thrums, *i. e.* go into the Alehouſe and ſpend his Three-pence with him: To this he conſented, and away they go; where, in the Series of their Converſation, they aſk each other various Queſtions concernin the Country, the charitable and uncharitable Families, the moderate and ſevere Juſtices, the good and queer Corporations, *i. e.* thoſe that would and would not ſuffer begging in their Territories. This new

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Acquaintance of Mr. *Carew*'s aſked him if he had been at Sir *Edward Seymour*'s? He anſwered *Yes*, and had received his Alms; the Stranger therefore, not having been there, leaves him at the Alehouſe and goes thither himſelf, where having received the ſame Alms that his new Companion had, he returns to him again.

The next Day they beg the Town, one on one Side the Steet, and the other on the other, each on his own ſeparate Story and Account: They then proceeded to the Houſes of ſeveral Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood, both in one Story, which was that of the Stranger; among many others they came to Lord *Weymouth*'s, where it was agreed that Mr. *Carew* ſhould be Spokeſman; upon their coming up to the Houſe the Servants bid them be gone, unleſs they could give a very good Account of themſelves and the Countries in which they pretended to have been, for ſhould Lord *Weymouth* come and detect them in any Falſhood, he would horſewhip them without Mercy, which was the Treatment all thoſe whom he found to be Counterfeits met with from him, and he had detected great Numbers of them, having been abroad himſelf: Our Travellers, however, were not in the leaſt daunted hereat, Mr. *Carew* being conſcious to himſelf that he could give a ſatisfactory Account of *Newfoundland*, and the other confidently affirming that he had been at *Rome*, *France*, *Spain*, *Portugal*, *Italy*, &c. and could give as good a Deſcription

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tion of thoſe Countries as his Lordſhip himſelf. Therefore up they went to the Kitchen-Door, & Mr. *Carew* broke the Ice, telling the deplorable Story of their Misfortune in his uſual lamentable Tone: The Houſekeeper at firſt turned a deaf Ear to their Supplication and Intreaty; but Mr. *Carew*, at the Inſtigation of his Companion, redoubled his Importunity, kneeling on one Knee, and made Uſe of all the Methods of exciting Charity, of which he was capable; ſo that at length the Houſekeeper gave them the greateſt Part of a cold Shoulder of Mutton, half a fine Wheaten Loaf, and a Shilling, but did it with great Haſte and Fear, leſt my Lord ſhould ſee her, and be angry thereat. Of the Butler they got a Copper of good Ale, and then both expreſſing their Thankfulneſs, departed: Having got at ſome Diſtance from the Houſe, there aroſe a Diſpute who ſhould carry the Victuals, both being loth to incumber themſelves with it, as having neither Wife nor Child near to give it to; Mr. *Carew* was for throwing it into the Hedge, but the other urged that it was both a Sin and a Shame to waſte good Victuals in that Manner; ſo they both agreed to go to the *Green Man*, about a Mile from my Lord's, and there exchange it for Liquor. At this Alehouſe they tarried ſome Time, and ſnacked the Argot, *i. e.* ſhared the Money which they had that Day gotten; then, after a parting Glaſs, each went his ſeparate Way.

The Reader cannot but be ſurprized, when we aſſure him that this Mendicant Companion of his was no leſs a Perſon than my Lord *Weymouth* himſelf, who being deſirous of ſounding the Tempers and Diſpoſitions of the Gentlemen and other Inhabitants of his Neighbourhood, put himſelf into a Habit ſo vaſtly beneath his Birth and Fortune, in order to obtain that Diſcovery; nor was this the firſt Time that this great Nobleman had metamorphoſed himſelf into the deſpicable Shape and Character of a Beggar, as ſeveral of that Neighbourhood can teſtify; but when he went abroad into the World in this Diſguiſe, he took eſpecial Care to conceal it even from his own Family, one Servant only, in whoſe Secrecy he greatly confided, being entruſted therewith; and this was his Valet de Chambre, who uſed to dreſs, ſhave, and perform other ſuch Offices relating to his Lordſhip's Perſon.

Mr. *Carew* and his noble Companion having thus parted from each other, he took his Way into the Woodlands, towards *Froome*; and the diſguiſed Lord, by a private Way through his Park and Gardens, returned to his own Houſe, and there diveſting himſelf of his Rags, put on his embroidered Apparel, and re-aſſumed the Dignity and State to which both his Birth and Fortune entitled him. I am informed, ſaid his Lordſhip, that two Sailors have been at my Houſe; and enquiring which Way they went,

went, he ordered two Men and Horſes to go after them, with a ſtrict Charge to bring them back to his Houſe, for he heard they were Impoſtors; and if he found them ſuch, he would treat them accordingly. The Servants obey'd his Commands without the leaſt Suſpicion of the Intricacy of this Affair, and ſoon came up with Mr. *Carew*, whom they forcibly brought back to my Lord: My Lord accoſted him in a very rough, ſtern Manner, aſks where the other Fellow was, and told him he ſhould be made to find him. Mr. *Carew* in the mean Time ſtood thunder-ſtruck, expecting nothing leſs than Commitment to Priſon; but, upon Examination, made out his Story as well as he could.

After having thus terrified and threatened him for a conſiderable Time, away goes his Lordſhip, and, diveſting himſelf of his Habit and Character of a Nobleman, again puts on his Rags, and is by his truſty Valet de Chambre uſhered into the Room where his Brother Beggar ſtood ſweating with Fear; they confer Notes together, whiſpering to each other what to ſay, in order that their Accounts might agree when examined apart, as in Effect they were: The Steward took Mr. *Carew* aſide into a private Chamber, and there pretending that the other Fellow's Relation contradicting his, proved them to be both Counterfeits, a Priſon muſt be the Portion of both; and indeed nothing was omitted that might ſtrike Mr. *Carew*

with the greateſt Terror and Confuſion. By this Time my Lord having thrown off his Rags, and put on his fine Apparel, Mr. *Carew* was again brought into his Preſence to receive his final Sentence; when my Lord, having ſufficiently diverted himſelf with the Fear and Conſternation of his Brother Mumper, diſcovered himſelf to him.

We might have mentioned before, that while my Lord and Mr. *Carew* travelled together, they aſked each other whence they came, and what their Names were: Mr. *Carew* ingenuouſly confeſſed his, but my Lord diſguiſed both his Name and Country; ſo that having accidentally met with a Mendicant of the greateſt Note in all *England*, his Lordſhip thought fit to treat him in the Manner aforeſaid, which he would not have done to every common Vagrant; however, to ſatisfy himſelf that this was the famous and true *Bampfylde-Moore-Carew*, (for many Impoſtors had uſurped his Name) he ſends for Captain *Atkins*, a Gentleman of his Acquaintance in the Neighbourhood, who went to School with Mr. *Carew* at *Tiverton*: This Gentleman was very glad to ſee his old School-Fellow, and aſſured his Lordſhip 'twas really Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*: Upon which his Lordſhip very nobly entertained him at his Houſe for the Space of three Days, and gave him an excellent good Suit of Clothes, and ten Guineas; but remembering the Trouble they had, and the Loſs they

they were at to diſpoſe of the Shoulder of Mutton and Bread which his Houſekeeper had given them, as likewiſe the Reſolution Mr. *Carew* had once taken to throw it away, he called to his Houſekeeper, and ſtrictly charged her never to give away a Morſel of Victuals more, but beſtow the Alms in Money only, as rightly judging that to be more acceptable and ſerviceable to Beggars than the beſt of Proviſion, the greateſt Part of which they either waſte, give away, or exchange for an inconſiderable Quantity of Drink, as my Lord and Mr. *Carew* had done. His Lordſhip took Mr. *Carew* to *Warminſter* Horſe-Race, and there recommended him to many honourable Gentlemen, who were very liberal to him. He ſeveral Times after made bold to call upon his Lordſhip in his Rounds, and at every Viſit received a Guinea and an hearty Welcome at his Houſe: My Lord would frequently make himſelf merry with the Paſſage, and jocoſely ſay, That he was more expert in the Science of Mumping, than even Mr. *Carew* himſelf.

CHAP. XVI.

Mr. Carew *appears in a new Character: Lays a Stratagem to deceive Dr.* Glanfield, *of St.* Germain's, *an inveterate Enemy to the Community of* Mendicants, *and ſucceeds: Makes himſelf regarded as a Pattern of* Conjugal Affection: *Plays a merry Prank with Mr.* Grimes, *a* Scotchman, *and gains the Reputation of laying a* Spirit, *and afterwards appears in the Character of a* dreadful Ghoſt.

MR. *Carew* having ſteered his Courſe from *Plymouth* to *Bratton Clovelly*, meets there with *Coleman* in the Habit of a Tinker, which Character he likewiſe ſoon aſſumes: Here they were met by an Exciſeman, who knew them, but promiſed not to diſcover them; and hearing that one Madam *Beere*, of *Brideſtow*, was to be buried that Night, and her Pall ſupported by ſeveral Clergymen, among whom Mr. *Carew*'s Brother was to be one, away go the two Tinkers to *Brideſtow*; where, at the Red Lion, they found the Clergymen

gymen ſitting by the Kitchen Fire: The Tinkers, without taking any Notice of the Clergymen, ſet down their Budgets, and called for a Quart of Ale: They had not ſat long, before the Clergymen aſk'd them, What Countrymen they were? They reply'd, with great Compoſure, North Countrymen. From what Part, Tinkers? *Abington*, near *Oxford*. This produced a great many Queſtions about *Abington*, *Oxford*, &c. all which Mr. *Carew* and his Companion readily anſwered. The Clergymen then began to jeſt about their Profeſſion, which the Tinkers reſenting, told them, They could mend Kettles better than they could Sermons; and *Coleman* offered to lay either of them a Guinea they could not ſay the Lord's Prayer in *Greek* backwards. Theſe Taunts and Jeers produced no little Strife; and the Comedy might perhaps have ended tragically, had not the Exciſeman, who met them at *Clovelly*, come in juſt at this Time; who accoſting them by their Names, all Animoſities immediately ſubſided, and Mr. *Carew*'s Brother embraced him, ſaying, My dear *Frater*, are you turned Tinker? Ay, ay, reply'd he, do you mind your Common-Prayer, and I'll mind my Budget. The Glaſs then went round very chearfully, ſo that they did not think of going before the Morning; when his Brother would have had him and *Coleman* gone along with them, but they told him, That they muſt ſtand by their Budgets, and ſtay in their Quarters; however, promiſed

promiſed to ſee him in *Taviſtock* the next Day; which they ſet out with an Intent to do, but miſſed their Way, and croſſed over the Water to Lord *Edgcumbe*'s. Here they met with ſome Brother Tinkers, one of whom told them, He had been at Lord *Edgcumbe*'s, where there was a great Company of Gentlemen, amongſt whom he heard there was Sir *Coventry Carew*, 'Squire *Elliot*, of *Port Elliot*, and 'Squire *Moyle*, of *Beek*, in the Pariſh of St. *Germain*'s; upon which Mr. *Carew* immediately reſolved to go there *in propria Perſona*, but was at a Loſs for Clothes, and would have had *Coleman* gone back to *Plymouth* to get ſome; but he refuſing, he was obliged to ſet forward in no higher a Character than that of a Tinker, which he ſoon found too mean to gain him Admittance, or a favourable Ear from the Servants; he therefore returns back to *Coleman*, who now immediately ſet out for *Plymouth* to get ſome Clothes he had there: Returning very ſoon, and Mr. *Carew* being now equipped, ſets out again for Lord *Egdcumbe*'s, and in this new Habit, having gained ſo far upon one of the Servants as to get him to deliver a little Note to Sir *Coventry Carew*, he was preſently introduced amongſt all the Gentlemen, to whom he created a great deal of Mirth; and telling them, with other Adventures, how he had juſt before deceived his own Brother, in a Tinker's Habit, one of the

Gentlemen

Gentlemen proffered to lay a Wager he could not fling Dr. *Glanfield* of St. *Germain's:* Mr. *Carew* heſitated a little upon this, as the Doctor was very ſevere to all Mendicants; & the Gentlemen telling him, they would be his Bail if he was taken up, he replied, It was very kind; but in the mean Time that he got their Bail, he muſt lie in Priſon: However, as the Love of Fame was alway uppermoſt in his Soul, he accepted of the Wager, reſolving to attempt it, however hazardous it might be: Accordingly it was agreed on, and he was to come the next Day to 'Squire *Elliot*'s, at *Port Elliot*, where moſt of the Company were then to be, to inform them of his Succeſs; then he took his Leave, having firſt received very liberally from all the Gentlemen; and returning to *Coleman*, divided the Profits of the Expedition, telling him at the ſame Time the Adventure he was going upon, which *Coleman* refuſed to join in, ſo they parted Company. Away goes Mr. *Carew* to *Huſingford*, in the Pariſh of *St. Germain*'s, where he put on a great Fur Cap, and aſſumed the Character of a Rat-catcher, not forgetting to rub his Face well with Flour to give him a pale Complexion; being thus accoutred, he ſet out for the Doctor's Houſe: As ſoon as he came into the Court-Yard, he ſet up a moſt violent Coughing, which interrupting every Word, he was near half an Hour bringing out in a very feeble Tone, Have you any Work for the Rat-catcher? One of the Servants

Servants told him, They had not, for they employed one *Brown:* However, he ſtill kept on coughing and ſpitting, as though he would bring up his Lungs, Entrails, Heart, and Liver: At laſt out comes the Doctor, which made him carry his Cough to a higher Key. The Doctor obſerving him to look ſo pale, and ſtraining ſo violently with his Cough, ſaid to him, "Thou a Rat-catcher, Man! thou art more fit for thy Grave; go Home, good Man, and provide for another World;" then gave him Half a Crown and a Dram of Rum. Mr. *Carew* return'd him a great many Thanks, with a very weak Voice; then goes his Way, but was obliged to ſtrain his Lungs near a Quarter of a Mile, while the Doctor continued in Sight, leaſt he ſhould be ſuſpected. He made the beſt of his Way, with a joyful Heart, to *Port Elliot*; being come there, he told the Servants to acquaint their Maſter that he was below, upon which he was immediately ordered up Stairs, where the Gentlemen aſk'd him if he had done his Duty? 'Ay, ay,' ſays he, 'here's Half a Crown bears Witneſs for me;' which made the Gentleman laugh very heartily. An Hour afterwards in comes Dr. *Glanfield*; the Gentlemen then turned the Diſcourſe upon Mumpers, and aſk'd if any had been at the Doctor's lately? or whether he had ſeen *Carew?* "No, no," ſays the Doctor, "they "won't come near me; but there was a miſe-"rable Object of a Rat-catcher, who had

"like

" like to have died at my Door To-day, to " whom I gave Half a Crown to get rid of " him;" which ſet the Gentlemen a laughing, ſaying, " If you gave him Half a Crown, what " muſt we, for he is now in the Houſe, and is " neither more nor leſs than Mr. *Bampfylde-* " *Moore Carew:*" Upon which the Doctor fell a ſwearing, and was very angry at having been ſo deceived.

The Gentlemen having rewarded Mr. *Carew* very handſomely for the Mirth he had occaſioned them, he ſteered his Courſe towards *Liſkeard*, where he met with *Coleman* again, and they conſulted what to do, *Coleman* being afraid of being known. While they conſulting, in comes *Wilmot*, a young Mumper; when they determined, that Mr. *Carew* ſhould take up *Wilmot* on his Back, as a Perſon very ſick, and that they ſhould paſs for *New-England* Men, who had been ſhip-wreck'd in *Bude* Bay. In this Manner they paſſed through ſeveral Towns in *Cornwall*, gathering large Contributions: When they came to St. *Columbe*, Mr. *Carew* had a Mind to change the Scene; he therefore ordered *Wilmot* to be dreſſed in Women's Clothes; then taking him on his Back, made a moſt lamentable Moan, beſeeching ſome ſmall Matter for his poor Wife, whom he had, by good Providence, ſaved from a Wreck, but that ſhe had the Misfortune to be crippled, by being flung from the Shore. This greatly moved the Compaſſion of every one, eſpecial-

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ly of the good Women, who called to their Huſbands, to come and ſee ſuch a Pattern of conjugal Affection. As this Trade was very profitable, they carried it on for ſome Time; but he beginning to grow weary of his Burthen, thought proper to diſmiſs his poor Wife, and was reſolved to try what Succeſs he ſhould have on his Crutches. He therefore iſſues forth with his Legs tied cloſe to his Tail, and muffled up with a Heap of Rags, that they might not be diſcovered; his Back, raiſed like a Mountain, almoſt over topped his Head, which he likewiſe owed to the Aſſiſtance of a Parcel of Rags; and a falſe Beard hung down almoſt to his Middle. In this Figure he goes through ſeveral Towns with good Succeſs, and then returns again to St. *Columbe*, where he before had been begging with *Wilmot* on his Back. A Report being ſpread that he was the famous *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, a great Croud gathered about him; amongſt the reſt, Mrs. *Hoblyn*, with ſome other Gentlewomen: Mrs. *Hoblyn* accoſted him, How do you do, Couſin *Carew?* He replied, Madam, you are miſtaken, for I am a *Huntingdonſhire* Man. No, no, ſays Mrs. *Hoblyn*, I know you very well, you are my Couſin. Well, I know not, replied he; but if you will have it ſo, why don't you give me ſomething. Mrs. *Hoblyn* then went away, perſuaded it was not her Couſin *Carew*.

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The next Day he ſet out for *Warbridge*; being got about half a Mile from *St. Columb*, hopping upon his Crutches more like a Bear than any Thing *Human*, he met Juſtice *Hawkins* on Horſeback, whoſe Horſe ſtarting at his odd Appearance, the Juſtice called to him, ſaying, Cripple, turn your Crutches up the Hill; but he being not in the Humour to do it, took no Notice of the Juſtice's Words, but kept hollowing and bawling, Which was his Way to *Warbridge?* All this Time the Juſtice's Horſe kept ſnorting, running back, kicking and rearing on his hind Legs, till he had well nigh diſmounted the Juſtice.

Having travelled as far as *Mevagiſſey* on his Crutches, he then lays them aſide, and clothes himſelf handſomely, making the beſt of his Way to *Houlſworthy*, where he knew was to be kept, in a few Days, an appointed Mendicant Feaſt: This is a Feaſt of Brotherly Love, among the different Orders of Mendicants, kept at certain Places and Times, to which the Brethren and Siſters of the Order reſort from all Parts, as well to pay their Reſpect to the Sovereign, (which Honour we need not tell the Reader our Hero has now long held) as to confer together for mutual Improvement; here the Young are inſtructed by the uſeful Leſſons of the Grave and Old, new Schemes propoſed and debated on, the Ingenious rewarded, and the uſeleſs expelled their Order;

and the whole is concluded with great Feaſtings and Rejoicings. Our Hero found a great Number of the Order aſſembled at the Feaſt, and received their Reſpects and Congratulations with all proper Majeſty of Behaviour; and having tranſacted the Buſineſs of the Meeting, they all ſat down to be merry together. In the midſt of their Mirth, in comes one Mr. *Grimes*, a *Scotchman*, 'Buy any good Cloth; 'any old Lace to be ſold;' and ſeeing Mr. *Carew*, ſaid to him, 'Do you know your 'Couſin Sir *Thomas Carew* is dead?' 'Ay ay,' replied he, 'I hear he is gone to ſee *Mary* '*Magdalen*; but come in, Mr. *Grimes*, and 'let's be merry together. Come, come, diſ-'mout your Wallet, and let's ſee what you 'have.' Which being done, each Man made a Preſent of ſomething to his Beloved. This induced the *Scotchman* to ſit down amongſt them, and they paſſed the Glaſs about very merrily, the poor *Scotchman* dreaming no Harm; but Mr. *Carew* had taken the Opportunity of dropping a few Drops of his Dog-ſtealing Liquor upon his Clothes. This has the Property of making any Dog follow and jump upon the Perſon whom they ſmell it upon. Mr. *Grimes* had not ſat a great while before he roſe up to be gone, wiſhing them very merry; they in return wiſhing Mr. *Grimes* a very good Walk; and away goes he along the Town, crying, 'Buy my Cloth; any old Lace 'to be ſold;' this gave the firſt Alarm to the Dogs,

Dogs, who coming out and ſmelling the Liquor, preſently gathered about the *Scotchman*, that before he had got many Yards he had a Score of Dogs upon him, the little ones embraced his Legs, the larger his Thighs, and the largeſt fairly rid upon his Back; Mr. *Grimes*, amazed at theſe unuſual Salutations and Careſſes, employed his Staff and Tongue to drive them away; this enraged the Owners of the Dogs, who preſently rattled about the Ears of the *Scotchman*, crying out, 'You damned Rogue, what have you got in your Pack?' Mr. *Grimes*, thus ſet upon on every Side, rid by the Dogs, curſed by the Men, and ſcolded by the Women, the whole Town in an Uproar, and finding neither his Staff nor Words would drive away the Dogs, thought himſelf verily bewitched, and ran into the firſt Publick Houſe he came to. Mr. *Carew*, having thus diverted himſelf and Company, was not willing to puniſh Mr. *Grimes* any longer; he, therefore, perſuaded his Landlord to go to him, and tell him, He found his Bottle of Liquor had broke in his Pocket, and ſuppoſed ſome muſt have run upon his Clothes, and that he muſt get them well waſhed before he would get rid of the Dogs. Away goes the Landlord, and coming to the Houſe, aſked Mr. *Grimes*, What was the Matter with him? O! ſays the poor *Scotchman*, very ſorrowfully, I am certainly bewitched by ſome old Hag or another. Bewitched, damn you, replies the Landlord,

why it is Mr. *Carew*'s Bottle has broke in his Pocket, and you muſt get your Clothes well waſhed. This put Mr. *Grimes* in a very great Rage, and he curſed himſelf for coming among them; however, he was obliged to be pacified, get his Clothes all waſhed, and ſet out very peaceably before it was light the next Day.

Not long after this, Mr. *Crew* comes to *Bideford* again (where he had been ſome Time before, and delivered the Compaſs to Captain *Harvey*'s Wife, who immediately burſt into Tears upon ſeeing it, ſuppoſing her Huſband was dead,) and goes to the *Dolphin*, where, as he was drinking, he ſees ſome Gentlemen in the *Butcher-Row*, and aſks the Landlord who they were; being told they were the Captains *Harvey*, *Hopkins*, and *Burd*, Go, ſays he, and give my Duty, and tell them Mr. *Bamyfylde Moore Carew* is at your Houſe. The Landlord goes accordingly, and ſoon returned with the Captains, who were glad to ſee our Hero, who returned them many Thanks for the Favours he had received from them in *America*. The Captains aſked him a great many Queſtions about his Travels through the *Indian*'s Country, &c. and told him, They never thought he would have gone through that dangerous Undertaking, but expected to have ſeen him return back again. He then gave them an Account of every Thing to their Satisfaction, telling them, He had followed

their

their Directions in every Point. They afterwards treated him very handſomely, and made a Collection for him. The Captains then going out, and reporting that he was in Town, drew a great Concourſe of People to ſee him, to the no little Profit of the Landlord; for our Hero had ordered no one ſhould be admitted in to ſee him till they had firſt drank a Quart of Ale in the Houſe.

Some Time after this, he diſguiſed himſelf like a poor miſerable decripid old Man, and falls to ſelling of Matches and gathering of Rags; and happening to meet with a Brother Ragman at *Wiveliſcombe*, they joined Company, and agreed to travel to *Porlock* together: Juſt as they came to *Gutter-Hall*, Night coming on a-pace, they propoſed taking up their Quarters there; but the Landlord told them, He had no Lodging to ſpare, but if they would go half a Mile farther, and lie in an haunted Houſe, they ſhould have their Lodging free Coſt, and good Bread, Cheeſe and Cyder, with a Raſher of Bacon into the Bargain. The Ragmen very readily accepted this Offer; and away go they, accompanied by the Landlord, to Farmer *Liddon*'s Houſe: When they came there, the Landlord told the Farmer, He had brought two Men who would lie in the haunted Houſe. The Farmer received them very gladly, and aſked them, if they were ſure they had Courage enough to do it? adding, he would give them twenty Shillings if they

could lay the old Woman. Never fear, Farmer, replies Mr. *Carew*; we have not only courage to ſpeak to, but Learning enough to lay the old Woman, ſo that you ſhall never hear of her more. Things being thus agreed on, the Farmer's Son, a great ſtout Fellow, willing to ſhew his Courage, in a very bold Manner offered to keep them Company. Having provided themſelves with Firing, Cyder, Bread, Cheeſe and Bacon, away they adjourn to the haunted Houſe, but not before Mr. *Carew* had taken an Opportunity of going out into the Yard, and filled his Pockets with large Stones: When they came to the haunted Houſe, they made a good Fire, and he and his Companion ſat down eating and drinking very merrily; but the Farmer's Son beginning to have ſome Terrors upon him, had but little Stomach to eat. About the Middle of the Night, when every Thing is moſt ſilent and ſolemn, at that Time when almoſt every Whiſper of the Wind is apt to create a Fear, Mr. *Carew* took an Opportunity of throwing a Stone, unſeen, up the Stairs, which coming rumbling down again with a frightful Noiſe, might have, at that Time, ſtruck a Pannick into the moſt courageous Heart. The Farmer's Son turned pale, and leaped from his Chair in a great Fright, believing no leſs than the old Woman was making her Entrance; but nothing appearing, the ſame awful Silence and Stillneſs as before took Place, only Fear ſtaid behind in the Farmer's

mer's Breaſt, and Mr. *Carew* and his Companion kept mute, as though in Expectation of what would follow: But ſoon this ſolemn Silence was diſturbed by a loud Thump at the Door; again the Famer leaps from his Seat, crying out, *O Lord! ſave and deliver us.* At the ſame Time, unable to command thoſe Paſſages at which Fear is apt to iſſue out, he cauſed a Smell, almoſt as bad as Satan himſelf is ſaid to bring along with him: Mr. *Carew* caught him in his Arms, and holding his Head cloſe to his Breaſt, cries, don't be afraid Mr. *Liddon*, for I will make the old Woman to fly; at the ſame Time pretending to conjure her, he repeated three Times very ſolemnly, *Hight Spirito Diabolico rubro Oceano*, whilſt his Companion goes a little on one Side, & anſwers in a ſqeaking Tone, like *Joan Liddon*, Unleſs my Will is fulfilled, I will tear them in Pieces. Soon after Cock-crowing there was another huge Blow at the Door; and then they bid the Farmer look up, telling him, The old Woman was gone; however, he would not let go of Mr. *Carew*. Juſt as Day-light appeared, his Companion goes forth and picks up the Stones from the Stairs, Entry, *&c.* He had ſcarce done this, before the old Farmer came down to ſee if his Son was alive, and if they had ſpoke to old *Joan*: He accoſted them with, How do you do? how have you ſpent the Night? O! Father! replied the Son, moſt terribly indeed; you can't conceive what Ratlings

and

and Noiſes we have heard; but this good Man ſecured me in his Arms: But what Stink is this, replied the Father; ſure old *Joan* ſtinks of Brimſtone, or ſomething worſe, if ſhe brought this along with her. Ay, Father! Father! ſays the Son, I believe you would have raiſed as bad a Stink as I have done, if you had been here. Well, well, ſays the Father, perhaps I might; but have you ſpoke to old Joan? Yes, indeed, replied Mr. *Carew*: And what does the old Woman ſay? She ſays if her Will is not exactly fulfilled, as ſhe deſired, ſhe will never leave haunting you; but, if it is, all ſhall be well and quiet. Away then they all go to the Farmer's Houſe, where they were made very welcome, and received the twenty Shillings according to Promiſe, the Farmer requeſting they would ſtay the next Night by themſelves, (for he believed his Son would have no Stomach to go with them,) and tell the old Woman every Thing ſhould be fulfilled according to her Will, and they ſhould be ſatisfied to their Content. They accordingly paſſed the next Night there very merrily, and received another twenty Shillings in the Morning; which was well beſtowed too by the Farmer, for ever after the Houſe had the Reputation of being very quiet.

Mr. *Carew* and his Companion then ſet forward for *Porlock*, where they parted Company; and Mr. *Carew* coming into *Porlock*, met Dr. *Tanner*, a Relation of old *Joan Liddon's*,

non's, and his Brother, Parſon *Tanner*, along with him: After the uſual Salutations, he very compoſedly aſked, If they had heard the News of the Conjuration of old *Joan?* The Doctor replied, They had heard ſomething of it, and that he was reſolved either to ſend or take a Ride over himſelf, to enquire into the Truth of it. He confirmed it to them, which occaſioned a great deal of Diſcourſe about it, and who theſe two Conjurers ſhould be.

We ſhould, perhaps, have paſſed over in Silence this Adventure of our Hero's; but that, an Author of the firſt Rate has taken a great deal of Pains to frighten * a poor Soldier, and entertain his Readers by dreſſing up his Hero in a white coloured Coat, covered with Streams of Blood; though we cannot well conceive how thoſe Streams of Blood, which ran down the Coat in the Morning, ſhould appear ſo very viſibly twenty Hours afterwards, in the Middle of the Night, and at a Diſtance, by the Light of a ſingle Candle; notwithſtanding that this great Author has very judiciouſly acquainted us it was a light coloured Coat: But however this may be, we are of Opinion, that the Farmer's Son in the above Adventure, is a much more entertaining Character than the Soldier, in the renowned Hiſtory we are ſpeaking of; and that our Hero, whenever

* *Vide* Hiſtory of *Tom Jones*, Vol. 2d, Page 150.

whenever it was needful, could make a much more tremendous Figure than Mr. *Jones*, in his white coloured Coat covered with Streams of Blood, the following is a ſufficient Inſtance.

Mr. *Carew* being in the Town of *Southmolton*, in *Devon*, and having been ill uſed by a great Officer there, vulgarly called the *Bellman*, was reſolved to take a comical Revenge. It was about that Time reported, and generally believed, that a Gentleman of the Town, lately buried, walked by Night in the Churchyard; and as the Bellman was obliged, by his nightly Duty, to go through it juſt at the Hour of One, that well known accuſtomed Time of *Spectres* iſſuing from their Graves, Mr. *Carew* repaired thither a little before the Time, and ſtripping into his Shirt, lay down upon the Gentleman's Grave: Soon after, hearing the Bellman approach, he raiſed himſelf up with a ſolemn Slowneſs; which the Bellman beholding by the glimmering Light of the Moon through ſome thick Clouds, was harrowed (as *Shakeſpear* expreſſes it) with Fear and Wonder; a cold Horror ſhot through every Part of his Body, and an univerſal Palſy ſeized every Limb; but as Nature moſt commonly dictates Flight in all ſuch Caſes, he retreated with as much Haſte as his ſhaking Limbs would allow; but as Fear naturally inclines us to look back upon the Object we are flying from, he ſeveral Times caſt his Eye behind

behind him, and beheld the Ghoſt following him with a ſolemn March: This added freſh Vigour to his Flight, ſo that he ſtumbled over Graves and Stones, not without many Bruiſes, and at length dropped his Bell, which the Ghoſt ſeizing upon as a Trophy, forbore any farther Purſuit; but the Bellman did not ſtop till he reached Home, where he obſtinately affirmed he had ſeen the Gentleman's Ghoſt, who had taken away his Bell, which greatly alarmed the whole Town; and there were not wanting many who afterwards frequently heard the Ghoſt ringing the Bell in the Church-Yard.

It was ſome Time before the Bellman had the Courage to re-aſſume his uſual nightly Round through the Church-yard; but after a while his Fear abating, he ventured upon it again, and met with no Interruption: But Mr. *Carew* happening about a Year after to be in *Southmolton* again, was afreſh inſulted by the *Bellman*, which made him reſolve to give him a ſecond Meeting in the Church-yard: Taking therefore the Opportunity of a very dark Night, he dreſſed himſelf in a black Gown, put on a great Fur Cap on his Head, and at the uſual Time of the Bellman's coming, repaired to the Church-yard, holding in his Mouth, by the Middle, a Stick lighted at both Ends, at the ſame Time rattling a large heavy Iron Chain. If the Bellman's Terror before was great, it was now much greater; and indeed the Appearance, joined to the rattling

tling of the Chain, was ſo hideous, that the boldeſt Soldier might have been terrified by it, without any Imputation of Cowardice. The Bellman fled away with all the Wings of Fear, the Spectre following him at a Diſtance, rattling the Chain with a moſt hideous Noiſe; ſo that the Bellman concluding himſelf to be haunted by the Devil, declined ever after his nocturnal Employment.

CHAP. XVII.

Mr. Carew *appears in new Characters with great Succeſs; takes Shipping for* Ireland; *His Reception there by Lord* Anneſly, *&c.*

ABOUT this Time Mr. *Carew* met Mr. *Philipps*, a celebrated Limner in *Porlock*, who ſhewed him a great many Pictures, and aſked him, If he knew any of them? He pointed out his old Schoolfellow, *Edward Dyke*'s, Eſq; and Sir *Thomas Carew*'s. Mr. *Philipps* then aſked him, If he would ſit for his Picture; as he had been deſired to draw it by Mr. *Coppleſtone Bam-*

Bampfylde; which our Hero agreeing to, he went the next Day and the following to ſit for his Picture, undiſguiſed*: When it was finiſhed, Mr. *Philips* deſired him to come again another Time, in his mumping Dreſs, which he accordingly promiſed to do, and intends to perform his Promiſe.

From hence he goes to *Minehead*, and calls upon ſeveral of his old Acquaintance, viz. Dr. *Ball*, *Parſon Beer*, and the Collector, who all treated him very kindly. Having raiſed Contributions from theſe Gentlemen, he goes to his Quarters, and deſires them to lend him a Pair of Trouſers, having a Mind to try ſome of the neighbouring Country Pariſhes; which having put on, he goes into the Pariſhes, pretending to be a poor caſt-away Seaman, 3500 Miles from Home, and picks up a great deal of Money, and ſeven or eight Pounds of Bacon, which he brought to his Quarters, and gave for the Loan of his Trouſers.

Some Days after he met with an old Female Acquaintance, who had a young Child with her, at a Place called *Embercombe*, with whom joining Company, they came into *Dunſter*, and lay at private Lodgings. The next Day, being willing to indulge his Companion, he borrowed her Child, a Gown and one of her Petticoats; and being thus accoutred with the Child in his Arms, returns to

* It is from this Picture, that the Print of Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, lately publiſhed, Price Six-Pence, was engraved.

Minehead, amongſt the Gentlemen he had ſo lately received Contributions from; and here pretending to be an unfortunate Woman, whoſe Houſe had been burnt at *Cadleigh*, and giving a good Account of the Place and the Inhabitants, to thoſe who aſked any Queſtions, coughing very violently, and making the Child to cry, he got a great deal of Money, Clothes for the Child and Victuals; with which returning to *Dunſter*, he gave the Mother of the Child the Clothes, and the greateſt Part of the Money he had got in this Trip: Neither was this Method new to him, for he had long before this taught his own Daughter, a little Infant, to ſay, Drowned in a Boat, ſo often as himſelf or any other Perſon aſk'd her, What was become of her Mother or Mammy? Having made her perfect in this Leſſon, he ſet out with her upon his Back, and pretended to have been a Sailor on board a Veſſel which had been lately loſt on the Coaſt of *Wales*, and moſt of the Ship's Crew and Paſſengers drowned, among which, he ſaid, was the Mother of the tender Infant at his Back, and that he had ſaved himſelf and the Infant by Swimming; and by this Story he got a great deal of Money every where, eſpecially, as by Way of Confirmation, when he was telling of it, he would turn and aſk the Babe, Where's your Mammy, my Dear, my Jewel? to which the Babe would reply, Drowned in the Boat; which ſo affected all that heard it,

that

that it not only drew their Purſes, but their Tears too.

From *Dunſter* he went through the Country to *Ildfracombe*, where he enquired for a Paſſage to *Ireland*: He was told there was no Veſſel going for *Ireland*, but that he might have a Paſſage for *Wales*, which he ſoon reſolved upon, and after waiting upon the Collector and ſome other Friends in *Ildfracombe*, ſet ſail for *Swanſey*. He had no ſooner landed there, but he goes to the Rev. Mr. *Griffy* of that Place, in the Character of a caſt-away Seaman, a Native of *Devonſhire*; and as he gave a particular Account of Mr. *Griffy*'s Son, the Miniſter of *Biſhop's-Nympton*, he was made very welcome, and handſomely relieved, and by Mr. *Griffy*'s Recommendation got a great deal of Money in the Town.

From hence he goes in the ſame Character to Lord *Manſel*'s at *Cowbridge*, and other Places, and returns again to *Swanſey*; and thence ſets out again, travelling through all the Country to *Tenby*, where hearing of one Captain *Lott*, * he waits upon him with the ſame Story, but with the Addition of his Name being *John Lott*, whereby he got half a Crown, and a good Welcome. He next ſets out for *Carmarthen*, and gets a great deal of Money from the *Welſh* Gentry, pretending now to be

* Mr. CAREW had ſome Time before this, enliſted himſelf to this ſame Captain LOTT, and left him the next Day, taking with him an extraordinary fine Spaniel of the Captain's.

an unfortunate Sailor belonging to *Ireland*, who had been caſt away by *Portland* Race, coming from *Bilboa*. He proceeded upon the ſame Story to *Aberyſtwyth* and *Port Ely*, where he chanced to meet with a Brother of the Mendicant Order, to whom he was known; they enquired of each other's Succeſs, and many other Particulars, and agreed to join Company for ſome Time: Mr. *Carew* now got a Sier-Cloth of Pitch, which he laid to his Arm, with a raw Beef Stake at Top, covered with white Bread and Tar, which has the exact Appearance of a green Wound; they ſtill continued in the ſame Story of being caſt away, but added to it, that he had fell off the Rigging, and wounded his Arm in that Manner: They travelled together with good Succeſs as far as *Shadwell*, where they parted Company.

Our Hero made the beſt of his Way to *Holy-Head*, and begging a Paſſage on board the Packet to *Dublin*, after a fine Paſſage, landed at *Ring's-End* near that City: His firſt Enquiry here was for his old Acquaintance, and in particular for one Mr. *Crab*, and my Lord *Anneſly*, who had been Schoolfellows with him at *Tiverton*; he found my Lord *Anneſly* liv'd about a Mile from the Town, but did not ſee him the firſt Day, he being gone to *Bleſſing-Town*, as the Servants told him; accordingly he ſet out for that Town the next Day, where he found my Lord at a Tavern with ſeveral Officers; he went in and told the Tavern-keeper, he wanted to ſpeak with my

my Lord; but as his Appearance was none of the beſt, the Tavern-keeper did not care to carry this Meſſage to my Lord, but aſked What his Buſineſs was? Tell him, ſays he, that I am an old Schoolfellow of his, and want to ſee him. My Lord being told this, came out with two Gentlemen, and enquired who he was? which our Hero telling him, Ha! Mr. *Carew*, ſaid my Lord, Is it you, Mon? walk in, walk in. What, ſays one of the Captains, Is this old *Carew!* the very ſame, replies my Lord. After he had ſat down ſome Time, and talked over ſeveral old Affairs with my Lord, one of the Captains aſked him if he could get him a good Pointer? Ay, ay, that he can, replies my Lord, for by my Saoul Mon he and I have ſtole many a Dog, and lay in many a Hay-Tallet, in our youthful Days. Then turning to Mr. *Carew*, told him, His Fame was ſpread as much in *Ireland* as in *England*. It is ſo indeed, replied one of the Captains. My Lord then aſked him, How he found him out there? he replied, he had been directed by their old Schoolfellow *Crab*. Well, ſays my Lord, you ſhall go home along with me. He deſired to be excuſed, as he deſigned going to ſee Lord *St. Leiger*, who was another of his Schoolfellows; but my Lord ſwore by his Saoul he ſhould go home along with him, and viſit Lord *St. Leiger* another Time: Accordingly a Horſe was provided for him, and they all ſet out for *Dublin*.

The next Day my Lord *Anneſly* took him to his own Houſe. During his Abode here, which was about a Fortnight, our Hero received great Civilities from the *Iriſh* Gentry, Lord *Anneſly* introducing him to all the chief Company in the City, as the Man they had heard ſo much Talk of. One Day Mr. *Obrien*, a Gentleman of great Fortune, being in Company, aſked Mr. *Carew*, if he had ever been on board the *Yarmouth* Man of War? he replying, That he had been in her up the *Baltick*; the Gentleman aſked, if he remembered a young Gentleman in her, about fourteen Years of Age, very fat, and had a Livery Servant to wait on him? he replying, that he remembered him very well, and that he was bleſt with as beautiful a Face as any Youth he ever ſaw; the Gentleman aſked if he recollected what became of him? which he anſwered by ſaying, he died at *Goſport* a Day or two after they landed there, and that Mr. *Price* of *Pool* compoſed a *Latin* Epitaph for him; at which the Gentleman could not refrain letting fall ſome Tears, it being his own Brother he was ſpeaking of. He then aſked, What Men of War were with them at that Time? All which he gave a very good Account of, ſaying, Sir *Charles Wager* and rear Admiral *Walton* commanded; Sir *Charles* carrying a red Flag at the Fore-topmaſt-Head of the *Torbay*; and the latter the Blue at the Mizen of the *Cumberland*, both 80 Gun Ships. The Gentleman replied, he was ſatisfied, for he

he had given a very faithful Account of every Thing; then made him a Preſent to drink his Health when he came to *England*, for Lord *Anneſly* ſaid he would ſupply him whilſt he was in *Ireland*. A great Hunting Match being propoſed, Lord *Anneſly* told them, Mr. *Carew* could make one with the beſt of them at that Diverſion; upon which he was deſired to make one of the Party; accordingly they ſet out very early next Morning, and had fine Sport, he exerting all his Abilities, though he was afraid of riding into ſome Bog, of which that Country is very full; when the Chaſe was ended, they all went to Lord *Anneſly*'s to Dinner, and the Company allow'd him to be an excellent Sportſman.

Lord *Anneſly* afterwards took him to *Newry*, and many other Places, introducing him to all Company. At length he deſired Liberty to go and ſee his old Schoolfellow Lord *St. Leiger* at *Donnerail*, which Lord *Anneſly* would not conſent to, unleſs he promiſed to call upon him again in his Return; which he promiſing to do, he ſent his Servant with him as far as *Bleſſing-Town*; parting with the Servant here, he travelled to *Kilkenny*; from hence to *Caſhill*, (where is a fine Seat belonging to Lord *Mar-Ker*) *Clonmel*, and *Cahir*, where our Hero was taken dangerouſly ill. It would be unpardonable not to mention the Hoſpitality he was treated with here; his good Landlady finding him ſo ill, ſent for the Miniſter of the Place to come

and

and pray by him, which he accordingly did, and at going away clapped half a Crown into his Hand, and ſoon after ſent an Apothecary to him, who adminiſtered what Medicines were proper for him, which had ſo good an Effect as to ennable him to get upon his Legs; however, they would not let him proceed forwards for ſeveral Days, leſt he ſhould relapſe; and before he ſet out, the Miniſter of the Pariſh ſent his Clerk round the Place, to make a Collection for the Stranger. Being at laſt perfectly recovered, he ſet out for Lord *St. Leiger*'s; when he came there, and was introduced, my Lord preſently recollected him, and cry'd, why ſure, and double ſure, is it *Carew!* then aſk'd, How long he had been in *Ireland?* adding, he hoped he would ſtay with him ſome Time. My Lord made him very welcome, and they talked over ſome of the merry Pranks they had played together. Mr. *Carew* enquired, If Sir *Matthew Day*, another of their old Schoolfellows, was alive? my Lord told him he was dead; but that there was a young Gentleman would be very glad to ſee any old Friend of his Father's. He abode with Lord *St. Leiger* about a Forghtnight, being treated in the kindeſt Manner poſſible; and at his Departure my Lord made him an handſome Preſent, and gave him a good Suit of Clothes, with a recommendatory Letter to young Mr. *Day*.

Here he was received with great Civility, as

as well upon the Account of Lord *St. Leiger*'s Letter, as being an old Schoolfellow of Mr. *Day*'s Father; the Converſation happening to fall upon Dogs, Mr. *Day* told him, He had heard he was very famous for enticing Dogs away, and that Sir *William Courtenay*'s Steward had told him there was no Dog could reſiſt his Enticements; however, he believed he had one that would: He then ordered a ſurly moroſe Dog to be brought out, and offered to lay a Wager he could not entice him away, which he readily accepted of, and begun to whiſtle to the Dog, but found him very ſurly; upon which he took out a little Bottle, and dropping a few Drops upon a Bit of Paper, held it unſeen to the Dog, and then told Mr. *Day* the Dog would follow him to *England*. Away then goes he, and the Dog after him, Mr. *Day* and his Servants all followed, calling *Roger*, *Roger*, which was the Name of the Dog; but *Roger* turned a deaf Ear to all they could ſay, not thinking proper to turn about once. Mr. *Carew* having diverted himſelf ſufficiently, by leading Mr. *Day* and his Servants above half a Mile, turn'd back again with the Dog following him. Having abode here ſome Days, he took his Leave, receiving a handſome Preſent from Mr. *Day*, and then returned back to Lord *St. Leiger*; and from thence to *Kinſale*, where he took the firſt Opportunity of a Veſſel, and landed at *Padſtow* in *Cornwall*.

From

From hence he goes to *Camelford*; thence to *Great Torrington*, where he met with his Wife, and then proceeded to *Bideford*; and on the next Day, being *Sunday*, ſtrolled down to one *Holmes*'s, who kept a Publick-Houſe between *Bideford* and *Appledore*, where he paſt great great Part of the Day, drinking pretty freely; and Money being at a low Ebb with him, he deſired Landlord *Holmes* to lend him a good Suit of Clothes, which he accordingly did; being thus gallantly equipped, he goes and plants himſelf at the Church Door in *Bideford*, and pretending to be the unfortunate Supercargo of a Veſſel which had been, a few Days before, caſt away near the *Lizard*, he got a very handſome Contribution. From hence he goes to *Barnſtable*, where he had great Succeſs, none ſuſpecting him in this Dreſs, as it was certainly known ſuch a Ship had been caſt away near the *Lizard* a few Days before. Returning back, he calls upon 'Squire *Ackland* at *Tremington*, where he got half a Crown of the Lady upon the ſame Story; then ſteering to *Appledore*, meets with his Landlord *Holmes*, who had been in no little Fear about his Clothes, however, he would not diſrobe till he had been into *Appledore*, where he added to his Store, and then returning to *Holmes*, reſtored him his Clothes, and gave him ſome Part of the Profit of the Excurſion.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Mr. Carew's *firſt Acquaintance with Sir* William W--d---m; *pays him a ſecond Viſit: The Stratagem he executed upon the Cuſtom-houſe Officers in all the Sea-Ports of the Weſt of* England: *The Diſcovery he made at Sir* Thomas Hobby's *in* Hampſhire, &c.

IT was about this Time, Mr. *Carew* became acquainted with the Hon. Sir *William W---d---m*, in the following Manner: Being at *Watchet* in *Somerſetſhire*, near the Seat of this Gentleman, he was reſolved to pay him a Viſit; putting on therefore a Jacket and a Pair of Trouſers, he made the beſt of his Way to *Orchard Wyndham*, Sir *William*'s Seat; and luckily met Sir *William*, Lord *Bolingbroke*, and ſeveral other Gentlemen and Clergy, with ſome Commanders of Veſſels, walking in the Park; Mr. *Carew* approached Sir *William* with a great deal of ſeeming Fearfulneſs and Reſpect; and with much Modeſty acquainted him he was a *Silverton* Man, (which Pariſh chiefly belongs to Sir. *William*) and that he was the Son of one of his Tenants, named *Moore*; had been to *New-*

Newfoundland, and in his Paſſage homeward, the Veſſel was run down by a *French* Ship in a Fog; and only him and two more ſaved; and being put on board an *Iriſh* Veſſel, was carried into *Ireland*, and from thence landed at *Watſhead*; Sir *William* hearing this, aſked him a great many Queſtions concerning the Inhabitants of *Silverton*, who were moſt of them his own Tenants, and of the principal Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood, all which Mr. *Carew* was perfectly acquainted with, and therefore gave ſatisfactory Anſwers; Sir *William* at laſt aſk'd him if he knew *Bickley*, (which is but a ſmall Diſtance from *Silverton*) and if he knew the Parſon thereof; Mr. *Carew* replied, he knew him very well, and indeed ſo he might, as it was no other than his own Father; Sir *William* then enquired what Family he had, and whether he had not a Son named *Bampfylde*, and what was become of him? Your Honour, replies he, means the Mumper and Dog-ſtealer: I don't know what is become of him, but it is a Wonder if he is not hanged by this Time: No, I hope not, replied Sir *William*; I ſhould be very glad, for his Family's Sake, to ſee him at my Houſe. Having ſatisfactorily anſwered many other Queſtions, Sir *William* generouſly relieved him with a Guinea, and Lord *Bolingbroke* followed his Example; the other Gentlemen and the Clergy contributed according to their different Rank, which they were the more inclined to do, as the Captains found he could give

give a very exact Account of all the Settlements, Harbours and moſt noted Inhabitants in *Newfoundland*; Sir *William* then ordered him to go to his Houſe, and tell the Butler to ſee him well entertained, which accordingly he did; and ſet himſelf down with great Content and Satisfaction; but our Enjoyments are often ſo ſuddenly daſhed, that it has become a Proverb, "*Many Things happen between the Cup and the Lip*," and ſo Mr. *Carew* now found it; for while he was in the Midſt of his Regale, he ſaw enter, not the Ghoſt of *Bloody Banquo* to take his Seat from him, no! nor yet the much more tremenduous Figure of Mr. *Thomas Jones*, in a light colour'd Coat covered with Streams of Blood; no, but the Foot-Poſt from *Silverton*, with Letters to Sir *William*.----*Horace* has rightly obſerved,

Diſtrictus Enſis cui ſuper impia
Cervice pendet, non Siculæ Dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt ſaporem:
Non avium, citharæque cantus
Somnum reducent.

Or, to ſpeak to our *Engliſh* Readers, "a Man "who has a drawn Sword hanging over his "Head by a Hair has but little Stomach to "eat, however ſumptuous the Treat." The Foot Poſt that we juſt now mentioned was little leſs than a Sword hanging by a Hair over Mr. *Carew*'s Head, for as he thought it natural Sir *William* would aſk him ſome Queſtions about Mr. *Moore*; and as he did not chuſe (tho' he had

paſt Sir *William*'s Examination) to undergo a freſh one, he made great Haſte to riſe from Table, and ſet out without uſing much Ceremony; a few Miles diſtant from Sir *William*'s, he met Dr. *Poole* going from *Dulverton* to Sir *William*'s, who knowing Mr. *Carew*, ſtopp'd his Horſe to talk to him. Amongſt other Converſations at Sir *William*'s, the Doctor happening to mention whom he had met that Day, (not knowing that he had been at Sir *William*'s) it was ſoon known by the Deſcription he gave of his Perſon and Habit, to be no other than the unfortunate *Silverton* Man, to whom Sir *William* and his Friends had been ſo generous, which occaſioned a great deal of Mirth. About two Months after, Mr. *Carew* ventured to pay Sir *William* a ſecond Viſit in the Habit and Character of an unfortunate Grazier; he met the worthy Baronet and his Lady taking the Air in a Chaiſe, in a Meadow where ſome Haymakers were at work; he approached them with a great deal of modeſt Simplicity, and began a very moving Tale of the Misfortunes he had met with in Life: In the midſt of his Oration, Sir *William* call'd to the Haymakers to ſecure him; which ſtruck his Eloquence dumb, or at leaſt chang'd it from the Pathetic to the Tragic Stile, for he could not conceive what might be the End of this; however, Sir *William* ſoon gave him the Choice of either a true Confeſſion of his Name and Profeſſion, or a Commitment to Priſon; he made

made Choice of the former, and confeſſed himſelf to be Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, Sovereign of the whole Community of Mendicants; Sir *William*, with a great deal of Humour and Good-nature, treated him with all that Reſpect which is due to Royalty; entertain'd him generouſly at his Houſe, and made him a very handſome Preſent at his Departure, deſiring him to call upon him as he came that Way; and he was ever after a conſtant Friend and Benefactor to him.

Soon after this he planned a new Deſign, and put it in Execution with great Succeſs; dreſſing himſelf in a chequed Shirt, a Jacket, and Trouſers, he goes upon *Exeter* Key; and with the rough but artleſs Air and Behaviour of a Sailor, enquired for ſome of the King's Officers, whom he informed, that he belonged to a Veſſel lately come from *France*, which had landed a large Quantity of run Goods, but the Captain was a Raſcal, and had uſed him ill, and d--n his Blood, if he would not----- He was about to proceed, but the Officers, who with greedy Ears ſwallowed all he ſaid, interrupted him by taking him into the Cuſtom-Houſe, and filling him a Bumper of Cherry Brandy, which, when he had drank, they forced another upon him, perſuading him to wet the other Eye, rightly judging that the old Proverb, in Wine there is Truth, might with equal Propriety be applied to Brandy, and that they ſhould have the fuller Diſcovery, the

more the honeſt Sailor's Heart was cheared: But that no Provocation ſhould be wanting to engage him to ſpeak the Truth, they aſked him if he wanted any Money? He with as much Art anſwered very indifferently, No; adding, He ſcorned to make ſuch a Diſcovery out of a mercenary View, but that he was reſolved to be revenged of his Captain. They then ordered him to go to the Sign of the Boot in St. *Thomas*'s, in *Exeter*, whither they ſoon followed him, having firſt ſent Mr. *Eaſtchurch*, an Exciſeman, to aſk what he would have for Dinner, and what Liquor he would have to drink. A Fire was lighted up Stairs, in a private Room, a Couple of Ducks roaſted, and full Glaſſes of Wine and Punch went chearfully round; they then thruſted four Guineas into his Hands, which at firſt he ſeemed unwilling to accept of, which made them the more preſſing. He now began to open his Mind with great Freedom, gave a particular Account of the Veſſel, where they had taken in their Cargo at *France*, what it conſiſted of, the Day they ſailed, and the Time they were in the Paſſage, and at laſt concluded with acquainting them, They had landed and concealed Part of this valuable Cargo in the Out-houſes of 'Squire *Mollock* of *Cockington*, and the Remainder in thoſe of 'Squire *Cary*, of *Tor-Abbey*, (both which Houſes, upon Account of ther Situation on the Sea-ſide, were very noted for ſuch Concealments.) The Officers having now

now got the Scent, were like ſagacious Hounds for purſuing it forthwith, and thought it proper the Sailor ſhould accompany them: but to prevent all Suſpicion, reſolved he ſhould change his Habit: They therefore dreſſed him in a ruffled Shirt, a fine Suit of Broad Cloth belonging to the Collector, and put a Gold-laced Hat on his Head; then mounting him on a very fine black Mare, away they rode together, being in all ſeven or eight of them; they that Night reached *Newton-Buſhell*, where they lay at the Bull: Nothing was wanting to make the Night jovial; the greateſt Delicacies the Town afforded were ſerved up at their Table, the beſt Liquors broached for them, and Muſick, with its enlivening Charms, crowned the Banquet; the Officers Hearts being quite open and chearful, as they already enjoyed, in Imagination, all the Booty they were to ſeize on the Morrow; thinking they could not do enough for the honeſt Sailor, they enquired, If he knew any thing of Accompts? promiſing, if he did, to get him a Place in the Cuſtoms. In the Morning, after a good hearty Breakfaſt, they ſet forwards for *Tor-Abbey*; and being arrived in *Tor* Town, they demanded the Conſtable's Aſſiſtance, who was with the utmoſt Reluctance prevailed upon to accompany them in making this Search, 'Squire *Cary* being a Gentleman ſo univerſally beloved by the whole

Pariſh, (to whom be always behaved as a Father) that every one was very backwards in doing any Thing to give him the leaſt Uneaſineſs. Did Gentlemen of large Eſtates in the Country but once taſte the exalted Pleaſure of making a whole Neighbourhood happy, and conſider how much honeſt Induſtry they might ſupport, how much Miſery they might alleviate, and how many daily Bleſſings they might have poured forth upon their Heads, from Hearts overflowing with Love, Reſpect, and Gratitude, almoſt to Adoration; we ſhould not ſo often ſee them leave their noble Country Manſions, to repair to Noiſe and Folly; nor Exchange the Heart enlivening Pleaſure of making Numbers happy, for the beguiling Smiles and unmeaning Profeſſions of a Prime Miniſter: Neither ſhould we hear ſuch frequent Complaints of the Behaviour of their poor Neighbours, for Goodneſs and Beneficence are ſuch irreſiſtible Ties, that few have Hearts bad enough to attempt breaking through them.

Being come to the Houſe, they all dismounted, and the Collector deſired the Sailor to hold his Horſe, but he replied, He would go round the Garden, and meet them on the other Side of the Houſe, to prevent any Thing being conveyed away, and that it would be proper he ſhould be preſent to ſhew the particular Place in which every Thing was depoſited. This appeared quite right to the Collector;

tor; he therefore contented himſelf with faſtening his Horſe to the Garden Pails, and proceeds with the reſt of the Officers in great Form to ſearch the Dog-Kennel, the Coal-Houſe, Dove-Houſe, Stables, and all other ſuſpicious Places, expecting every Minute to ſee the informing Sailor, who by this Time was nearly got back to Newton-Buſhel, having turned his Horſe's Head that Way as ſoon as he got out of Sight of the Collector; he ſtopped at the Bull, where they had been the preceeding Night and drank a Bottle of Wine; then ordering a handſome Dinner to be got ready for his Company, whom he ſaid he had left behind, becauſe his Buſineſs called him with urgent Haſte to *Exeter*, claps Spurs to his Horſe, and did not ſtop till he reached that City, where he put up at the *Oxford Inn*, then kept by Mr. *Buckſtone*, to whom both himſelf and Friends were well known: He acquainted Mr. *Buckſtone* that he was now reformed, and lived at home with his Friends, and ſpent the Night very jovially, calling for the beſt of every Thing. In the Morning he deſired Mr. *Buckſtone* to do him the Favour of lending him a Couple of Guineas, till he could receive ſome of a Merchant in the City upon whom he had a Bill, for the Merchant was gone out of Town. As Mr. *Buckſtone* had a Mare in his Cuſtody worth ten or twelve Pounds, he made no Scruple of doing it; and ſoon after Mr. *Carew* thought proper to change

his

his Quarters, without bidding the Landlord good-by, leaving the Mare to diſcharge his Reckoning and the Loan he had borrowed: He repaired immediately to a Houſe of uſual Reſort for his Community, where he pulls off the fine Clothes the Collector had lent him, and rigs himſelf in a Jacket and Trowſers; then ſetting out for *Topſham*, about three Miles from the City of *Exeter*, he there again executes the ſame Stratagem upon Mr. *Carter* and the other Officers there, informing them of great Concealments at Sir *Coppleſton Bampfylde*'s Houſe at *Poltimore*, for which they rewarded him with a good Treat and a Couple of Guineas. The *Exeter* Officers (whom, as we have before ſaid, he left without any Ceremony at 'Squire *Cary*'s) having ſearched all the Out-houſes, and even the Dwelling-Houſe very narrowly, without finding any prohibited Goods, began to ſuſpect the Sailor had outwitted them, therefore returned in a great Hurry to *Newton-Buſheil*, all their Mirth being turned into Vexation, and their great Expectations vaniſhed into Smoak. Soon after they had diſmounted from their Horſes, the Landlord brought in the Dinner, which he ſaid their Companion had ordered to be got ready for them; but though it was a very elegant one, (the Landlord having exerted all his Abilities about it) yet they found Abundance of Fault with it; for it is common with moſt People, when they are chagrined with one Thing, to find

find Fault with every Thing; however, as it was too late to reach *Exeter* that Night, they were obliged to take up their Quarters there; but inſtead of the Jollity and good Humour that reigned among them the Night before, there now ſucceeded a ſullen Silence, only interrupted now and then by ſome Exclamations of Revenge, and Expreſſions of Diſlike of every Thing that was brought them: When they came into *Exeter* the next Day, they had Intelligence brought them of the Mare, which was ſafe enough at the *Oxford Inn*; but they were obliged to diſburſe the Money Mr. *Carew* had made her his Surety for.

From *Topſham* Mr. *Carew* proceeded to *Exmouth*, where he likewiſe ſucceeded; and from thence to 'Squire *Stucky*'s, a Juſtice of the Peace at *Brandſcombe*, about four Miles from *Sidmouth*, and being introduced, acquaints his Worſhip with what Diſcoveries he could make; the Juſtice thereupon immediately diſpatches a Meſſenger for Mr. *Duke*, an Officer in *Sidmouth*; in the mean Time entertains him very handſomely, and preſſes him to accept of two Guineas, as a ſmall Token of Kindneſs, often ſhaking him by the Hand, and ſaying, He thought himſelf very much obliged to him, for making this Diſcovery to him; and that, as a Reward for his Loyalty to the King, he would engage to get him a Place, having many

ny Friends at London. About Two o'Clock the next Morning Mr. *Duke*, the Sailor, and a Servant of the 'Squire's, ſet forward towards *Honiton*; it being at 'Squire *Blagden*'s, near that Town, they were to find the hidden Treaſure; Mr. *Carew* was mounted on a good Horſe of Juſtice *Stuckey*'s, and while the Officer and Servant were very buſy in ſearching the Out-houſes and Stables, Mr. *Carew* gives them the ſlip, and poſts away to *Honiton*, where he took ſome Refreſhment at the Three Lions; and leaving the Juſtice's Horſe to anſwer for it, haſtes away to *Lyme* in *Dorſetſhire*, where he applies to Mr. *Jordan*, the Collector of the Place, whom he ſends upon the ſame Errand ſome Miles off to Col. *Brown*'s at *Frampton*; and the Collector judging it not proper for him to accompany him, for fear of creating Suſpicion, left him at his own Houſe, till his Return, giving his Servants Orders to let him want for nothing; at the ſame Time making him a handſome Preſent, as an Earneſt of a greater Reward when he returned; Mr. *Carew* enjoyed himſelf very contentedly at the Collector's Houſe for ſeveral Hours, eating and drinking of the beſt, as he knew *Frampton* was too great a Diſtance for him to return preſently; but he prudently weighed his Anchor when he thought the Collector might be on his Return; and ſteers his Courſe towards *Weymouth*, where he makes his Application to the

the Collector, and after being handſomely treated, and a Preſent given him, ſends the Officers to 'Squire *Grove*'s near *White-ſheet*, and 'Squire *Barber*'s on the *Chace*, both in *Wiltſhire*; and as ſoon as they were gone, he ſets out for *Poole*, and ſends the Collector and Officers of that Place to Sir *Edward Boobry*'s, who lived in the Road between *Saliſbury* and *Hendon*; they gave him two Guineas in Hand, and a Promiſe of more upon their Return with the Booty; in the mean Time recommended him to an Inn, and gave Orders he ſhould have any Thing the Houſe afforded, and they would make Satisfaction for it: But this Adventure had like not to have ended ſo well for him as the former; for being laid down upon a Bed to take a Nap, having drank a little to freely, he hears ſome People drinking and talking in the next Room of the great Confuſion there was in all the Sea-Ports in the Weſt of *England*, occaſioned by a Trick put on the King's Officers by one *Bampfylde Carew*, and that this News was brought to *Poole* by a *Devonſhire* Gentleman, who accidentally came that Way; Mr. *Carew* hearing this, rightly judged *Poole* was no proper Place to make longer Stay in, he therefore inſtantly aroſe, and by the Help of a back Door gets into a Garden, and with much Difficulty climbed over the Wall thereto belonging, and makes the beſt of his Way to *Chriſt-Church* in *Hampſhire*; here he

he aſſumed the Character of a ſhip-wrecked Seaman, and raiſed conſiderable Contributions; coming to *Ringwood*, he enquired of the Health of Sir *Thomas Hobby*, a Gentleman in that Neighbourhood, who was a Perſon of great Hoſpitality; he was told that ſome of the Mendicant Order, having abuſed his Benevolence in taking away a Pair of Boots after they had received a handſome Preſent from him, it had ſo far prejudiced Sir *Thomas*, that he did not exerciſe the ſame Hoſpitality as formerly; this greatly ſurprized and concerned Mr. *Carew*, that any of his Subjects ſhould be guilty of ſo ungrateful an Action; he was reſolved therefore to enquire ſtrictly into it, that if he could find out the Offender, he might inflict a deſerved Puniſhment upon him: He therefore reſolved to pay a Viſit to Sir *Thomas* the next Morning, hoping he ſhould get ſome Light into the Affair; when he came to the Houſe, it was pretty early in the Day, and Sir *Thomas* was not come out of his Chamber; however, he ſent up his Paſs, as a ſhip-wrecked Seaman, by one of the Servants, who preſently returned with half a Crown. As he had always been wont to receive a larger Preſent from Sir *Thomas*, whenever he had applied to him, he thought there was ſome unfair Practice at Bottom; he therefore aſked the Footman for a Copper of Ale to drink the Family's Health, hoping Sir *Thomas* might come down by that Time,

Time; the Servant pretended to be in ſo great a Hurry that he could not attend to draw any, but as he was of too *humane a Nature* to permit the poor Sailor to ſuffer by his Hurry, he gave him a Shilling out of his own Pocket to drink at the next Publick Houſe: This extraordinary Generoſity of the Footman encreaſed Mr. *Carew*'s Suſpicion, he therefore kept loitering about the Door, and often looking up at the Window in hopes of ſeeing Sir *Thomas*; which accordingly happened, for at length Sir *Thomas* flung up the Saſh, and accoſted him in a free familiar Manner, calling him Brother Tar, and telling him he was ſorry for his Misfortunes, and that he had ſent him a Piece of Money, to aſſiſt him in his Road to Briſtol: Heavens bleſs your Honour, replied he, for the Half Crown your Honour ſent me; upon which Sir *Thomas* immediately ran down in his Morning Gown, and with great Paſſion ſeized the Footman by the Throat, and aſked him what he had given the Sailor; the Fellow was ſtruck dumb with this, and indeed there was no Need for his Tongue on the preſent Occaſion, for his Looks and the trembling of his Limbs ſufficiently declared his Guilt; however, he at laſt owned it with his Tongue; excuſing it, by ſaying, he knew there was an ill Uſe made of the large Bounties his Honour gave: Sir *Thomas*, enraged at the Inſolence of his Servant, beſtowed upon him the Diſcipline

of the Horſe-whip, for his great Care and Integrity in not ſeeing his Bounty abuſed; adding, he now ſaw by whoſe Villainy he was deprived of his Boots: He then made the Footman return the whole Guinea to the Sailor, and diſcharged him from any further Service in his Family; upon which Mr. *Carew* took his Leave with great Thankfulneſs, and went his Way, highly pleaſed with his good Succeſs in this Adventure.---Here we cannot forbear wiſhing that there was no higher Character in Life than Sir *Thomas*'s Footman, to whoſe Hands Gold is apt to cling in paſſing through them; that there was no Steward who keeps back Part of his Maſter's Rents, becauſe he thinks he has more than he knows what to do with; no Managers of Charities, who retain Part of the Donor's Benefaction in their own Hands, becauſe it is too much for the Poor; nor Officers of the Public, who think they may ſquander the Publick Treaſure without Accompt, becauſe what is every Body's is no Body's.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Mr. Carew *appears in a new Character; his Voyage up the* Baltick, *and his Travels by Land through* Ruſſia, Sweden, *and* Denmark; *his Return to* England; *Hiſtory of a* Gipſey *Infant, now an accompliſhed Lady*; *Mr.* Carew *viſits* Paris, *and ſeveral other Places in* France; *meets with Mrs.* Horner; *the Character of that Lady.*

MR. *Carew* having laid aſide his Sailor's Habit, puts on a long looſe Veſt, places a Turban on his Head, and dignifies his Chin with a venerable long Beard: He was now no other than a poor unfortunate *Grecian*, whom Misfortunes had overtaken in a ſtrange Country; he could not utter his ſorrowful Tale, being unacquainted with the *Language* of the *Country:* But his mute Silence, his dejected Countenance, a ſudden Tear that now and then flowed down his Cheek, accompanied wih a noble Air of Diſtreſs, all pleaded for him with a more perſuaſive Eloquence, than perhaps the ſofteſt Language could have done, and

raiſed him conſiderable Gains; and indeed Benevolence can never be better exerted than towards unfortunate Strangers, for no Diſtreſs can be ſo forlorn as that of a Man in Neceſſity in a Foreign Country; he has no Friends to to apply to, no Laws to ſhelter him under, no Means of providing for his Subſiſtence, and therefore can have no Reſource but in thoſe benevolent Minds who look upon the whole World as their Brethren. We have already mentioned Mr. *Carew*'s being on board the *Yarmouth* up the *Baltick*, it will not be therefore improper here to relate the Occaſion of that Voyage, which was as follows: He and his beloved Friend *Coleman* being at *Plymouth*, and appearing to be able-bodied Men, ſome Officers who chanced to ſee them there, thought them extremley fit to ſerve his Majeſty, therefore obliged them to go on board the *Dunkirk* Man of War; but they not liking this, *Coleman* prick'd himſelf upon the Wriſt, between his Fingers and other Joints, and enflaming it with Gunpowder, every one thought it to be the Itch; he was therefore carried aſhore, and put into the Hoſpital, from whence he ſoon made his Eſcape: Mr. *Carew* tried the Stratagem, but too late, for the *Lively* and *Succeſs* Men of War now arriving from *Ireland* with impreſs'd Men, they were all of them carried imm diately (together with the impreſs'd Men ying at *Plymouth*) to the grand Fleet, then ly-

ing

ing at *Spithead*; they were firſt put on board the *Bredau*, Admiral *Hoſier*, to chuſe whom he lik'd of them; and their Names being called over, the *Iriſhmen* were all refuſed; which Mr. *Carew* ſeeing, declared himſelf, in the *Iriſh* Brogue, to be a poor *Iriſh* Weaver, and diſabled in one Arm; whereupon he was alſo refuſed: The *Iriſh*, among whom he was now rank'd, were carried from Ship to Ship, and none would accept of them, which made them all expect to be diſcharged, but they were diſappointed in their Hopes, for they were put on board the *Yarmouth*, Captain *Obrien*, being one of the Squadron deſtin'd for the *Baltick*. Mr. *Carew* finding Captain *Obrien*, refuſed no *Iriſhmen*, when he came to be examined, changed his Note, and declared himſelf to be an *Engliſhman*, but crippled in one Arm; however, the Captain accepted of him, and putting a Sword in his Hand, made him ſtand Centry at the Bitts; which eaſy Poſt he liked very well; and during all the Time he was on board, every one thought him really diſabled in his Arm.

The Fleet ſailing from *Spithead* with a fair Wind, anchored ſafe at *Copenhagen*, and the King of *Denmark* came on board Sir *Charles Wager*; the Moment he ſet his Foot on board, both the Flag Ships were covered with an infinite Number of Colours of every Hue, which waving in the Wind, made a moſt gallant Sight; upon his Departure, the Colours were

all taken down in an Inſtant, and every Ship fired 18 or 20 Guns. Sailing from *Copenhagen*, they anchored next in *Elſon Nape*, in *Sweden*; from hence they ſailed to *Ravel* in a Line of Battle, in Form of a Rainbow, and anchored there; the ſick Men were carried aſhore to *Argan* Iſland, which Mr. *Carew* obſerving, and burning with Love to re-viſit his native Country, counterfeited Sickneſs, and was accordingly carried aſhore to this Iſland, which lies near *Ravel*, belonging to the *Muſcovites*, from whence Boats come every Day to fetch Wood: He prevailed upon an *Engliſhman*, who was a Boatſwain of one of the *Czarina*'s Men of War, to give him a Paſſage in his Boat, from that Iſland to *Ravel* Town: When he came there, the Boatſwain uſed great Endeavours to perſuade him to enter into the *Czarina*'s Service, but it was all in vain, being reſolved to return to his beloved Country; the Boatſwain therefore having entertained him a Day and a Night at his Houſe, gave him at his Departure a Piece of Money, and engaged ſeveral *Engliſhmen* of his Acquaintance to do the ſame; he likewiſe furniſhed him with a Bag of Proviſions, a Bottle of excellent Brandy, a Tinder-Box, and a few Lines wrote in that Country Language, which was to ſhew to thoſe he met, to inform him of the Road he was to go; and then conducted him out of Town: He that Night took up his Lodging in the Woods, and by the Help of his Tinder-Box made a large Fire all round

round him, to ſecure himſelf from any Viſits from the wild Beaſts, then broiled a Piece of Fleſh, drank a Dram, and reſted very quietly till Morning, it being the Middle of Summer. The whole Country here is wild, full of vaſt Woods, and large uninhabited Deſarts, the Towns and Villages lying very thin. In the Morning, finding his Way out of the Woods, he eſpies a lonely Hut, to which he made up, and making Signs of Hunger and Thirſt, they gave him ſome Ruſk Bread and Cabereta, or Goat's Fleſh, to eat, and ſome Goat's Milk to drink, which is the uſeful Fare amongſt thoſe People, who are moſt of them *Lutherans* by Religion, and lead very ſober Lives: Of ſome of them he got ſmall Bits of Money, which they call *Campekes*, and are of Silver, ſomething larger than a Barley Corn, being of a Penny Value; he likewiſe frequently got Drams of excellent Brandy amongſt them, and his Shoes being worn out by travelling, they gave him a Pair of wooden ones, which ſat very aukward upon his *Engliſh* Feet: After ſix or ſeven Days Travel through this wild Country, he came to *Riga*, a large Town and famous Sea-Port: Here he met with many *Engliſh* Merchants and Commanders of Veſſels, who were very kind to him; he tarried two Days in *Riga*, to reſt and refreſh himſelf; during which the *Engliſh* Merchants and Commanders provided Lodging and other Accommodations for him, collecting upwards of fifty

Shillings

Shillings for him: Having expeſſed hs utmoſt Gratitude towards his good Benefactors, he again purſued his Journey, ſubſiſting himſelf ſometimes on the Charity of the Inhabitants of the Country, and at other Times milking the Cows that he found upon the Mountains, or in the Woods: The next Place of Note he arrived at was the City of *Dantzick*, in the Kingdom of *Poland*; here he found a great Number of *Engliſh* Merchants, who traded to *Briſtol* and *Exeter*, and had many Correſpondents living in thoſe Places, ſeveral of whom Mr. *Carew* being acquainted with, he gave a particular Account of. Having been entertained here very hoſpitably for ſeveral Days, he ſet out again, having firſt received ſome handſome Preſents from the *Engliſh* Merchants. From *Dantzick* he got a Paſſage on board an *Engliſh* Brigantine, bound for *Copenhagen*, but through Streſs of Weather obliged to put into *Elſon Nap*, where he went on Shore, and travelled by Land to *Stockholm*, the Capital of *Sweden*; but in his Road thither he loſt his Way in this wild and deſart Country, and for the Space of three Days and Nights ſaw neither Houſe, Hut, or Human Creature, the Weather being very thick and foggy: Nothing could be more melancholy and dreadful than theſe three Days Travel; his Proviſionswere exhauſted, & every Step he took he was uncertain whether it might not lead him farther into the Woods; as he could

could make no Obſervation how the Country lay, the Fog intercepting the Sight of every Thing: Sometimes Fancy would paint to him a Hut through the Fog, at a little Diſtance, to which he would direct his Steps with eager Haſte, but when he came nearer found it nothing but an Illuſion of Sight, which almoſt drove him to Deſpair: The fourth Day he was exceeding hungry, when to his great Joy he eſpied two ſhe Goats faſtened together by Ropes of Straw; he ran to them with great Eagerneſs, and drank very heartily of their Milk; after this he began to conſider that there muſt be ſome Hut at leaſt hard by, as the Goats could not have ſtray'd in that Manner any great Diſtance; he therefore reſolved to ſtay upon the Spot ſome Time, and ſoon after the Fog clearing up, he eſpied a Hut juſt before him, to which he preſently repaired, and there got a Belly-full of their homely Fare, and Directions to find his Way to *Stockholm*. The Religion of this Country being chiefly *Lutheran*, he paſſed for the Son of a *Preſbyterian* Parſon, and his Name *Slowly*, pretending to have been caſt away in a Veſſel bound for *Rivel*: The *Lutherans* at *Stockholm* were exceeding kind to him, and raiſed a handſome Contibution for him; he likewiſe chanced to meet at *Stockholm* with a Relation of Dr. *Bredaw*, a *Swiſs* Gentleman, reſiding at *Dartmouth*, in *Devonſhire*, who aſked ſeveral Queſtions about him; and as Mr. *Carew* was very well acquainted with

with him, he gave very ſatisfactory Anſwers; upon which Account the Gentleman gave him a Guinea, a great Fur Cap, a Coat, and a fine Dog, with a Letter to carry to his Relation at *Dartmouth*.

From *Stockholm* he went to *Charles-Town*, and after a ſhort Stay there, continued his Journey to *Copenhagen*, the Metropolis of *Denmark*: Here he met with one Captain *Thomas Giles*, of *Minehead*, in *Somerſetſhire*, who knew him, and was ſurpriz'd to ſee him in that Part of the World, and not only liberally relieved him himſelf, but recommended him to ſeveral *Engliſh* Commanders there, and ſeveral Inhabitants of the City. From *Copenhagen* he went to *Elſenbergh*, thence to *Elſinore*, where he got Paſſage for *England*, and arrived in his Native Country, landing at *Newcaſtle upon Tyne*; where having viſited his Wife's Relations, he ſet forward for *Devonſhire*, travelling all the Way in the Character of a ſhipwreck'd Seaman. Meeting at *Exeter* with his beloved Wife, and likewiſe his Friend *Coleman*, with his Wife, they travelled together for ſome Time; during which *Coleman*'s Wife was delivered of a Daughter; and as they found ſo helpleſs an Infant a great Hinderance to their travelling, Mr. *Carew* contrived a Stratagem to get rid of it, and at the ſame Time advance the Fortune of the Child.

There was in the Town where they then were a gay Batchelor, who lived with his Mother

ther and Siſters, and was a great Admirer of that Order of Female Travellers called *Couſin Betties: Coleman*'s Wife had been with him ſome Months before in that Character, was very well entertained, and amongſt other Favours received a Preſent of a Silk Handkerchief. They therefore dreſſed up the Babe very neatly, wrapp'd it exceeding warm, and put it into a Hand-Baſket, taking Care to put in the Handkerchief *Coleman*'s Wife had received from this gay Batchelor; then getting a large Boar Cat, in the Duſk of the Evening they tied it to the Knocker of the Door, ſetting down before it the Baſket with the helpleſs Infant: The Cat not liking this Treatment, made a hideous Squalling, and with his Struggling, rap, rap rap goes the Knocker of the Door; out runs the Gentleman with his Mother, Siſters and Servants, and the Neighbourhood gathers about the Door to ſee what this Noiſe ſhould mean; Mr. *Carew* and *Coleman* mingled among them, to ſee what would be the Event of their Stratagem: The Cat, by long ſtruggling, gets free from the Knocker, and runs away, only leaving Part of her Tail behind: The Baſket alone now engages the Attention of every one, and being delivered to the Gentleman to open, the feeble Cry of an Infant ſoon reaches their Ears; the Mother and Siſters, alarmed at this unexpected Salutation, ſnatch'd the Baſket from him, and upon the Child's Breaſt found a Note in theſe Words:

" Remem-

" Remember, Sir, where you met me; you " have not been ſo kind as you often promiſ- " ed and ſwore you would: However, as it " juſtly belongs to you, I have made bold to " ſend the Fruit of our Meetings, and this " Handkerchief, which you gave me for a " Token. Be kind to your Infant Daughter, " and the unfortunate Mother on her Part " will forgive you."

Your's, *&c.*

The horrid ſqualling of the Cat did not grate ſo diſagreeably upon the Gentleman's Ears, as the reading of theſe Words; ſo that his Hat and Wig were flung off, and he ran about ſtamping and ſwearing that the Child was none of his; neither did he know any Thing of the Mother: On the other Hand, his Mother and Siſters flew into a violent Rage, aſſailing his Ears on every Side with Reproaches; ſo that he would at that Time have thought Deafneſs preferable to any one of the Senſes. " Do'ſt thou deny the Child to be " thine! cries the Mother, Has it not thy very " Eyes, Noſe, and Mouth? and is not this " thy Handkerchief? Thou can'ſt not deny " that, for I can ſafely ſwear it was thine." The poor Gentleman, thus beſet on all Sides, was obliged to quit the Field; the Child was taken into the Houſe, brought up and educated there, and is at this Day a very accompliſhed fine Lady.

Some

Some Time after this Adventure, he took Paſſage at *Folkſtone*, a noted Sea-Port in *Kent*, for *Boulogne* in *France*, where he arrived ſafe, and proceeded to *Paris* and other noted Cities of that Kingdom: His Habit was now tolerably good, his Countenance grave, his Behaviour ſober and decent, pretending himſelf to be a *Roman Catholick*, who had left *England*, his native Country, out of an ardent Zeal of ſpending his Days in the Boſom of the Catholick Church. This Story readily gained Belief; his Zeal was univerſally applauded, and handſome Contributions made for him; but at the ſame Time he was ſo zealous a Roman Catholick; with a little Change of Habit, he uſed to addreſs thoſe *Engliſh* he heard of in any Place, as a Proteſtant and ſhip-wreck'd Seaman: He had the good Fortune in this Character to meet an *Engliſh* Phyſician at *Paris*, to whom he told his deplorable Tale, who was ſo much affected by it, that he not only reliev'd him very handſomely, but what was more, recommended him to that noble Pattern of unexhauſted Benevolence, Mrs. *Horner*, who was then on her Travels, from whom he received Ten Guineas, and from ſome other Company with her, five more. -- Here, Reader, if thou haſt a good Heart, we cannot entertain thee better than by drawing a true, though faint Picture of this generous Lady; for were Benevolence and Generoſity real Beings, we are

perſuaded they would act juſt like her, with ſuch an unſparing Hand would they beſtow their Bounties; with ſuch Magnificence reward Deſert, with ſuch god-like Compaſſion chear the Afflicted, and juſt ſo make happy all around them: But thou can'ſt form no adequate Idea, unleſs thou haſt been in the Neighbourhood of that noble Manſion, * where Beneficence has fixed her Seat; permit me therefore to tranſport thee hither, to bleſs thy Sight with the delightful Scene; ſee already a neat and decent Temple † ſtrikes thy Eye: It is ſhe has erected it to the Honour of her God. Thou art ſurpriz'd, I ſee, to behold the grave Doctor ‡ coming out of his gilded Chariot to enter the ſordid Huts of Poverty; but know, ſhe has already paid his Fees: See here, another compounding the choiceſt Drugs and Medicines for a whole Neighbourhood; it is her Bounty has ſupplied them. Caſt your Eye the other Way, and behold that Company of aged and decrepid Poor; they are going to receive their daily Bread at her Tables. But let us enter this poor Cottage: See here are the Holy

* The Seat of Mrs. *Horner*, at *Melbury*, in *Dorſetſhire*.

† The Pariſh Church, re-built at her Expence.

‡ An eminent Phyſician, who is allowed a conſtant Salary by her to viſit the poor Sick in her Neighbourhood.

ly Scriptures, and other Books of pious Inſtruction; and hark, the liſping Child is reading diſtinctly in one of them: Her Munificence has beſtowed theſe uſeful Gifts, and inſtilled Inſtruction into that tender Mind. Behold with how dejected a Look, and griefſwoln Heart, with what a Load of Care yon Perſon enters the Manſion; but ſee, he returns, how changed his Aſpect; Joy ſparkles in his Eye, and tumultuous ſwells his exulting Heart; Content ſits chearful upon his Brow, and he no longer bends under his Care: What wonderful Magick has wrought this ſudden Change? The Opening only of her beneficent Hand has done it.

CHAP. XX.

Mr. Carew *is ſeized upon by his Enemies on* Topſham *Key, and forced on board a Veſſel bound with Convicts to* Maryland; *the Character of the Captain; Confuſion occaſioned in the Veſſel by his Death; they are in great Danger of being loſt; their Arrival in* Maryland: *Mr.* Carew *eſcapes from the Veſſel, and flies into the Woods; his bold Exploit in paſſing the River* Delaware; *a Deſcription of the City of* Boſton *in* New-England, *&c.*

WHAT we are now going to relate will raiſe an honeſt Indignation in the Breaſt of every true Lover of Liberty; for all ſuch know that the beauteous Flower of Liberty ſickens to the very Root, (like the ſenſitive Plant) at the ſlighteſt Touch of the Iron Hand of Power upon any of its moſt diſtant Branches.

Mr. *Carew* being in the City of *Exeter* with his Wife, and having viſited his old Friends there,

there, takes a Walk to *Topſham*, about three Miles diſtant, leaving his Wife in *Exeter*. Alas! little did he think this Walk would end in a long and cruel Separation from his Friends and Country; little did he imagine that in the Land of Freedom and Juſtice he ſhould be ſeized upon by the cruel Graſp of lawleſs Power; though poor, he thought himſelf under the Protection of the Laws, and as ſuch, liable to no Puniſhment till they inflicted it. How far he thought right in this let the Sequel tell: Going down to *Topſham*, and walking upon the Key there, enjoying the Beauties of a fine Evening, meditating no Harm, and unſuſpecting Danger, he was accoſted by Merchant *D---y*, accompanied with ſeveral Captains of Veſſels, in ſome ſuch Words as theſe; Ha! Mr. *Carew*, you are come in a right Time; as you came Home for your own Pleaſure, you now ſhall go over for mine. They then laid Hands on him, who found it in vain to reſiſt, as he was overpowered by Numbers; he therefore deſired to be carried before ſome Magiſtrate, but this was not hearkened to, for they forced him aboard a Boat without the Preſence or Authority of any Officer of Juſtice, not ſo much as ſuffering him to take Leave of his Wife, or acquaint her with his Misfortune, though he begged the Favour almoſt with Tears: The Boat carried him on board the *Phillerey*, Captain *Simmonds*, bound

for *America* with Convicts, which then lay off *Powderham* Caſtle, waiting only for a fair Wind. Here, had my Pen Gall enough, I would put a Blot of eternal Infamy on that Citizen of Liberty, who uſurped ſo much Power over a Fellow-Denizon, and thoſe who ſuffered a Brother of Liberty, however undeſerving, to be dragged to Slavery by the lawleſs Hand of Power, without the Mandate of ſovereign Juſtice. Fooliſh Wretch! doſt thou not know that thou ought'ſt to be more careful of keeping all uſurping Power within its Bounds, than thou would'ſt the raging Sea ready to overflow and overwhelm thy All; for thou who haſt once conſented to ſee Power oppreſs a Fellow Heir of glorious Liberty, how canſt thou complain if its all-graſping Iron Hand ſhould ſeize upon thyſelf, or whatever thou hold'ſt moſt dear? Then would'ſt thou, too late, bewail that thou hadſt ever ſuffered Power wantonly to ſet its Foot on the Neck of Liberty.

But to return: Mr. *Carew* was no ſooner put on board, then he was ſtrictly ſearched, and then taken between Decks, where he was ironed down with the Convicts: There was, at the ſame Time, a violent Fever raging among them, and Mr. *Carew*, by being chained with them Night and Day, was ſoon infected, and taken very ill; however, he had not the Liberty of ſending to his Wife, nor any of his Friends, though they lay three Weeks in the Road

Road for a fair Wind. In the mean Time his Wife not hearing any Thing from him, and uncertain of what was become of him, or whether he was alive or dead, abandoned herſelf to an Exceſs of Grief; for he had been always a kind and affectionate Huſband to her; ſhe therefore ſought him up and down, at all the Houſes of his uſual Reſort, but all in vain, for no News could ſhe gain of her beloved Huſband.

The Wind coming fair, they hoiſted Sail, and ſoon bid adieu to the *Engliſh* Coaſts.---We need not deſcribe what paſſed in Mr. *Carew*'s Breaſt at this Time: Anger and Grief prevailed by Turns; ſometimes Reſentment, for being thus treated, fired his Boſom, and he vowed Revenge: At other Times, the Thoughts of his being thus unexpectedly ſeparated from his Country and Friends, and doomed to an ignominious Slavery, filled him with Sadneſs, and melancholy Reflections: However, he had the Pleaſure, before it was long, of knowing he was not entirely deſerted; for Captain *Simmonds*, the Commander of the *Philleroy*, a humane compaſſionate Man, came down to him between Decks ſoon after they were under Sail, and bid him be of good Cheer, for he ſhould want for nothing; and though he had ſtrict Orders from Merchant *D*-----*y* never to let him return, yet he would be a Friend to him, and provide for him in the beſt Manner he could. Mr. *Carew* returned his Thanks to this

this generous and unexpected Benefactor in as handſome a Manner as he was able.

Soon after this, he had Liberty allowed him of coming upon Deck, where the Captain entered into Converſation with him, and jocoſely aſked, If he thought he ſhould be at Home before him? He generouſly replied, He thought he ſhould, at leaſt he would endeavour to be ſo; which the Captain took all in good Part.

Thus did Mr. *Carew* ſpend his Time, in as agreeaele a Manner as could be expected under his preſent Circumſtances; but alas! all our Happineſs is too fleeting, and we ſcarcely taſte the Pleaſure, before it is raviſhed from us: And thus it happened to our Hero; for they had ſcarcely been under Sail five Weeks, before the good Captain *Simmonds* was taken ill, which increaſed every Day with too many fatal Symptoms; till at laſt Death, who has no Regard to the Good and Virtuous, ſtruck the deadly Blow: But the Approaches of the griſly Tyrant were not ſo dreadful to this good Man, as the Thoughts of the Diſtreſs it would occaſion to his Wife and Family, whom he continually cry'd out upon, during his whole Illneſs. Mr. *Carew* bewailed the Loſs of his generous Benefactor with more than outward Sorrow. Every Thing in the Veſſel was now in Confuſion, by the Death of the Captain: At length the Mate, one *Harriſon*, of *Newcaſtle*, took Charge of the Veſſel, and the Captain's

tain's Effects; but had not long enjoyed his new Honours, before he was taken dangerouſly ill, ſo that the Veſſel was obliged to be left to the Care of the common Sailors, and was ſeveral Times in great Danger of being loſt. At laſt, after ſixteen Weeks Paſſage, in the Grey of the Morning, they made *Cape Charles*, and then bore away for *Cape Henry:* At *Hampton* they took in a Pilot, the Veſſel having ſeveral Times before run upon the Sands, and was not got off again without great Difficulty: The Pilot brought them to *Kent* Iſland, where they fired a Gun; and *Harriſon*, who was now recovered, went aſhore at *Annapolis*, and made a Bargain with one Mr. *Delany*, of that Place, for Mr. *Carew*, as an expert Gardiner. He was then ſent for on Shore, and Mr. *Delany* aſk'd him, if he underſtood Gardening? Being willing to get out of *Harriſon*'s Hands, he replied in the Affirmative; but Mr. *Delany* aſking, if he could mow? and he anſwering in the Negative, then you are no Gardiner, replied Mr. *Delany*, and ſo refuſed to buy him. Then one *Hilldrop*, who had been tranſported about three Years before from *Exeter*, for Horſe-ſtealing, and had married a Currier's Widow in *Annapolis*, had a Mind to purchaſe him, but they could not agree upon the Price; whereupon he was put on board again, and they ſailed for *Miles*'s River. Here they fired a Gun, and the Captain went on Shore: In the mean Time the Men Priſoners were ordered to be cloſe ſhav'd,

and

and the Women to have clean Caps on: This was ſcarcely done, before an Overſeer belonging to one Mr. *Bennet*, in *Way* River, and ſeveral Planters came off to buy: The Priſoners were all ordered upon Deck, and Mr. *Carew* among them: Some of the Planters knew him again, and cry'd out, "Is not this the Man Captain *Froade* brought over, and put a Pot-Hook upon?" Yes, reply'd *Harriſon*, the very ſame; at which they were much ſurprized, making Account he had been either killed by the wild Beaſts, or drowned in ſome River. Ay, ay, replied *Harriſon*, with a great Oath, I'll take Care he ſhall not be at Home before me. By this Time, ſeveral of the Priſoners were ſold, the Bowl went merrily round, and many of the Planters gave Mr. *Carew* a Glaſs, but none of them choſe to buy him.

During this, Mr. *Carew* obſerving a great many Canoes and Boats lying along-ſide the Veſſel, thought it not impoſſible to make himſelf Maſter of one of them, and by that Means reach the Shore, where he thought he might conceal himſelf, till he found an Opportunity of getting off: Though this was a very hazardous Attempt, and if he was unſucceſsful, would expoſe him to a great deal of hard Uſage, and probably put it out of his Power of ever regaining his Liberty, yet he was reſolved to venture. He recollected the common Maxim, that Fortune favours the Bold; and therefore took an Opportunity, juſt

as

as it grew dark, of ſlipping nimbly down the Ship's Side into one of the Canoes, with which he paddled with as much Silence and Expedition as poſſible, towards the Shore; but he had not gone far, before the Noiſe he made gave the Alarm, that one of the Priſoners was eſcaped: *Harriſon* immediately called out to enquire which of them, and where *Carew* was; and being told that he was gone off, ſwore, He had rather have loſt half the Priſoners than him. All Hands were then called upon to purſue; the Captain and Planters left their Bowl; the River was ſoon covered with Canoes, and every Thing was in Confuſion. Mr. *Carew* was within Hearing of this, but by plying his Canoe well, had the good Fortune to get to Shore before any of them: He immediately betook himſelf to the Woods as ſoon as he landed, and climbed up into a great Tree; where he had not been many Minutes, before he heard the Captain, Sailors, and Planters, all in Purſuit of him: The Captain fretted and ſtormed, the Sailors damn'd their Blood, and the Planters endeavoured to pacify every Thing, by telling the Captain, Not to fear, for they would have him in the Morning, as it was impoſſible for him to get off. He heard all this, though not unmoved, yet without taking Notice of it: At laſt, finding their Search fruitleſs, the Captain, Sailors, and Planters returned, the Planters ſtill aſſuring the

the Captain, they would have him in the Morning.

As ſoon as they were gone, he began to reflect upon his preſent Situation, which indeed was melancholy enough, for he had no Proviſions, was beſet on every Side, quite uncapable of judging what to undertake, or which Courſe to ſteer; however, he at laſt reſolved to retire further into the Woods, which he accordingly did, and got up into another Tree: Here he ſat all the ſucceeding Day, without a Morſel of Food; but was diverted with a great Multitude of Squirrels he ſaw ſkipping from Tree to Tree, and had he had a Gun, could have ſhot hundreds of Pigeons, there was ſo great a Plenty of them. The next Day, towards Night, Hunger became too powerful, and he was almoſt ſpent for Want of Food: In this Neceſſity he knew not what to do; at laſt, happening to eſpy a Planter's Houſe at ſome Diſtance, he was reſolved to venture down in the Night, thinking he might chance to find Food of ſome Sort or another, in or about the Houſe: Agreeable to this Reſolution, he came down the Tree, in the Middle of the Night, and going into the Planter's Yard, to his great Joy found there a Parcel of milking Cows penn'd in, which he ſoon milked into the Crown of his Hat, making a moſt delicious Feaſt, and then retired to the Woods again, climbing up into a Tree, where he paſ-

ſed

ſed the Day much more eaſy than he had the preceeding one. Having found out this Method of ſubſiſting, he proceeded forwards in the ſame Manner, concealing himſelf in a Tree in the Day-Time, and travelling all the Night, milking the Cows as often as he had an Opportunity; and, ſteering his Courſe, as near as he could gueſs, towards *Duck*'s Creek.

On the fifth Night he heard the Voices of ſeveral People near him, in the Woods, upon which he ſtepped on one Side, and concealed himſelf behind a Tree, till they ſhould paſs by; when they came near enough to diſtinguiſh their Words, he heard them ſay, We will make the beſt of our Way to *Duck*'s Creek, and there we ſhall certainly have him. He judged that theſe were ſome in Purſuit of him, therefore thought himſelf very happy in having ſo narrowly eſcaped them.

Upon the eighth Day he being upon a Tree, diſcovered a lone Houſe, near the Skirts of the Woods, and ſaw all the Family (as he ſuppoſed) going out to hoe Tobacco, and the Dog following them: This was a joyful Sight to him, for he had not the two preceding Nights met with any Cows, & conſequently had been without Food. As ſoon, therefore, as he ſaw the Family were out of Sight, he came down from the Tree, and ventured into the Houſe, where he found not only to ſatisfy his Hunger, but what might be deemed Luxury in

his preſent Condition, for there was Jolly Cake, Powell, a Sort of *Indian* Corn Bread, and good Omani, which is Kidney Beans grinded with *Indian* Corn ſifted, then put into a Pot to boil, and eat with Molaſſes. Seeing ſo many Dainties, he did not heſitate long, but Hunger preſſing, ſat down and eat the Omani with as much Compoſure as if he had been invited thereto by the Owner of it; and knowing that Hunger and Neceſſity are bound by no Laws of Honour, he took the Liberty of borrowing the Jolly Cake, Powell, and a Leg of fine Pork, then haſtens back to the Tree with his Booty. What the People thought when they returned at Night with good Appetites, and found their dainty Omani, their Jolly Cake, and their Pork, all vaniſh'd, we know not, but ſuppoſe they were not a little ſurpriz'd.

Being thus ſtock'd with Proviſions, he made the beſt of his Way to *Ogle Town* that Night, and ſo to *Old Town*. In the Dawn of the Morning, of the eleventh Day, he came in Sight of *Duck*'s *Creek*; but being afraid he might fall into the Hands of his Purſuers, he ſtrikes a great Way into the Woods towards *Tuck Hoe*, where ſtaying all the Day in a Tree, he came back again in the Middle of the Night to *Duck's Creek*; as ſoon as he came here he runs to the Water-ſide, to ſee for a Canoe, but found them all chain'd; He immediately ſet himſelf about breaking the Chain,

Chain, but found it too ſtrong, and all his Endeavours to break it in vain. Never was Man more thunderſtruck than he was now, juſt at the Time when he expected to be out of Danger, to meet with ſo unforeſeen and unſurmountable an Obſtacle: He knew there was no Way of eſcaping but by paſſing the River *Delaware*, but could think of no Method of effecting it. Several Hours did he paſs in this Agitation of Mind, ſometimes he had a Mind to try his Strength in Swimming, but the River being ſo wide he thought he ſhould not reach the oppoſite Shore; at laſt reflecting what one of his Anceſtors had done in ſwimming a Horſe over *Teignmouth* Bar, and ſeeing ſome Horſes grazing thereabout, he reſolved to attempt paſſing the *Delaware* in that Manner; for let the worſt happen, he thought Death preferable to Slavery: Being thus reſolved, he ſoon catches one of the Horſes, and making a Sort of a Bridle of his Handkerchief, brings the Horſe to the Waterſide; he walked for ſome Time on the Banks, looking for a proper Place to enter the Horſe, at laſt eſpying a little Stream, which run into the great River *Delaware*, he fell down on his Knees, and pray'd very earneſtly to God to aſſiſt him in the dangerous Attempt, that he might once more ſee his dear Wife and Country; then ſtripping himſelf, and tying his Frock and Trouſers about his Shoulders, mounted the Horſe; and putting him forward

a little, the Horſe loſt his Footing, and the Water came up to Mr. *Carew*'s Middle, who kept his Legs as cloſe as poſſible to the Horſe, and in this Manner he launched out into the great River *Delaware:* The Horſe ſnorted and neighed to his Companions, but made to the oppoſite Shore with all the Strength he could. Mr. *Carew* did not imagine the Horſe would be able to reach it, but purpoſed to ſave himſelf by ſwimming when the Horſe failed, for the River was three Miles over; however, contrary to his Expectations, the Horſe reach'd the Shore, but finding no Place to land, it being a ſandy Mud, was obliged to ſwim him ſome Time along the Shore, till he came to a little Creek, which the Horſe ſwimming into, ſoon got ſure Footing, to the great Joy of Mr. *Carew*. Our Hero then diſmounting, fell upon his Knees, ſaying, O my heavenly GOD, I thank thee for preſerving me in ſo great Danger, in bringing me ſafe over the River *Delaware*; then turning to the Horſe, kiſſed him, telling him, He muſt now turn Quaker as well as himſelf, and ſo let him go into the Woods.

His Clothes were not very wet; however, he ſtaid on the Banks ſome Time to dry them in the Morning Sun, then went up into the Country: The firſt Houſe he came to was a Miller's, whoſe Wife came out, and aſk'd him from whence he came? He told her, he had been Priſoner ſome Time in the *Havannah*, from

from whence he had been releaſed by an Exchange of Priſoners, and was now going Home. The good Woman pitied him much, and told him he looked very melancholy: But the Huſband coming in, ſaid he believed he was an *Iriſhman*: This he denied, averring he was of the Weſt of *England*, ſo they gave him a Piece of that Country Money, and a Mug of Rum, which he drinking greedily, being very thirſty, threw him into a violent Fever, that he was obliged to ſtop at a neighbouring Houſe, where he lay ſick for three or four Days. From hence he goes to *Newcaſtle*, where he raiſed Contributions from ſeveral Gentlemen, as he had done before, but not under the ſame Name. From hence to *Caſtile*, *Brandywine Ferry*, *Cheſter* and *Derby*, where he got Relief from the ſame Miller where Mr. *Whitfield* was, when he was there before, and lodged at the ſame Houſe, but took Care to diſguiſe himſelf, ſo as not to be known: Here he got a Paſs from the Juſtice, as a ſick Man, bound to *Boſton*. From hence proceeds to *Philadelphia*, to *Buck's* County, and over a Ferry into the *New Jerſies*, and away to *Burlington*, & *Amboyne*, ſo to *Trent Town*, in *Staten Iſland*; hence to *Brunſwick*, where he got Relief from Mr. *Matthews*, the Miller, who treated him ſo hoſpitably the firſt Time he was there, but who did not know him again now. From hence he proceeded to *Elizabeth Town*, *Long Iſland*, and *New-York*; and from thence to *New-London*, where he

chanced to ſee the Captain who had taken him Home before, but he avoided him. From *New-London* he proceeds to *Groten*, where he got a Twenty Shilling Bill from one Mr. *Goyſ*, and ſeveral Half Crown Bills from other People. He then enquired his Way to *Rhode-Iſland*, and his Landlord where he quartered went with him about two Miles of the Way, when they chanced to fall into the Company of ſome Drovers, who were driving a Number of Bullocks for the Uſe of ſome Privateers who lay at *Rhode-Iſland*. He therefore joined them, and after about nine or ten Miles travelling, they came to a Ferry, where they ſtopped at a Publick houſe for ſome Time, till the Bullocks were taken over; but neither the Tavern Man nor Drovers would ſuffer him to pay any Thing, they pitying his unfortunate Condition; paſſing over this Ferry they came to *Rhode-Iſland*.

Rhode-Iſland, by the Natives called *Aquetnet*, near the *Narragantſet* Bay, is 14 or 15 Miles long, and 4 or 5 Miles broad. It was firſt inhabited by the *Engliſh* in the Year 1639. Thoſe that withdraw to this Iſland were ſuch as eſpouſed the *Covenant* of Grace, and were under Perſecution from thoſe that ſided with the Covenant of Works. There's a very conſiderable Trade driven from *Rhode-Iſland* to the Sugar Colonies for *Butter* and *Cheeſe*, a ſure Sign of the Fruitfulneſs and Beauty of the Place for *Horſes*, *Sheep*, *Beef*, *Pork*, *Tallow*, and

and *Timber*, by which the Traders have been enriched. 'Tis deſervedly called the Paradiſe of *New-England*, for the Fruitfulneſs of the Soil, and the Temperature of the Climate, which, tho' it be not above ſixty-five Miles from *Boſton*, is a *Coat Warmer in Winter*, and being ſurrounded by the Ocean, is not ſo much affected in Summer with the hot Land Breezes as the Towns on the Continent are. They live in great Amity with their Neighbours, and tho' every Man does what he thinks right in his own Eyes, it is rare that any notorious Crimes are committed by them, which may be attributed, in ſome Meaſure, ſo their great Veneration for the Holy Scriptures, which they all read, from the leaſt to the greateſt, though they have neither Miniſters nor Magiſtrates to recommend it to them.

Here Mr. *Carew* found many of his old Acquaintance, particularly one Mr. *Perkins*, a Stay-maker, and Mr. *Gidley* and his Mother, who kept ſeveral Negroes for diſtilling of Rum, and Mr. *Southcott Langworthy*, a Pewterer, all Natives of *Exeter*, and one Mr. *Martin* of *Honiton* in *Devon*; they were all very glad to ſee him, he telling them, That he was taken by the *Spaniards*, and eſcaped from Priſon. They treated him with great Kindneſs, and gave him Letters and Monies to carry to their Friends in *England*.

From hence he goes through *Piſcataway* and *Marblehead* to *Boſton*, the Capital of *New-England*,

England, and the biggeſt City in *America*, except two or three on the *Spaniſh* Continent. 'Tis pleaſantly ſituated on a Peninſula, about four Miles in Compaſs, at the Bottom of a fine Bay, the *Maſſachuſets*, guarded from the Roughneſs of the Ocean by ſeveral Rocks appearing above Water, and by above a Dozen Iſlands, many of which are inhabited; and one, called *Nettles* Iſland, within theſe few Years, was eſteemed worth 2 or 300 l. a Year to the Owner, Colonel *Shrimpton*. There is but one common and ſafe Paſſage into the Bay, and not very broad, there being hardly Room for three Ships to come in a breaſt; but being once in, there is Room for the Anchorage of 500 Sail. The moſt remarkable of of theſe Iſlands is called *Caſtle* Iſland, from the Caſtle there built: It ſtand about a League from the Town, upon the main Channel leading to it, and is ſo conveniently ſituated, that no Ship of Burthen can approach the Town, without the Hazard of being torn in Pieces by its Cannon. It is now called *Fort William*, being mounted with 100 Pieces of Ordnance; 200 more, which were given to the Province by Queen *Anne*, are placed on a Platform near High Water Mark, ſo as to take a Ship Fore and Aft, before ſhe can bring her Broadſides to bear againſt the Caſtle. Some of theſe Cannon are 42 Pounders. Five hundred able Men are exempted from all Military Duty in Time of War, to be ready to attend the Service of the

the Caſtle at an Hour's Warning, upon any Signal of the Approach of an Enemy, which there ſeems to be no great Danger of at *Boſton*; where in 24 Hours time, 10,000 effective Men, well armed, might be ready for their Defence. To prevent all poſſible Surprize, there is a Light-houſe built on a Rock, appearing above Water, about a long League from the Town; which in Time of War makes a Signal to the Caſtle, and the Caſtle to the Town, by hoiſting and lowering the Union Flag ſo many Times as there are Ships approaching; which, if they exceed a certain Number, the Caſtle fires three Guns to alarm the Town of *Boſton*; and the Governor, if Need be, orders a *Beacon* to be fixed, which alarms all the adjacent Country; ſo that unleſs an Enemy can be ſuppoſed to ſail by ſo many Iſlands and Rocks in a Fog, the Town of *Boſton* muſt have ſix or more Hours to prepare for their Reception; but ſuppoſing they might paſs the Caſtle, there are two Batteries at the North and South End of the Town, which command the whole Bay, and make it impoſſible for an Enemy's Ship of Burthen to ride there in Safety, while the Merchant-men and ſmall Craft may retire up into *Charle*'s *River*, out of the Reach of the Cannon.

It is equally impoſſible for any Ship to be run away with out of this Harbour by a Pirate; for the Caſtle ſuffers no Ships outward-bound to paſs, without a Permit from the Governor, which

which is not granted without a Clearing at the Cuſtom-houſe, and the uſual Notice of Sailing, by looſening the Fore-top-ſail.

The Bay of *Boſton* is ſpacious enough to contain in a Manner the Royal Navy of *England*. The Maſts of Ships here, at the proper Seaſon of the Year, make a Kind of a Wood of Trees, like that which we ſee upon the River *Thames*, about *Wapping* and *Lime-houſe*, which may be eaſily imagined, when we conſider that by the Computation given in by the Collectors of his Majeſty's Light-Houſe, it appeared that there was twenty-four thouſand Tons of ſhipping cleared annually.

There is a large Pier at the Bottom of the Bay 1800 or 2000 Feet long, with a Row of Ware-houſes on the North ſide. The Pier runs ſo far into the Bay, that Ships of the greateſt burthern may unload without the Help of Boats and Lighters. The chief Street of the Town comes down the Head of the Pier; at the upper End of it is the Town-houſe, or Exchange, a fine Building; containing, beſide the Walk for Merchants, the Council-chamber, the Houſe of Commons, and a ſpacious Room for the Courts of Juſtice. The Exchange is ſurrounded with Bookſellers Shops, which have a good Trade. There are Five Printing Houſes, at one of which the *Boſton* Gazette is printed, and comes out twice a Week. The Preſſes here are generally full of Work, which is in a great Meaſure owing to the Colleges and Schools for

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uſeful Learning in *New-England*; whereas at *New-York* there is but one little Bookſeller's ſhop, and none at all in *Virgina*, *Maryland*, *Carolina*, *Barbadoes*, and the Sugar Iſlands.

The Town of *Boſton* lies in the Form of a Half-Moon, round the Harbour, and conſiſting of between 3 and 4000 Houſes, muſt make an agreeable Proſpect, the ſurrounding Shore being high, the Streets long, and the Buildings beautiful. The Goodneſs of the Pavement may compare with moſt in *London*; to gallop a Horſe on it is 3s. 4d. Forfeit.

It is computed the Number of Inhabitants is not leſs than 24,000, which is one third more than the Computation of the City of *Exeter*, and conſequently *Boſton* is one third bigger than that City, which is pretty near the Matter.

There are ten Churches in *Boſton*, which are, Old Church, North Church, South Church New Church, New North Church, New South Church, the Church of *England* Church, the *Baptiſt* Meeting, the and *Quakers* Meeting.

The Converſation in this Town is as polite as in moſt of the Cities and Towns of *England*; many of their Merchants having traded in *Europe*, and thoſe ſtay that at Home having the Advantage of Society with Travellers; ſo that a Gentleman from *London* would think himſelf at Home at *Boſton*, when he obſerves the Number of People, their Furniture, their Tables, their

their Dreſs and Converſation, which perhaps is as ſplendid and ſhowy as that of the moſt conſiderable Tradeſmen in *London*. Upon the whole, *Boſton* is the moſt flouriſhing Town for Trade and Commerce in the *Engliſh America*. Near 600 Sail of Ships have been laden here in a Year for *Europe*, and the *Britiſh* Plantations. Here the Governor commonly reſides, the General Court and Aſſembly meet, the Courts of Judicature ſit, and the Affairs of the whole Province are tranſacted.

The Streets are broad and regular; ſome of the richeſt Merchants have very ſtately well-built convenient Houſes. The Ground on which the Town ſtands is wonderful high, and very good Water is found all over it. There are ſeveral Wharfs built, which jet into the Harbour; one of which is eight hundred Feet in Length, where large Ships with great Eaſe may lade and unlade. On one Side are Ware-houſes almoſt the whole Length of the Wharf, where the Merchants ſtow their Goods; and more than fifty Ships may lade and unlade there at the ſame Time.

Coming into the City Mr. *Carew* was ſurprized at the Grandeur of it; and ſeeing a green Hill at the End of the great Street, much like *Glaſtonbury* Torr, he goes up it, and had a moſt beautiful Proſpect of the City from the Top of it, where was placed the Maſt of a Ship, with Pullies to draw up a lighted Barrel

Barrel of Tar to alarm the Country, in Caſe of an Invaſion. Going down the Hill again, he met two Drums, a Serjeant, and ſeveral Soldiers and Marines, who were, by beat of Drum proclaiming, that all the Taverns and Shopkeepers might ſafely credit the Soldiers and Marines to a certain Value. Some of the Soldiers preſently knew him, and accoſting him, perſuaded him to go along with them to one Mother *Paſſmore*'s, a Houſe of Rendezvous, where they were very merry together; while they were drinking, in came Captain *Sharp*, who commanded them, and was an old Friend of our Hero's: What, Mr. *Carew*, cries the Captain in a Surprize, who could think of ſeeing you here? When did you ſee my Brother? I ſaw him, replied he, about ſix Months ago, but his Lady is dead: Is ſhe ſo? ſaid the Captain, I have heard nothing of it. The Captain having aſked him ſeveral other Queſtions, treated him very handſomely, and kept him ſome Time at his own Charge; but his Heart glowing to ſee his Native Country, he once more reſolved to ſhip himſelf for *Old England*; accordingly he determined to go on board the *London*, a new Ship, commanded by Captain *Bowling*, but Captain *Sharp* perſuaded him to go with Captain *Ball*, in the Ship *Mary*; he accordingly agreed to take the Run with him for 15l. 15 Gallons of Rum, 10 Pounds of Sugar and Tobacco, and 10 Pipes; they were

two Months in their Voyage before they made *Lundy*, nothng material happening in their Paſſage worthy being recorded in this true Hiſtory. The Captain would not ſtop at *Lundy* for a Pilot, but made for *Coombe*, and there took one in, who brought the Ship ſafe into *King-Road*, and the next Tide up to the Key at *Briſtol*; and having moor'd the Veſſel, the Crew ſpent the Night on Shore with their jolly Landladies.

The next Morning early they all got on board, and ſoon after came the Captain, with ſome *Briſtol* Merchants: The Captain gave Mr. *Carew* a Bill on his Brother, who lived at *Topſham*; which having receiv'd, he ſoon turned his Back on *Briſtol*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Mr. Carew's *Progreſs after his Arrival in* England; *meets with his Wife*; *viſits the Univerſity of* Oxford; *appears in a new Character*; *his Adventure with Lady* Tynte; *the Stratagem he made Uſe of with Mr.* Marks, *a Diſſenting Teacher, at* Thorn, *in* Somerſetſhire; *his triumphant Entry into* Bickleigh, *his Native Place.*

MR. *Carew* having left *Briſtol*, made the beſt of his Way to *Bridgwater*, and from thence to *Taunton*, and ſo to *Exeter*, ſupporting his travelling Expences by his Ingenuity, as a Mendicant. As ſoon as he arrived at *Exeter*, he made the beſt of his Way to the Houſe of an old Acquaintance, where he expected to hear ſome News of his beloved Wife; but going thro' Eaſt-Gate, he was met by two Gentlemen, who immediately cried out, Here's our old Friend *Carew!* They then laid hold of him and took him back to the *Oxford Inn*; where they enquired, Where he had been this long Time? He acquainted them in what Manner

he had been ſeized upon *Topſham* Key, and that he had been carried to *Maryland*; he likewiſe informed them of Capt. *Simmonds*'s Death, (which they were very ſorry to hear of) and that the Veſſel had been taken into Port by *Harriſon*, the Mate, who was afterwards drowned, in Company with ſome Planters, in *Talbot* River.

Fame having ſoon ſounded the Arrival of our Hero through every Street in *Exeter*, ſeveral Gentlemen flocked to the *Oxford Inn* to viſit him, and amongſt the reſt Merchant *Davey*; What, have you found your Way Home again? ſays the Merchant. Yes, yes, replied he, As you ſent me over for your Pleaſure, I am come back for my own: Which made the Gentlemen laugh very heartily. The Merchant then aſked him ſeveral Queſtions about Captain *Simmonds* and *Harriſon*, where he left the Veſſel, and if he had been ſold; No, no, replies he, I took Care to get out of the Way before they had ſtruck a Bargain for me; and as to the Veſſel, I left her in *Miles*'s River. The Gentlemen could not help being ſurprized at his Ingenuity and Expedition in thus getting Home twice before the Veſſel which carried him out, and Merchant *Davey* propoſed making a Collection for him, and begun it himſelf with half a Crown: Having received a handſome Contribution, he returned the Gentlemen Thanks, and took his Leave, being impatient to hear ſome News about his Wife; he therefore goes directly

directly to his uſual Quarters, *Kitty Finnimore*'s, in *Caſtle-lane*, where he occaſioned no little Terror to his Landlady, ſhe verily believing it to be his Ghoſt, as ſhe heard he was certainly dead; however, our Hero ſoon convinced her he was real Fleſh and Blood: He then enquired, When ſhe heard from his Wife? who informed him, to his great Joy, that both his Wife and Daughter were there a few Days before, and were gone towards *Newton-Buſhel*; but they had given over all Thoughts of ſeeing him again, as they thought him dead. He ſets forward immediately for *Newton-Buſhel*; calling at Lord *Clifford*'s in his Way; he was told by Mrs. *Ratcliffe*, the Houſekeeper, and Mr. *Kilſha*, the Steward, (who were quite ſurprized to ſee him) that his Wife had been there juſt before, in Mourning, believing him to be dead; and that he would find her at *Newton-Buſhel*. Though it was then Night, our Hero, impatient of ſeeing his Wife and Daughter, ſet forward for *Newton-Buſhel*, where he arrived late in the Night; going directly to his uſual Quarters, he found them all in Bed, and calling out to the Woman of the Houſe, his Wife hearing his Voice, immediately leaped out of Bed, crying out, It was her poor *Bampfylde*; a Light was then ſtruck with as much Expedition as poſſible, and his Wife, Daughter, and Landlady, all came down to open the Door to him. Here,

how ſhall I find Words to expreſs the Tranſports of our Hero, the tender Embraces of his Wife, the endearing Words of his Daughter, and the hearty Congratulations of the Landlady: Unable to the Taſk, moſt gentle Reader, I muſt imitate that celebrated Painter who painted *Agamemnon* with a Covering over his Face, at the Sacrifice of his Daughter; and draw a Veil over this Scene of Tenderneſs: Let it ſuffice to ſay, that their Joy was too full to be contained, and not finding any other Paſſage, guſh'd out in Tears.

The next Morning, accompanied by his Wife and Daughter, he went and paid his Reſpects to Sir *Thomas Carew*, at *Hackum*, where they were received with great Kindneſs; and Sir *Thomas* told him, if he would forſake the Mendicant Order, he would take Care to provide for him and his Family: He returned Sir *Thomas* a great many Thanks, but declared, That as he had entered himſelf into the Mendicant Order, he was reſolved to continue therein as long as he lived; but hoped if any Accident happened to him, he would extend his Goodneſs to his dear Wife and Daughter.

It was about this Time, that one of the greateſt Perſonages in the Kingdom being at *Bath*, Mr. *Carew* was drawn thither with the reſt of the World to ſee her, but to more Advantage indeed to himſelf than moſt others reap'd from it; for making himſelf as much an *Hanoverian* as he could in Dreſs, *&c.* he preſented

preſented a Petition to her as an unfortunate Perſon of that Country, and (as every one is inclin'd to be kind to their own Country Folks) he had from her a very princely Benefaction.

Some Time after this, 'Squire *Morice*, who ſucceeded to the fine Seat and Eſtate of Sir *William Morice*, near *Launceſton* in *Cornwall*, coming to reſide there, and hearing much Talk of Mr. *Carew*, was very deſirous of ſeeing him; and he happening to come ſoon after into that Neighbourhood, ſome of the Servants, who knew their Maſter's Inclinations, chancing to ſee him, conducted him to the Houſe, and ſhew'd him into the Parlour, where Mr. *Morice* was with a good deal of Company: Mr. *Carew* was made very welcome, and the Company had a great deal of Converſation with him, during which Mr. *Morice* very nicely examin'd every Feature in his Countenance, and at laſt declared, that he would lay any Wager that he ſhould know him again, come in what Shape he would, ſo as not to be impoſed upon by him; one of the Company took Mr. *Morice* up, and a Wager was laid, that Mr. *Carew* ſhould do it within ſuch a limited Time; this being agreed upon, Mr. *Carew* took his Leave. He begun immediately to meditate in what Shape he ſhould be able to deceive the Circumſpection of Mr. *Morice*; and within a few Days came to the Houſe, and endeavoured in two or three different Shapes, and with as many

many different Tales, to obtain Charity from Mr. *Morice*, but he remembering his Wager, would hearken to none; at laſt, underſtanding that Mr. *Morice*, was to go out a Hunting one Morning with ſeveral of the Company who were preſent when the Wager was laid, he dreſſed himſelf like a neat old Woman, and placing himſelf in the Road Mr. *Morice* was riding along, all of a ſudden he fell down, and counterfeited all the Diſtortions of the moſt violent Fits in ſuch a terrible Manner, that Mr. *Morice* was greatly affected with the poor Creature's Condition, ordering his Servants to get down and aſſiſt her, ſtaying himſelf till ſhe was brought a little to herſelf, then gave her a Piece of Money, and ordered one of his Servants to ſhew her to his Houſe, that ſhe might have ſome Refreſhment there; but Mr. *Carew* having obtained what he deſir'd, flung off the old Woman, and diſcovers himſelf to Mr. *Morice* and the reſt of the Company, wiſhing them all a Good-morrow; upon which Mr. *Morice* own'd he had fairly loſt his Wager.

Mr. *Carew* ſome Time after this ſteer'd his Courſe for *Oxford*, where he viſited Mr. *Treby*, Mr. *Sandford*, Mr. *Cooke*, & ſeveral Collegians his particular Friends, of whom he got a Trencher-Cap; and having ſtaid in *Oxford* as long as was agreeable to his Inclinations, he ſet out for *Abingdon*, and from thence to *Marlborough*, having

put

put on a Pair of white Stockings, a grey Waiſtcoat, and the Trencher Cap: Thus equipped, he pretends to be diſordered in his Mind; and as his Knowledge of the *Latin* Tongue enabled him to intermix a few *Latin* Phraſes in his Diſcourſe, which he made very incoherent, he was in no Fear of being diſcovered: Under this Character he therefore goes to the Miniſter of *Marlborough*, who ſeeing his Dreſs, and finding he could talk *Latin*, made no Doubt but he was ſome *Oxford* Scholar, whoſe Brain was turned, either by too much Study, or ſome Misfortune; he therefore talked to him a good deal, endeavouring to find out the Cauſe, telling him, That though he was unfortunate now, Things might go better with him hereafter; but he could get nothing but incoherent Anſwers from him; however, he gave him half a Crown. From hence he goes to *Market Lavington*, where he likewiſe deceived the Miniſter; and going forwards to *Warminſter*, he met there Dr. *Squire*, and his Brother the Archdeacon of *Bath*, who both took him for an *Oxford* Scholar, whoſe Brain was turned, and relieved him as ſuch.

The next Morning he goes in the ſame Dreſs to Mrs. *Grove's*, at *Wincanton*, and from thence to the Rev. Mr. *Birt*'s, at *Sutton*, at both which Places he was much pitied, and handſomely reliev'd: He then ſteers for *Somerton*, and

and goes to the Rev. Mr. *Dickenſon* there; but this Maſk would not avail him here, for the Parſon diſcovered him through it; but he deſired him to keep it ſecret till he was gone out of the Town, which he accordingly did: He therefore went boldly to the Rev. Mr. *Keat*, and pretended to be a Scholar of *Baliol* College, which Mr. *Keat* believing, and pitying his Condition, generouſly gave him a Crown. Next next Day he goes to *Bridgwater* in the ſame Habit, and from thence to Sir *Charles Tynte*'s at *Haſwell*; going into the Court, he was met by the Rev. Mr. *Sandford*, who immediately knew him, and accoſted him with, How do you do, Friend *Carew*? Soon after which out came Sir *Charles*, who accoſted him in the ſame Manner, and Mr. *Sandford* and he made themſelves very merry at the Character he had aſſumed: Well, ſays Sir *Charles*, we will make you drink, but unleſs you can deceive my *Beſs*, (ſo he was pleas'd to call his Lady) you ſhall have nothing of me; but whatever ſhe gives, I'll double it: He was then order'd into the Hall, and exchang'd his Cap for a Hat with one of the Servants: After waiting ſome Time, Lady *Tynte* came down; it will be proper to obſerve that this Lady, tho' of a very charitable Diſpoſition to her poor Neighbours, having been often deceived by Mendicants, and finding few of them deſerving of her Charity, had reſolved to relive no unknown Object

of

of Charity, however plauſible their Tale; but our Hero, depending upon his Art, was not afraid to accept of Sir *Charles*'s Challenge: From the Servants Hall he watch'd a proper Opportunity of accoſting the Lady, & ſhe paſs'd & repaſs'd ſeveral Times before he could ſpeak to her; at laſt, ſeeing her ſtanding in the Hall, talking with Sir *Charles*, he came behind her, and accoſted her with "God bleſs you, moſt gracious Lady:" The Lady turning about, aſk'd him pretty haſtily, From whence he came? I am a poor unfortunate Man, replied he, who was taken by two *French* Privateers, coming from *Boſton*, and carry'd into *Boulogne*, where we were teized Day and Night to enter into the *French* Service, but refuſed to do it. And how got you from thence? aſked the Lady. We took an Opportunity of breaking out of the Priſon, and ſeized upon a fiſhing Boat in the Harbour, with which he got ſafe to *Limington*, being in all 25 of us, where we ſold our Boat. What do you beg for then? If you ſold your Boat, you muſt have Money. Several of us were ſick, reply'd he, which was very expenſive. But what Countryman are you? I am an *Old England* Man, pleaſe you my Lady, but I marry'd my Wife in *Wales*. From what Part? ſays my Lady, who was a Native of *Wales* herſelf. I marry'd, replied he, one *Betty Larkey*, who liv'd with Sir *John Morgan*, and afterwards with Parſon *Griffy*, at *Swanſey*. Ay, did you marry *Betty Larkey*? How

How many Children have you by her? Only one Daughter, reply'd he. In the mean Time Sir *Charles* and the Parſon were ready to burſt with containing their Laughter, to ſee how he manag'd my Lady to bring her to; for his Aſſertion of having marry'd *Betty Larkey*, who was a Country Woman of my Lady's, and formerly known to her, was a Loadſtone which preſently drew my Lady's Hand to her Purſe, and then turning to Sir *Charles*, aſk'd, If he had any ſmall Money about him? I have none, reply'd Sir *Charles*, pretty bluntly, being ſcarce able to contain himſelf from burſting out into Laughter; ſo ſhe went up Stairs, and coming down again, gave him two half Crowns, and aſk'd him to eat and drink, going out herſelf to call the Butler: In the mean Time Sir *Charles* ſtepp'd nimbly into the Servants Hall, and fetch'd the *Oxford* Cap, which he put on Mr. *Carew*'s Head; my Lady and the Butler came in immediately after, and ſhe ſeeing the Cap upon his Head, cries out, God bleſs me, what did you bring that from *France?* it is juſt like one of our *Oxford* Scholar's Caps. Ay, ſo it is indeed my Lady, replied Sir *Charles*; why don't you know who it is? It is Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*. Ay, ay, this is your doing, Sir *Charles*, ſaid the Lady, and went away ſomething diſguſted at the Trick which had been put upon her. Sir *Charles* was as good as his Word, in doubling the Money my Lady gave,

gave, and Parſon *Sandford* gave him half a Crown.

Some Time after this, he called upon the Miſs *Hawkers*, of *Thorn*, near *Yeovil*, who treated him very hoſpitably, and enquired what News he heard, it being in the Time of the late Rebellion. Whilſt he was talking with them, he obſerved a new Houſe, almoſt oppoſite, and enquiring who lived there, they told him one Parſon *Marks*, a Diſſenting Teacher: upon which, taking Leave of the Ladies, he ſteps over the Way, and knocks boldly at the Door, which was ſoon opened by Parſon *Marks* himſelf: Sir, ſays Mr. *Carew*, pulling off his Hat, and accoſting him with a demure Countenance, I came two Miles out of my Road on Purpoſe to wait upon you; I believe, Sir, you are acquainted with my Brother, Mr. *John Pike*, of *Tiverton*, Teacher of a diſſenting Congregation in that Place; and you have undoubtedly heard ſomething of his Brother, *Roger Pike*, which unfortunate Man I am, having been taken Priſoner coming from *Boſton* in *New-England*, by two *French* Privateers, and carried into *Boulogne*, where we were cruelly treated. Alack, alack, ſays the Parſon, pray walk in, good Mr. *Roger*: I am indeed very well acquainted with that worthy Servant of God your Brother, Mr. *John Pike*, and a gracious Man he is: I have likewiſe heard him mention his Brother *Roger*. He then or-

dered ſome Victuals and Drink to be brought out for good Mr. *Roger Pike*: While he was eating, he enquired, How he got from *Boulogne*? he reply'd, That twenty-five of them had broke Priſon, and ſeized upon a Veſſel in the Harbour, by which they had got ſafe to the *Engliſh* Coaſt. Well, Mr. *Roger*, ſays the Parſon, what News did you hear in *France*? It is reported there, replies he, that the Rebels are very powerful in *Scotland*, and that great Numbers are gone over to them ſafe from *France*. Stop a little, cries the Parſon, Mr. *Roger*, and running up Stairs, ſoon after comes down with a Letter in his Hand, which he read to Mr. *Pike*, wherein it was ſaid, The Rebels were wonderfully powerful. Then ſhaking his Head very ſorrowfully, cried, Indeed, Mr. *Pike*, I can't be at Eaſe, for they ſay they will make us Examples on Account of the 30th of *January*. Never fear them, Sir, ſaid Mr. *Carew*, we ſhall be a Match for them in *Devonſhire* and *Cornwall*. I am afraid not, cries the Parſon, ſhaking his Head again, I have had no Reſt for thinking of them for ſeveral Nights paſt. After ſome further Diſcourſe he fetched Mr. *Pike* a good Holland Shirt, and clapped Half a Guinea into his Hand, entreating him to take a Bed with him that Night, for that he ſhould be heartily welcome; but he deſired to be excuſed, and took his Leave with many Thanks, returning

to

to the Miſs *Hawkers* again; Well, Mr. *Carew*, cried the Ladies, you have had a long Conference with the Parſon; Ay, ay, replied he, and to good Purpoſe too, for this Shirt and Half a Guinea are the Fruits of it; and then told them in what Manner he had deceived the Parſon, which made them laugh very heartily; they then gave him a Crown, and promiſed to keep Mr. *Pike*'s Secrets for a Day or two.

A few Days after the Parſon going over to ſee the Ladies, they aſked him if a poor Seaman had been at his Houſe, Yes, replied the Parſon, it was one *Roger Pike*, whoſe Brother has a Congregation in *Tiverton*, and whom I am very well acquainted with. And did you give him any Thing? Yes, I gave him a Shirt, and Half a Guinea. And we gave him a Crown, ſaid the Ladies, not as being *Roger Pike*, but as Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*. At which the Parſon was in a very great Hurry, and would ſcarce be convinced but that it was old *Roger Pike*. Thus had Mr. *Carew* the happy Art of ſuiting his Eloquence to every Temper and every Circumſtance; for his being Brother to the good Mr. *Pike* of *Tiverton*, was as powerful a Loadſtone to attract Parſon *Marks*, as his marrying *Betty Larkey* had been to Lady *Tynte*. From hence he goes to Parſon *White*'s at *Coker*, where he found Juſtice *Proctor*; here he paſſed for an unfortunate Sailor,

who had been caſt away coming from the *Baltick*, and was now travelling to his native Place, *Tintagel* in *Cornwall*; Parſon *White* aſked who was Miniſter there; he replied one *Atkins* was Curate, and that there was no other there at that Time. The Juſtice aſked him but few Queſtions, but told him he ought to have a Paſs, and aſked where he landed; and he replying at *Dover*, Had you no Paſs then from the Mayor there? We had one, ſaid he, very readily, but ſome of our Company being ſick, and myſelf healthy, I let them have the Paſs, and came forwards by myſelf, they not being able to travel ſo faſt. Why then, ſays the Juſtice, you are liable to be taken up as a Vagrant for begging without a Paſs; however, we will relieve you, and if you call upon Gentlemen only, they will ſcarcely moleſt you. He returned them a great many Thanks for this Civility, and then went to a Tanner's hard by, where he changed his Story, and paſſed for a Bankrupt Tanner; here he was likewiſe relieved, as he touched upon the right String; for had he paſſed here for an unfortunate Sailor, probably his Eloquence would have had no Effect. From hence he goes to the Parſon of *Eaſt-Chinnock*, whom he told, That he belonged to a Man of War, in which his Brother was Lieutenant. It being then about Dinner Time, the Parſon aſked him if he could eat Sea Proviſions, ſuch as Pork and Peaſe,

Peaſe, which he accepting, they ſat down to Dinner, and had a great deal of Diſcourſe about the Lieutenant. Next he goes to Madam *Philips*'s of *Montacute*, where happened to be Parſon *Bower* of *Martock*, who aſked him, If he knew one *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*: Sir, replies he, I am one of *Tintagel* in *Cornwall*, and know the *Carews* there very well, and have heard of the Wanderer you ſpeak of, who I'm told is a great Dog-ſtealer, but know not what is become of him; for ſome ſay he is hanged, and others that he is drowned. God forbid he ſhould be hanged, cries the Parſon, upon Account of his Family; and after ſome other Queſtions, he was relieved with Sixpence. Leaving *Montacute*, he goes forward to *Yeovil*, having appointed to meet his Wife and Daughter at the Sign of the *Boot*, in *Sherborne*. And from *Yeovil* to 'Squire *Helliar*'s at *Leweſton*, who treated him very handſomely, and would have had him ſtaid there all Night, but he excuſed himſelf, being impatient to ſee his Wife and Daughter.

As ſoon as he came to *Sherborne*, he goes to his uſual Quarters, the Sign of the *Boot*, where he enquired for his Wife and Daughter; but how was he thunder-ſtruck when he was told they were in Hold at *Webb*'s the Bailiff: He enquired for what Reaſon, and was informed that four Officers had been walking all thro' the Town to take up all Strangers, ſuch

as Chimney-Sweepers, Tinkers, Pedlars, and the like. What could our Hero now do; he revolved it over and over in his Mind, and at length determined to go to *Webb*'s, reſolving either to free his Wife and Daughter, or elſe to ſhare their Fate; when he came there, he aſked to ſee the Priſoners, and demanded upon what Account they had apprehended his Wife, as ſhe had neither ſtolen nor begged in the Town; this occaſioned high Words, and ended in Blows: Long did our Hero maintain an unequal Fight with great Valour; at length, being overpowered with Numbers he fell, but not till his Aſſailants had felt the Force of his Arm. He was kept in ſafe Cuſtody that Night, and the next Morning taken with the reſt of the Priſoners before *Thomas Medlycott*, Eſq; at *Milborn Port*; here they were all examined, and all maintained their Profeſſions to be extremely uſeful: The Chimney-Sweeper alledged he preſerved Houſes from taking Fire, whereby he ſaved whole Towns, and conſequently was an uſeful Member to his Country; the Tinker harangued on the Uſefulneſs of Kettles, Braſs Pans, Frying Pans, &c. and of Conſequence what Uſe he was of to the Publick; and our Hero declared he was the famous Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, and had ſerved his King and Country both by Sea and Land.

The Juſtice thought proper to ſend theſe uſeful Men to their reſpective Pariſhes, at the Public

Public Charge; accordingly Mr. *Carew*, his Wife, and Daughter, were ordered to be conducted to *Bickleigh* in *Devonſhire*. The *Sherborne* People waited on them to *Yeovil*, where they were delivered to the Care of the chief Magiſtrate. The next Day Horſes being provided, they ſet out for *Thomas Proſtor*'s, Eſq; at *Coker*; but he refuſing to ſing the Paſs, they proceeded without its being ſigned to *Axminſter*, where the Magiſtrate refuſed to receive them, on Account of the Paſs not being ſigned; upon which they would have left Mr. *Carew*, but he inſiſted upon being attended to the End of his Journey; they therefore adjourned to Mr. *Tucker*'s, about two Miles from *Axminſter*, who aſked him if he had a Mind to have his Attendants diſmiſſed, or choſe to have their Company to *Bickleigh*; and he replying that he did not chuſe to have them diſmiſſed, Mr. *Tucker* ſigned the Warrant, and our Hero, with his Wife and Daughter, rode very triumphantly into *Bickleigh*; where, as ſoon as they arrived, the Bells were ſet on ringing, and great Joy ſpread through all the Place.

CHAP. XXII.

Mr. Carew's *Curioſity prompts him to go and meet the Rebels at* Edinburgh; *on his Way thither entertains the famous Mr.* Thomas Jones; *his Vindication of himſelf and Subjects from the malicious Aſperſions of that Gentleman; he quits the Rebels, and arrives at the City of* Briſtol; *appears in different Characters there; ſets out on a Tour through* Europe, *but is taken ill in* France, *and obliged to return; his Adventure with the Biſhop of* Bath *and* Wells, *and Appearance in ſeveral new Characters.*

MR. *Carew* remained ſome Time at *Bickleigh*, but freſh News arriving every Day of the Progreſs of the Rebels, that inſatiable Curioſity which had always actuated his Breaſt, prompted him to go and ſee the Army of the Rebels: he therefore taking his Leave of his Wife and Daughter, though they entreated him

him with Tears not to go to the North, made the beſt of his Way towards *Edinburgh*.

It was on his Journey to this Place, that being feaſting one Night with ſeveral of his Subjects, he received and hoſpitably entertained the famous Mr. *Thomas Jones*, though a natural Enemy to their Community; for he was of Opinion, *That Beneficence and Hoſpitality ought to reach out our Hands to an Enemy in Diſtreſs, when it does not immediately injure or interfere with the Publick Good of that particular Community to which we belong; and when the contrary can only ſerve to ſhew the Savageneſs of the Human Heart*; and at this Time Mr. *Jones* was in what might be well called *a ſad Plight*, having loſt his Way in a very dark and tempeſtuous Night;

Such a Night in which the Cub-drawn Bear *would couch,*
The Lion *and the belly-pinched* Wolf *keep their Furr dry.*

Mr. *Carew* therefore received him and his Companions under Cover, entertained them very hoſpitably, and at their Departure ſent one of his Subjects to conduct them to *Coventry*, which was ſix Miles diſtant, leſt they ſhould again miſtake the Road: After ſuch a Behaviour (though he claims no Merit from it, as his own Honour requir'd it of him) he cannot but be ſurpriz'd at the baſe Return Mr. *Jones* or his Hiſtoriographer has made to it, in ſcandalouſly aſperſing both himſelf and Subjects;

for

for notwithſtanding he ſeems to intend ſome Honour to Mr. *Carew*, yet it is attended with ſo many ſhameful Circumſtances and Conditions, that he muſt needs reject it with Scorn and Indignation; for though in ſome other Communities it may be honourable to enter upon Honours through the Gate of Shame, yet amongſt the People of the *Gipſies*, Shame & Honour are two ſuch oppoſite Principles, that they can never join Hands, and kiſs each other; for they have no other Idea of Shame, than a Conſciouſneſs, of having acted unworthy of themſelves; nor no other Notion of Honour, but the ſelf-felt Applauſe ariſing from a worthy Action; it is therefore accounted an abſurd and unintelligible Paradox with them that Shame can never be the Road which leads to Honour: Mr. *Carew* therefore cannot ſubmit (for all the Honour Mr. *Jones* is pleaſed to give him) to be accounted the Author of that illeterate Nonſenſe and barbarous Language Mr. *Jones* or his Hiſtoriographer has been pleaſed to put in his Mouth, *viz.* "About a touſand or two touſand Years ago, "me cannot tell to a Year or two, there was a "great Volution." He therefore takes this Opportunity of acquainting that Gentleman, leſt Ignorance is his Error, That no one in the Community of the *Gipſies* ariſes to the great Honour of being their King, but whoſe Abilities and Knowledge give him a juſt Title to that Preheminence; and who is perfectly well acquainted

acquainted with the Hiſtory of the firſt Riſe, and the different Changes the Community has gone through, as well as the State of it, at the Time he enters upon this Office; and they cannot be ignorant of any Thing of this Sort afterwards, as thoſe faithful Regiſters kept by the Kings themſelves through a long Succeſſion, are then delivered to their Care. As to their Language, that which is peculiar to themſelves is very expreſſive, though hieroglyphical, containing great Myſteries under it, which they have continued down pure and uncorrupted from their firſt Founders, the *Egyptians*,; but it is well known they ſpeak the *Engliſh* as well as other modern Languages, with great Fluency. As theſe are Matters of Fact, which cannot be contradicted, both the childiſh ſtupid Language which Mr. *Carew* is made to make Uſe of, and the little Knowledge he is made to have of the State of the *Gipſies*, muſt be attributed either to the Ingratitude of Mr. *Jones*, or the Ignorance of his Hiſtoriographer: But he can bear theſe Reflexions upon himſelf, however unjuſt, with much more Patience than the ſcandalous Aſperſions thrown upon his Subjects; for it ought to be the higheſt Pride of every King to reign over a virtuous People: All the Readers of the Hiſtory of Mr. *Thomas Jones* will, without mentioning it, know he means that falſe, malicious, improbable Story which the Writer has related of one of the Community of the *Gipſies* ſuffering *Partridge*, a Friend

Friend of Mr. *Jones*'s, to lie with his Wife, for the Sake of extorting *Hush-Money* from him: This Story is quite improbable, both from the Condition *Partridge* was in (who, poor Wretch, was in too great a Fright to have amorous Thoughts in his Pate) and likewiſe from the Circumſtances of Time and Place, which were no Ways ſuitable to ſuch an Action; but it is ſtill more ſo, if we conſider the Temper and Principles of the *Gipſies*; for Money holds but a very low Place in their Eſteem, & is made no private Uſe of, but always brought into one common Stock, to promote their Mirth and Gaiety; but *Shame*, or their Conſciouſneſs of acting unworthily, is look'd upon by them (which Mr. *Jones* himſelf acknowledges) as the moſt grievous Puniſhment in the World; the *Gipſy* therefore, who, according to Mr. *Jones*, was guilty of this infamous Crime, muſt have acted violently againſt that common Principle which biaſſes all Mankind, *viz.* That of chuſing what appears the greateſt Good; for it was impoſſible the *Gipſy* ſhould think the *Huſh-Money* he ſhould gain was the greateſt Good; becauſe he could not but know its Worth to be but of little Value, and indeed to be of no Uſe at all, unleſs brought into the Publick Stock; but *Shame* he knew was the greateſt *Evil*, and what he muſt ſuffer himſelf alone: Now as the *Good* and *Evil* were both alike preſent, it is plain from this common Principle of Action, that he could not avoid chuſing

ſing that which appeared the greateſt *Good*, and conſequently preſerving the *Honour* of his *Wife*. Add to this, that it appears from the faithful Regiſter which they have kept of their Actions through a long Courſe of Years, that it never entered into the Mind of a *Gipſy* that Gold, which had in in its Nature no Affinity with them, could weigh with Honour, which makes ſo principle a *Part* of the MAN. Thus much Mr. *Carew* thought he was obliged to ſay in Defence of himſelf and his Subjects: We ſhall now return to our Hiſtory.

After ſome Days Travel Mr. *Carew* arrived at the City of *Edinburgh*, which lies in a Sort of a Valley, between two Hills, one of which is called *Saliſbury Craigs*, the other makes the Foundation of the Caſtle. It is ſtrongly walled & adornedwith publick and private Buildings. At the Extremity of the Eaſt-End of the City, ſtands the Palace of *Holy-Rood Houſe*; leaving which, a little to the Left, you come thro' a populous Suburb, to the Entrance, called the *Water-Port*. From hence, turning Weſt, the Street goes on in a ſtrait Line through the whole City, to the Caſtle, which is above a Mile in Length and ſaid by the *Scots* to be the largeſt and fineſt Streets for Builings and Number of Inhabitants, in *Europe*. From the Palace-Door which ſtands on a Level with the loweſt of the plain Country, this Street begins to aſcend very gradually, being no where ſteep; but this Aſcent being continued, for ſo

long a Way, it is eaſy to underſtand, that the furtheſt Part muſt neceſſarily be very high; for the Caſtle which ſtands, as it were, at the Extremity, Weſt, as the Palace does Eaſt, makes, on all Sides (that only accepted which joins it to the City) a frightful and inacceſſible Precipice. The Caſtle is ſituated on an high Rock, and ſtrongly fortified with a great Number of Towers, ſo that it is looked upon as impregnable. In the great Church they have a Set of Bells which are not rung out as in *England* (for that Way of ringing is not known in this Country) but are played on by the Hand with Keys, like a Harpſichord, the Perſon playing having great Leather Covers to his Fiſts, by which he is able to ſtrike with the more Force; and for the larger Bells, there are Treddles which he ſtrikes with his Feet. They play all Manner of Tunes, very muſically; and the Town gives a Man a yearly Salary for playing upon them, from half an Hour after Eleven till half an Hour after Twelve, every Day, *Sundays* and *Holidays* excepted. On the South-Side of this Church is a Square of very fine Buildings, called the *Parliament-Cloſe*, the Weſt and South-ſides of which are moſtly taken up with the Parliament-Houſe, the ſeveral Courts of Juſtice, the Council-chamber, the Exchequer, the Publick Regiſters, the Lawyers Library, the Poſt-Office, &c. The great Church makes up the North

North-Side of the Square; and the Eaſt, and Part of the South-ſide, is built into private Dwellings, very ſtately, lofty, and ſtrong, being ſeven ſtories high, to the Front of the Square, and the Hill they ſtand on having a very deep Deſcent, ſome of them are no leſs than fourteen Stories high backwards. *Holyrood-Houſe* is a very handſome Building, rather convenient than large; it was formerly a Royal Palace & an Abbey, founded by King *David* the Firſt, for the Canons Regular of St. *Auſtin*, who named it *Holyrood-Houſe*, or the Houſe of the Holy Croſs, which was burnt by *Oliver Cromwell*, but nobly re-edified by King *Charles* the Second, and of which his Grace the Duke of *Hamilton* is hereditary Keeper; it is now almoſt neglected. The Entrance from the great outer Court is adorned with Pillars of hewn Stone, under a Cupola, in Form of an Imperial Crown, balluſtrated on each Side at the Top. The fore-part has two Wings, on each Side of which are two Turrets; that towards the North was built by King *James* V. whoſe Name it bears in Letters of Gold, and that towards the South (as well as all the reſt) by King *Charles* II. whereof Sir *William Bruce* was Architect. The inner Court is very ſtately, all of Freeſtone well hewed, with a Colonade round it, from whence are Entries into the ſeveral Apartments; but above all the long Gallery is very remarkable, being adorn'd with the Pictures of all the *Scots* Kings, from *Fergus* I. done by maſterly Hands.

Here Mr. *Carew* met the Rebels, but having no Mind to join them, he pretended to be very ſick and lame; however, he accoſted them with "God bleſs you noble Gentlemen!" and the Rebels moving on to *Carliſle*, he hopped after them, and from thence to *Mancheſter*, and here had a Sight of the Pretender's Son & other Commanders. He afterwards accompanied them to *Derby*: where a Report was ſpread that the Duke of *Cumberland* was coming to fight them; upon which their Courage failing, tho' the Pretender's Son was for fighting, they retreated back to *Carliſle*, upon which he thought it Time to leave them, and hopped homewards on his Crutches, taking Care to change his Note to "God bleſs King *George*, and the brave Duke *William!*" Coming into *Briſtol* he accidentally met one Mr. *P*----an Apothecary, who had formerly known him at St. *Mary Ottery* in *Devon*; Mr. *P*----- was very glad to ſee him, and took him to the Tavern, where he treated him very handſomely, and then ſent for his Wife, Siſter, and other Friends to come and ſee him: They were all highly pleaſed to ſee a Man they had heard ſo much Talk of, and after ſpending ſome Hours very merrily with him, they would have him try his Fortune in that City, but to take Care of the *Mint*. Accordingly he goes away to a Place of Rendezvous of the Brothers of the Mendicant Order, in *Temple-ſtreet*, and there equips

equips himſelf in a very good Suit of Cloth's, then goes upon the Exchange as the Super-Cargo of a Ship, calld the *Dragon*, which had been burnt by Lightening off the *Lizard* Point. By this Story he raiſed a very handſome Contribution of the Merchants and Captains of Veſſels, it being well known that ſuch a Ship had been burnt in the Manner he deſcribed. He then returned to his Friend Mr. *P*----the Apothecary, and knocking at the Door, aſked if he was at Home: Upon which Mr. *P*---- comes forth, and not knowing him again in his Supercargo's Dreſs, made him a very low Bow, and deſired him to walk in. Mr. *Carew* aſked, if he had any fine Salve, for that he had met with an Accident and burnt his Elbow, upon which Mr. *P*----runs behind his Counter, and reaches down a Pot of Salve, deſiring with a great deal of Compliſance the Favour of looking at his Elbow; he then diſcovered himſelf, which occaſioned no little Diverſion to Mr. *P*---- and his Family, who made him very welcome.

Going back to his Quarters, he lays aſide his Finery, and dreſſes himſelf more meanly, like a labouring Mechanick; and then going out into the Streets acts the Madman, talking in a raving Manner about Mr. *Whitfield* and Mr. *Weſtly*, as tho' he was diſordered in his Mind by their preaching; calling in a furious Manner, every Step, upon the Virgin *Mary*, *Pontius Pilate*, and *Mary Magdalen*, and acting

every Part of a Man religiouſly made: Sometimes walking with his Eyes fixed upon the Ground, and then of a ſudden, breaking out into ſome paſſionate Expreſſions about Religion: This Behaviour greatly excited the Curioſity and Compaſſion of the People, ſome of whom talked to him, but he anſwered every Thing they ſaid in a wild and incoherent Manner; and as Compaſſion is generally the Fore-runner of Charity, he was relieved by moſt of them.

The next Morning he appear'd in a Morning Gown, ſtill acting the Madman, and carried it ſofar now, as to addreſs himſelf to all the Poſts in the Streets as if they were Saints, lifting up his Hands and Eyes in a fervent, tho' diſtracted Manner, to Heaven, and making Uſe of ſo many extravagant Geſtures, that he aſtoniſhed the whole City. Going through *Caſtle-Street*, he met the Rev. Mr. *B----e*, a Miniſter in that Place, whom he accoſted with his Arms thrown round him; and inſiſted, in a raving Manner, he ſhould tell him, *Who was the Father of the Morning Star?* which frightened the Parſon ſo much, that he took to his Heels and run for it, he running after him, till he took Shelter in a Houſe.

Having well recruited his Pocket by this Stratagem, he left the City next Day, and travelled towards *Bath*, acting all the Way the Madman, till he came to *Bath*; as ſoon as he came there, he enquired for Dr. *Coney*'s, and being

ing directed to his Houſe, found two Brother Mendicants at the Door; after they had waited ſome Time, the Servant brought out each of them a Halfpenny, for which his Brother Mendicants were very thankful, but Mr. *Carew* gave his Halfpenny to one of them; then knocking at the Door, and the Maid coming out again, Tell your Maſter, ſays he, I am not an Halfpenny Man, but that my Name is *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, King of the Mendicants; which being told, the Dr. came out with one of his Daughters, and gave him Sixpence and a Mug of Drink, for which he returned them Thanks.

The next Day he went to Mr. *Allen*'s Seat near *Bath*, and ſent in a Petition as from a poor Lunatick, by which he got half a Crown. From hence he makes the beſt of his Way to *Shepton-Mallet*, and calling at Mrs. *Hooper*'s, and telling the Servant who he was, Mrs. *Hooper* ſent for him in, and enquired if he was really the famous Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, then gave him 2s. 6d. and ordered him to be well entertained. At *Shepton Mallet* our Hero had the Pleaſure of meeting with his beloved Wife, to their mutual Joy and Satisfaction; and finding ſeveral Brethren of the Order there, they paſs'd ſome Day, together with much Mirth and Harmony.

The Mortality among the Cattle raging about this Time in ſeveral Counties, Mr. *Carew* aſſumed the Character of an unfortunate Farmer,

Farmer, who had three Times loſt all his Stock by this fatal Diſtemper; and in this Character he paſſed through the Counties of *Surry*, *Kent*, and *Suſſex*. Coming to *Chicheſter*, he was informed the Mayor of that Place had uſed great Severity towards ſeveral of his Mendicant Subjects, and pretended to be a Man of ſuch Sagacity and Knowledge, as to be deceived by none of that Community: This made Mr. *Carew* reſolve to try his Ingenuity on this quick ſighted Magiſtrate; for this Purpoſe he procures a Soldier's old Coat, and puts on a Sear Cloth of Pitch on his Knee, and a Beef Stake well powdered and ſalted with white Bread and Tar, which made the Apperance of a very bad Wound. * He now applied to the Mayor as a poor diſabled Soldier, wounded in the Battle of *Fontenoy*, fighting for his King and Country, but who had not Friends to get him any Penſion, or admitted into *Chelſea* Hoſpital: The Mayor, who was a very loyal Perſon, thought one who had been wounded in his Majeſty's Service, deſerved his Favour; he

* There is another Method beſides the above of raiſing theſe Sores, viz. by bruſing Crowsfoot, Spearwort, and Salt together, and clapping them on the Place, which frets the Skin; then with a Linen Rag, which ſticks cloſe to it, they tear off the Skin, and ſtrew on it a little powdered Arſnick, which makes it look angrily or ill-favouredly, as if it was a real Sore.

there-

therefore relieved him, and gave him Liberty to aſk Relief through the Town, and at the Fair which was to be held next Day; Mr. *Carew* made Uſe of this to his no ſmall Advantage; for taking Care to expoſe his ghaſtly Wound to all Paſſers by, and making a moſt lamentable Moan, he was look'd upon by every one as a moſt deplorable Object, and raiſed very conſiderable Contributions: He paſſed through ſeveral other Towns in the ſame Character and with great Succeſs. Being in the Road between *Chicheſter* and *Arundel*, he bethought himſelf of paying a Viſit to Lady *Derby*, (who lived in that Neighbourhood, and was a Lady of a moſt charitable Diſpoſition) who had ſeveral Relations living in the Neighbourhood of *Oakhampton*, with whom Mr. *Carew* was acquainted; he therefore laid aſide his military Dreſs and Wound, ſhav'd his Beard very ſmooth, puts on a long Dowde, and inſtead of the poor diſabled Soldier, is now a decrepid old Woman, whoſe Houſe had been conſumed by Fire at *Zell*, near *Oakhampton*, in *Devon*: Lady *Derby* hearing this, aſked a great many Queſtions about the Gentlemen in that Neighbourhood, to all of which the old Woman gave ſatisfactory Anſwers, and at laſt mentioned her knowing his Honour Sir *Thomas Ackland*, who was a near Relation of Lady *Derby*'s; here happened at that Time to be in the Houſe Mr. *Hugh Ackland*, Brother to Sir *Thomas*, who upon this came out, and queſtioned

tioned the old Woman, aſking, Who was the Parſon of *Zell?* and many other Queſtions; all which ſhe anſwered ſo ſatisfactorily, as proved ſhe was no Impoſtor; upon which Mr. *Ackland* gave her Half a Guinea, not diſtinguiſhing Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew* in the old Woman, though he was perfectly well acquainted with him: The good Lady *Derby* likewiſe gave the poor unfortunate old Woman a Couple of Guineas. He next called at the Duke of *Norfolk*'s in the ſame Habit and Story, only changing his Religion, and becoming a *Roman Catholic*; his Grace was not at Home, but having applied to the Steward, he queſtioned her very particularly, What Gentlemen of their Religion lived in *Devonſhire*; and ſhe giving a particular Account of thoſe, and by farther catechiz ng, he finding ſhe was no Heretick, relieved her with a Guinea, and recommended her to call upon ſome other Gentlemen of their Perſuaſion in that Neighbourhood. Coming near the Town of *Rye* in *Suſſex*, (where, upon Account of their extraordinary Merit, the two Brothers *L --b* are perpetual Mayors) he met two of his Mendicant Subjects, who acquainted him, There was no entering *Rye*, but with extreme Hazard to his Perſon, upon Account of the Severity which Mr. *Mayor* exerciſed towards all of their Community; Mr. *Carew*'s Wife hearing this, entreated him in the moſt tender Manner, not to venture into the Town; but as his great Heart

always

always ſwelled when any Thing hazardous preſented, and as he was willing to ſhew his Subjects by Example, that nothing was too difficult for *Induſtry* and *Ingenuity* to overcome, he was reſolved to enter *Rye*: He therefore laid aſide his Woman's Habit, and putting on a tattered Coat, began his Entrance into *Rye* with a very ſlow, feeble, and tottering Pace, which was ſtopped every Minute by the moſt violent Fits of Coughing, whilſt every Limb ſhook with an univerſal Palſy, his Countenance appearing rather to be the Property of ſome one among the Dead, than to belong to any living Body: In this Manner he creeped along to the Mayor's Houſe, and in a moſt lamentable Moan begged ſome Relief; Mr. *Mayor* ſeeing ſo deplorable a Figure, ſaid, He was indeed a real Object of Pity, and therefore gave him a Shilling, and Liberty to go thro' the Town; which he did with no little Profit, and with great Applauſe from the Mendicants, when they heard of his Succeſs.

Steering from hence to *Dungeneſs*, he found a Veſſel ready to ſail for *Boulogne*, on board of which he embarked, and landed ſafe at *Boulogne*, which he found ſo thronged with *Engliſh* Soldiers, (it being ſoon aftet the reducing of the Army) that had he not known to the contrary, he ſhould have thought himſelf in ſome Town in *England*; ſome of the Soldiers knowing him, cryed out, Here's Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*; upon which they took him along

along with them to their Quarters, and they paſſed the Day very merrily: The Soldiers expreſſed great Diſcontent at their being diſcharged, ſwearing, they would never come to *England* any more; ſaying, If they had not come over there, they ſhould have been either ſtarved or hanged: He enquired how they lived in *France*; they replied, Never better in their Lives. From *Boulogne* he ſets out for *Calais*; where he likewiſe found a great Multitude of *Engliſh* Soldiers, and more were daily coming in; whilſt he was here, the Duke of *Richmond* arrived in his Way to *Paris*, who ſeeing ſo many *Engliſh* Soldiers, aſked ſome of them, Why they came there? To which they replyed, They ſhould have either been ſtarved or hanged, if they had ſtaid in *England*. Mr. *Carew* intended to have paid his Reſpects to his Grace, but had no Opportunity: Soon after Mr. *Carew* being taken ill, was obliged to deſiſt from his intended Deſign of making a Tour tho' *France*, *Germany*, &c. He therefore took a Paſſage in the Packet-Boat from *Calais*, and landed at *Dover*; from thence went to *Folkſtone*, where he got a Paſs and Relief from the Mayor, under the Name of *John Moore*, a Native of *St. Ives*, in *Cornwall* who had been caſt away on the Coaſt of *France*, in a Veſſel coming from *Ireland*. Having bore this Character as long as it ſuited his Inclinations, he metamorphoſes himſelf again, and appears in a quite different Shape: He

now

now wore a full handſome Tie Wig, but a little changed by Age; a good Beaver Hat, but ſomewhat ruſty; a fine Broad Cloth Coat, but not quite of the neweſt Faſhion, and not a little faded in its Colour. He was now a Gentleman of an ancient Family, and good Eſtate, but reduced by a Train of uncommon Misfortunes: His venerable Looks, his dejected Countenance, the viſible Struggles between his Shame of aſking, and his Neceſſity which forced him to it, all operated to move the Pity of thoſe he applied to, which was generally ſhewn by handſome Contributions; for few could think of offering Mites to a Gentlemen of ſo ancient a Family, and who had formerly lived ſo well; and indeed how much ſoever we may envy the Great in their Proſperity, we are as ready to relieve them in their Misfortunes; ſo that notwithſtanding all that ſome great Authors have aſſerted, "Com-
"paſſion and Feeling of another's Woe, ſeem
"to have the ſtrongeſt Root of any of the
"Paſſions in the *Human Heart*; for though
"we are, perhaps, apt to look upon our Su-
"periors with ſomething of a contrary Na-
"ture, yet it ſeems plainly to ariſe from no
"other Cauſe, but their not ſtanding in Need
"of our Compaſſion; for the Moment they
"do ſo, this Paſſion exerts itſelf with a re-
"doubled Force upon an Object, which be-
"fore it had been prevented from exerting its

" kindly Influences upon: As to thoſe who " deviate from this general Rule, we have al- " ready accounted for them, by ſuppoſing ei- " ther Nature in a Hurry made them up with- " out a Heart, or ſome accidental Cauſe has " changed it into Stone."

Mr. *Carew* now, in Conjunction with five or ſix of his Subjects, aſſumed a new Character: Being all dreſſed in tattered Habits, with Chains about their Middle, they appeared as unfortunate Sailors, who had been taken and made Slaves of by the *Sallee Rovers*; in Confirmation of this, they ſhewed the *Turkiſh* Arms marked on their Bodies by a hot Iron; and as an Inſtance of their barbarous Cruelty, they expoſed the Mouth of one of the Company to all Beholders, wherein appeared no more than the Stump of a Tongue, * which had been cut out by the barbarous *Sallee Rovers:* Nothing could be more ſhocking than the

* This is performed by turning the Tip of the Tongue into the Throat, and with a little Stick making it bleed, which much reſembles a Stump of the Tongue: And here, in Imitation of an Author of the firſt Rate, we cannot help recording a Bull of one of theſe People, who pretended to be deaf and dumb; but being aſk'd haſtily, *How long he had been dumb*, anſwered unawares, *But three Weeks*; which we think a better Bull, and more likely to promote Laughter in our Readers, than any of the following ones of the ingenious Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, which are recorded in a great Author, *viz.* " Upon my " Shoul, *cries he* (*being in Purſuit of his Wife*) I have been near " catching her already in two or three Places, if I had not found " her gone juſt as I came up with her: If ſhe be in the Houſe, do " carry me up in the dark, and ſhew her to me; if ſhe be gone away " before me, do tell me which Way I ſhall go after her, to meet " her, and upon my Shoul I will make you the richeſt poor Wo- " man in the Nation." *Hiſt. of* Tom Jones, *Vol.* 3. *p.* 6.

the Account they gave of the Cruelty of thoſe People, and the intolerable Hardſhips they had undergone; and as there is a great Propenſity in every Nation to think all other People *barbarous* but *themſelves*, theſe Relations of unheard-of Cruelties were ſwallowed with a greedy Belief by all who heard them; and they raiſed very conſiderable Contributions among their Auditors.

Here it will not be improper to mention one Character, which, though Mr. *Carew* never appeared in himſelf, has been uſed by ſome of his Subjects, and we make no Doubt has aſtoniſhed all who ever beheld ſo ſad an Object: We mean that of an unfortunate Sailor, burnt by Lightening on the Coaſt of *Guinea*. It is almoſt impoſſible to conceive a more diſmal Spectacle than this poor Wretch made; he was always led by ſome of his Brother Sailors, who pleaded his Cauſe, and told his moving Story; for the poor Wreteh himſelf could only utter *O---O!* in the moſt diſmal Tone that ever was heard; he bore no Reſemblance of the Human Viſage, * for he had neither Eyes nor Noſe, and a very ſmall round Hole ſerved him for a Mouth; the whole Skin of his Face, ſuch as it was, appeared burnt black; all

* This was performed by clapping a dead Man's Skin all over the Face, and filling up the Cavities of the Noſe, Eyes, &c. with Wool or ſoft Rags, which made the whole Face a perfect Level; a ſmall Hole being made through the Skin to draw in Breath.

which moved the Compaſſion of every one who had not a Heart of Stone.

Mr. *Carew*, happening to be in the City of *Wells* in *Somerſetſhire*, on a *Sunday*, was told the Biſhop was to preach that Morning; upon which he ſlips on a black Waiſtcoat and Morning Grown, and runs out to meet the Biſhop, as he was walking in Proceſſion, addreſſing himſelf to his Lordſhip as a poor unhappy Man, whoſe Misfortunes had turned his Brain; which the Biſhop hearing, gave him Half a Crown. From *Wells* he ſteered to *Bridgwater*, where he did not appear in the Day Time, but went only in the Evenings, upon his Crutches as a poor lame Man, not being known by any one till he diſcovered himſelf. Hearing here that young Lord *Clifford*, his firſt Couſin, (who was juſt returned from his Travels Abroad) was at his Seat at *Callington*, about four Miles from *Bridgwater*, he reſolved to pay him a Viſit. In his Way thither lived one Parſon *C*--, who being one of thoſe Nature made up in a Hurry without a Heart, Mr. *Carew* had never been able to obtain any Thing of him, even under the moſt moving Appearance of Diſtreſs, but a Cup of ſmall Drink. Calling now in his Way, he found the Parſon was gone to Lord *Clifford*'s, and being ſalluted at the Door by a fine black Spaniel, with almoſt as much Cruſtineſs as he would have been, had his Maſter been at Home, he thought himſelf under no ſtronger Obligation

of

of obſerving the ſtrict Laws of Honour, than the Parſon did of Hoſpitality; therefore he ſoon charmed the Croſſneſs of the Spaniel, and made him follow him to *Bridgwater*; for it is pretty remarkable, "That the Art has been "found of taming the moſt ſavage and ill-"natured Brutes, which is generally attended "with Succeſs; but it requires a much high-"er Skill, and is but ſeldom ſucceſsful, to "ſoften the Ill-Nature and Inhumanity of "Man; whether it is that the Brutes are more "capable of receiving Inſtruction, or whether "the Ill-Nature of Man exceeds that of the "Brutes, we cannot well determine." Having ſecured the Spaniel, and paſſed the Night merrily in *Bridgwater*, he ſet out again the next Morning for Lord *Clifford*'s, and in his Way called upon the Parſon again, who very cruſtily told him, *He had loſt his Dog*, and ſuppoſed ſome of his Gang had ſtolen him; to which Mr. *Carew* very calmly replyed, What was he to his Dog, or what was his Dog to him; if he would make him drink, it was well, for he was very dry: At laſt, with the Uſe of much Rhetoric, he got a Cup of ſmall Drink; then taking Leave of him, he goes to the *Red Lyon* in the ſame Pariſh, where he ſtaid ſome Time. In the mean Time down runs the Parſon to my Lord *Clifford*'s, to acquaint him Mr. *Carew* was in the Pariſh, and to adviſe him to take Care of his Dogs; ſo that Mr. *Carew* coming down immediately

after, found one Servant with one Dog in his Arms, and another with another; here one ſtood whiſtling and another calling, and both my Lord and his Brother were running about to ſeek after their Favourites: Mr *Carew* aſk'd my Lord, "What was the Meaning "of this Hurry, & if his Dogs were Cripples, "becauſe he ſaw ſeveral carried in the Servants "Arms; adding, he hop'd his Lordſhip did "not imagine he was come to ſteal any of "them:" Upon which my Lord told him, "Parſon *C*---- had adviſed him to be careful, "as he had loſt his Spaniel but the Day be-"fore." It may be ſo, replied he, but the Par-"ſon knows but little of me, or the Laws of "our Community, if he is ignorant that with "us *Ingratitude* is unknown, and the Property "of our Friends always ſacred:" My Lord hearing this, entertained him very handſomely; and both himſelf and his Brother made him a Preſent.

There being about this Time a great Fair at *Bridgwater*, in the County of *Somerſet*, Mr. *Carew* appear'd there upon Crutches, as a poor miſerable Cripple, in Company with many of his Subjects that were full as unfortunate as himſelf, ſome blind, ſome deaf, ſome dumb, *&c.* among whom were his old Friends and Schoolfellows *Martin*, *Eſcot*, and *Coleman*; the Mayor of that Corporation, a bitter Enemy to their Community, jocoſely ſaid, *He would make the Blind ſee, the Deaf hear, and the Lame*

Lame walk; and by Way of Preparation or Beginning, to this intended Cure, he had them all apprehended and confin'd in the Darkhouſe, which greatly terrified them with the Apprehenſion of ſevere Puniſhment. After one Night's Repoſe in Limbo, he ſends a Phyſician or Surgeon of a moſt profound Skill and Judgment to them, who brought the Keys of their melancholy Appartment, and pretending greatly to befriend them, adviſed them, if they were any of them Counterfeits, to make haſte out of Town, or otherwiſe they muſt expect no Mercy from the Mayor, unknown to whom he had privately ſtolen the Keys; then unlocking the Door, forth iſſue, the diſabled and infirm Priſoners, the Lame throw aſide their Crutches and artificial Legs, and make an exceeding good Uſe of their natural ones; the Blind make Shift to ſee the Way out of Town; and the Deaf themſelves with great Attention hearken to this their Friend, and follow his Advice, with all poſſible Speed; the Mayor, with ſeveral Aldermen and Gentlemen planted themſelve oppoſite the Priſon, and were Spectators of this diverting Scene, calling out to ſtop them, not with an Intention to do them any Prejudice, but only of adding a Spur to their Speed; however, there were ſome who were ready enough to lay hold on them, and Mr. *Carew*, in a Struggle of this Nature, left a Skirt of his Garment behind him, which might be done without much Violence, for we may reaſonably conclude it to have

have been none of the ſoundeſt; and *Coleman* was ſo cloſely purſued, that he plunged into the River, and ſwam to the oppoſite Shore; in ſhort, ſo well did theſe Cripples ply their Limbs, that not one of them could be taken, excepting a real Object, a lame Man, who, in Spight of the Fear and Conſternation he was in, could not mend his decrepid Pace; he therefore was brought before the Mayor, who after ſlightly rebuking him, for his vagrant Courſe of Life, ordered him to be relieved in a very plentiful and generous Manner, and the whole Corporation was exceeding kind to him.

One Method of gaining his Ends Mr. *Carew* had peculiar to himſelf; he uſed with great Attention to read the Inſcriptions on Tombs and Monuments in Church yards, and when the deceaſed Perſon had a Character of great Piety and Charity, he would, with the greateſt Importunity, apply to his or her ſurviving Relations, and if they refuſed an Alms, he would in the moſt moving Terms imaginable, implore their Charity for the Sake of their deceaſed Relation, hoping they would follow the laudable and virtuous Example of their dead Huſband, Wife, Father, Mother, or the like; hoping there was the ſame God, the ſame Spirit of Piety, Religion, and Charity, ſtill dwelling in the Houſe as before the Death of the Perſon deceaſed; theſe and the like Expreſſions, uttered in a moſt ſuppliant and pathetic Voice, uſed to extort not only handſome Con-

Contributions, but Tears from the Perſons to whom he applied.

Some Time after this he engaged at *Bruton* in *Somerſetſhire*, in the Character and Habit of a Seaman, caſt away homeward bound from *Newfoundland*, a Captain, who by his great Severity had rendered himſelf the Terror of all the Mendicant Order; but he relying upon his perfect Acquaintance with the Country, boldly ventures up to him, gets the beſt Entertainment his Houſe afforded, and was honourably diſmiſſed with a conſiderable Piece of Money; Captain *H--dſ--h* and *N--n*, with both of whom Mr. *Carew* had ſailed, were intimate Acquaintance of this Captain, of whom he aſked many Queſtions, as alſo of *Newfoundland*, which Country Trade he had uſed the moſt Part of his Time; to all which Queſtions he gave very ſatisfactory Anſwers. This Captain had detected ſo many Impoſtors, that he concluded they were all ſo; but not being able to find Mr. *Carew* in any one Error, he was very proud of it, pity'd and relieved him in an extraordinary Manner, went with him himſelf to the principle People in the Town, wrote him Letters of Recommendation to his diſtant Relations and Friends that lay in his Road, and acted with ſuch extraordinary Kindneſs as if he thought he never could do enough; 'Tis to be remarked, that he paſſed rather for a Paſſenger than Seaman. In the ſame Town lived Lord *B--y*, who had a Son Captain of the *Antlope*

telope Man of War, who was ſtationed in the *Weſt-Indies*, who died in the Paſſage; Mr. *Carew* informed himſelf of every Circumſtance relating thereto, and made it his Buſineſs to meet Lord *B--y* as he came out of Church; after his firſt Application he gave his Lordſhip to underſtand that he was a Spectator of the Burial of his Son on board the *Antelope*; at the ſame Time came up this critical Captain, who gave him the Character of a Man of great Veracity, and his Lordſhip gave him a Guinea, his eldeſt Son half a Crown, and good Entertainment from the Houſe. This happened to be a Market or Fair-Day; he thereupon going into the Town, an Apothecary whiſpered him in the Ear, ſaying, that he knew him to be the famous Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, and that he had moſt groſly impoſed upon the Captain and the Town, but at the ſame Time aſſured him, that he would not prejudice him, but faithfully keep the Secret: Mean while there was an *Iriſh* Quack-Doctor in View, that had gathered the whole Market round him, who with more Strength of Lungs than Senſe or Argument, moſt loudly harrangued, entertaining them in a moſt florid Manner with the ſovereign Virtues of his Pills, Plaiſters, and Self; and ſo far did he impoſe upon them, as to vend his Packets pretty plentifully, which the Apothecary could not forbear beholding with an envious Eye, and jocularly aſked Mr. *Carew* if he could not help him

him to ſome Revenge upon this dangerous Rival and Antagoniſt of his, which he promiſed him to do; accordingly he got a little Vial, and fill'd it withSpirits of Turpentine; then mixing himſelf promiſcuouſly with the gaping Auditory of this *Iriſh* itinerant Phyſician, who was in the midſt of them, mounted on his Steed adorned with a pompous Curb Bridle, with a large Parcel of all curing Medicines in his Bags behind him, and was with a great deal of Confidence and Succeſs, *Eſculapius* like, diſtributing Health around him (we muſt obſerve that our Phyſician had taken his Stand among the Stalls of Orange and Gingerbread Merchants, Shoemakers, Glovers, and other ſuch Retailers) Mr. *Carew* therefore approaching him, plants himſelf cloſe by the Horſe, and wetting his Fingers with the Spirits, reſts his Hand upon the Rump of the Steed, as any unconcern'd Perſon might have done; at the ſame Time, putting aſide the Hair, he rubbed the Turpentine upon his bare Fleſh, which inſenſibly beginning to burn and ſmart, the afflicted Quadrupede began to expreſs his Senſe of Pain, by flinging his hinder Legs, gently ſhaking himſelf, and other reſtleſs Motions, which made the poor Mountebank wonder what was befallen his Horſe; but the Pain increaſing, the diſorderly Behaviour of the Steed increaſed proportionably, who now began to kick, prance, ſtand an End, neigh, immoderately ſhake himſelf, utterly diſregarding

both

both his Bridle, and Rider, and running a tilt againſt the Stalls of Oranges, Gingerbread, Shoes, Gloves, Breeches, &c, which he overthrew, and trampled under Foot: This occaſioned a Scramble among the Boys for the Eatables; and there were ſome who were but too unmerciful to the ſcattered Goods of the poor Shoemakers and Glovers, who, enraged by their ſeveral Loſſes, began to curſe the Doctor and his Ronſiante, who was all this while, in a very irregular Manner, capering, roaring & dancing among the Oranges, Panniers of Eggs, &c. &c. to the entire Ruin of the Huckſters, who now began to deal with very heavy Blows, both on the unfortunate Horſe, & his diſtreſſed Maſter. This happen'd to be on a Fair-Day, and therefore we may be ſure that this odd Spectacle and Adventure attracted the Eyes and Attention of the whole Fair, who were all in an Uproar, ſome laughing, ſome crying (particularly the poor ſuffering Pedlars) ſome fighting, and others moſt unmercifully curſing and ſwearing; to make ſhort of the Story, the Doctor rode about the Fair without either Hat or Wig, at the Pleaſure & Diſcretion of his Horſe, among the ruin'd & over-turn'd Stalls, and the diſſipated Mob, who concluded both the Quack and his Steed to be either mad or bewitch'd. The Quack being no longer able to keep his Seat, fall headlong (*Phaeton* like) in the miery Street; the Horſe ran into a River, and rolled himſelf over ſevera

veral Times, to the entire Confuſion and Ruin of the ineſtimable Pills and Plaiſters: The Doctor employed a Farrier, and after ſome Time the Horſe came to himſelf again. The Reader may eaſily judge what glorious Diverſion this was for the Apothecary and Mr. *Carew*, who were Spectators of the whole Scene. And he was treated very handſomely upon the Account, not only by the Apothecary, but all others of the ſame Profeſſion in the Town, and ſeveral other Gentlemen.

Upon Mr. *Carew*'s Departure from *Bruton*, the generous Captain befriended him with many recommendatory Letters to his Friends and Acquaintance that lay in his Road, as he pretended: Nay indeed he was never out of it: Thence he proceeded to *Briſtol*, and all other Places where the Letters were directed, and received conſiderable Pieces of Money from many, on Account of theſe Letters, which were moſtly to Captains of Veſſels, and Gentlemen that had been at Sea, with whom he ſeveral Times paſſed Muſter very well; it being by Deſire of the Captain, as was mentioned in the Letter, that they examined him.

Sometimes he and his Wife, in Conjunction with *Coleman* and his Wife, being all dreſſed very genteelly, paſſed for Gipſies of extraordinary Knowledge and Reputation; many a poor credulous unſuſpecting Perſon became their Prey, and many a good Booty they got

in moſt Parts of the Counties of *Cornwall* and *Devon*. Once in particular himſelf, *Coleman*, and their Spouſes, being in *Buckfordſleigh*, near *Exeter*, one *Collard* a wealthy but ſimple Shoemaker, comes to their Quarters, to conſult them in an intricate and important Affair; he told them, "That it was the Opinion of all "the Country that his Grandmother had "ſomewhere concealed very large Sums of "Money before her Death, and that himſelf, "by ſeveral Dreams and Viſions, was con-"firmed in the ſame Opinion, and that he "thought proper to adviſe with them upon "the Affair, not doubting but they, by the "Help of their profound Learning and Know-"ledge, for which they were ſo famous thro' "the Weſt, were capable of informing him "in what particular Place he might find "this concealed Treaſure, which if they would "diſcover to him, he would give them thirty "Guineas." Our Magicians, after long Deliberation and Conſultation with their Books told him, "That if he would that Night take a "Walk with one of them, he ſhould ſee the "Spirit of his Grandmother; that he muſt not "be afraid of the Apparition, but follow it "'till it vaniſhed away, and in that individual "Spot of Ground from which the Ghoſt va-"niſhed, there he would find the hidden Trea-"ſure." In order for the Execution of this Scheme, *Coleman* put a Woman's Cap on his Head, waſh'd his Face, and ſprinkled Meal on

it

it while wet, ſtuck the broken Pieces of a Tobacco Pipe between his Teeth, and wrapping his Body up in a white Sheet, plants himſelf in the Road that *Collard* and Mr. *Carew* were to come; the Moon at this Time ſhone very bright, which gave an additional Horror to the Spectre; Mr. *Carew*, by Virtue of his profound Learning and myſterious Science, ſpoke to it in an unknown Language, crying, *Hike Mort, bruſh rumley to the Foggy Cull, and ogle him in the Muns*; at which Command the Hobgoblin fiercely advances up to *Collard*, and with a moſt ghaſtly Look ſtares him in the Face: The poor Shoemaker was greatly terrified hereat, trembled and ſhook as if a Fit of the Ague had been upon him, and creeping cloſe to Mr. *Carew*, laid faſt hold of his Clothes, imagining him of ſufficient Power to protect him from this inſolent Apparition; hereupon he bid the Ghoſt *hike to the Vile*, and would have perſuaded *Collard* to follow his departing Grandmother, in order to obſerve the particular Place from which ſhe vaniſhed; but no Perſuaſions could induce him to move from his Side; ſo back they returned to the Ale-Houſe, and Mr. *Carew* (this Method of Conjuration miſcarrying through the Shoemaker's Fear) caſts a Figure, and informs *Criſpin* that if he took up two or three Planks of the Floor of his little Parlour he ſhould there find the concealed Treaſure, at the Depth of about four Feet: Upon hearing this joyful News the

Shoemaker inſtantly diſburſed the thirty Guineas, highly extolling them as People of the profoundeſt Skill that he had ever heard of or converſed with; but whether he was of the ſame Opinion when he came to dig for the Treaſure, we will not take upon us to ſay.

Happening to be in *Brakneſs* near *Limington*, in the Character of a caſt away Seaman, he went to the Houſe of Mr. *Haze*, an eminent and wealthy *Preſbyterian* Parſon; of whom he begg'din the moſt earneſt Manner he was able, for God's Sake, with uplifted Eyes and Hands, and upon his bended Knee, but could not with all his Importunity and Eloquence obtain a Cruſt of Bread, or a Draught of ſmall Beer: Mr. *Carew* not uſed to be unſucceſsful, could by no Means brook this Churliſhneſs of the Parſon's, and thought it highly neceſſary for the Benefit of his Community, that it ſhould not go unpuniſhed. The Parſon was a great Sportſman, and had two fine Greyhounds, the one named *Hector*, the other *Fly*; two excellent Spaniels, *Cupid* and *Dido*, and an admirable Setting Dog called *Sancho*; Mr. *Carew* therefore, about Twelve o'Clock at Night, pays a ſecond Viſit to the Parſon's Houſe, and brings away all theſe five Dogs with him. After which he ſent a Letter to the Parſon to this Purpoſe:

" *Rev'd Sir*,

" YOU err, if you ſuſpect yourſelf to " have been wrong'd of your Dogs by " any

" any of your Neighbours; the caſt-away " Seaman who begg'd ſo earneſtly of you, to " whom you would not vouchſafe a Cruſt of " Bread or a Draught of Beer, took them " away, to teach you another Time to behave " to unfortunate Strangers more as becomes " your Profeſſion, and your plentiful Circum- " ſtances."

The Mayor of *Weymouth*, in *Dorſetſhire*, fared little better in his Hands. This Gentleman was an implacable Enemy to all Mr. *Carew*'s Subjects; he therefore happening to be in that Town, and over-hearing the Mayor talking with a Gentleman in the Street, that he was going to dine with Captain *Calloway* of *Upway*, he thought this a proper Opportunity for taking ſome Revenge of the Mayor for the many Indignities he had put on his Subjects: Having therefore got Intelligence what Suits of Clothes the Mayor had, and underſtanding he had a good Snuff-coloured Suit, he goes to his Houſe, and informs the Mayoreſs that he was a Seaman under Misfortunes, had met with the Mayor as he was going to Dinner with Captain *Calloway* of *Upway*, and his Worſhip had ſent him to her, giving him Orders to receive his Snuff coloured Suit; which the good-natured Gentlewoman hearing, without any Scruple brought him the Coat, Waiſtcoat, and Breeches.

Mr. *Carew* being in the City of *Briſtol* at

a Time when there was a hot Preſs, wherein they not only impreſſed Seamen, but all able-bodied Landmen that they could any where meet with, which made one fly one Way, and another another, putting the City into a great Rout and Conſternation; among the Reſt, knowing himſelf to have a Body of a dangerous Bigneſs, was willing to ſecure himſelf as effectually as he poſſibly could, greatly preferring his own Eaſe and Pleaſure to the Intereſt and Honour of his King; he therefore ſets his Wife and Landlady to Work, who with all Speed and Cleanlineſs made a great Number of ſmall Mutton Pies, Plumb-puddings, Cheeſe-cakes, and Cuſtards, which Mr. *Carew*, in an ordinary Female Habit, hawks about the City, crying Plumb-pudding, Plumb-pudding, Plumb-pudding; hot Plumb-pudding, piping-hot, ſmoaking hot, hot Plump-pudding: Plumb-pudding, Plumb-pudding, echoed in every Street and Corner, even in the midſt of the eager Preſs-Gang, ſome of whom ſpent their Penny with this maſculine Pye-Woman, and ſeldom failed to ſerenade her with many a complimental Title of Bitch and Whore.

Thus did Mr. *Carew* keep himſelf out of the Clutches of this dangerous Set of People, with whom he feared to hold any Converſation in his own Shape and Habit. Going once to the Hot-Wells, near that City, to vend this eatable Merchandize, in his Woman's Apparel, he met a luſty young Sailor, whom the Preſs purſued

ſued very cloſely: To aſſiſt his Speed, he pulled off his Jacket, and called to our Pudding-Merchant to take it, hailing him by the reſpectful Title and Denomination of *Mother*: He took it up, and (as ſoon as Opportunity preſented) over-haling it, found in the Pockets a large Pair of Silver Buckles, between ſix and ſeven Shillings in Silver, and a very good Handkerchief.

Coming by 'Squire *Rhodes*'s Seat near *Kingſbridge*, in *Devonſhire*, and knowing the 'Squire had married a *Dorſetſhire* Lady, he thought proper to become a *Dorſetſhire* Man, and one of *Lyme*, (which was the Place of the Lady's Nativity) and applied himſelf to the 'Squire and his Lady, whom he met both together, giving them to underſtand, *That he was loſt in a Veſſel belonging to* Lyme, *Captain* Courtenay, *Commander*: The 'Squire and his Lady gave him Half a Crown each, for Country-ſake, and very well entertained him at the Houſe. This was in the Morning.

Going from thence, he went to a Public-Houſe called *Malſton-Croſs*, about a Quarter of a Mile from the 'Squire's: He there fell in Company with 'Squire *Reynolds*, 'Squire *Ford*, Dr. *Rhodes*, Brother to the 'Squire, and ſeveral other Gentlemen, who were met there to make merry after a Hunting-Match. In the Afternoon there was a prodigious Storm of Thunder, Lightening, and Rain, which continued for ſeveral Hours: In the midſt of this violent

lent Weather, he (being minded to clear his Afternoon's Expences) ſtrips off all his Apparel, excepting a white Night Cap, Shoes, and Breeches, and goes to 'Squire *Rhodes*'s. Nothing could look with a more deplorable Aſpect than this naked Spectacle, in ſuch tempeſtuous Weather: The Tenant with Pity regarding his wretched Appearance, fetched him a Shirt (as he thought) to cover his Nakedneſs; but upon his endeavouring to put it on, it proved to be a Smock belonging to the good Woman his Wife, which afforded ſufficient Diverſion to the 'Squire and his Lady, who were looking out of the Window; when calling to him, and enquiring from whence he came, he pretended to have been caſt away at *Bigbury-Bay*, in the immediate violent Tempeſt, in a Veſſel belonging to *Poole*: 'Squire *Rhodes* ordered a Holland Shirt, and a good Suit of Broad Cloth Clothes, to be given him, as alſo a hearty refreſhing Dram; and then throwing him Half a Crown, diſmiſſed him, not in the leaſt ſuſpecting him to be the poor *Lyme* Man, to whom himſelf and Lady were ſo liberal in the Morning. Having got this Contribution, he returns to the Public-Houſe, where the Gentlemen waited for him, (for they were the principal Occaſion of this laſt Adventure) and being by him informed how he had fared, diverted themſelves exceedingly with the ſtratagem: And ſhortly after meeting with 'Squire *Rhodes*, they diſcovered the Impoſi-

tion,

tion, and very heartily bantered him thereupon.

Some Time after this, Mr. *Carew* exerciſing his Profeſſion at *Modbury* (where 'Squire *Rhode*'s Father lived) among other Houſes made his Application to 'Squire *Legaſſicks*'s, where he by Chance was viſiting: Mr. *Carew* knocked at the Kitchen Door, which being opened, he ſaw his old Friend the 'Squire, who was then alone, and in a careleſs Manner ſwinging his Cane about: As ſoon as he began to tell his lamentable Tale, Mr. *Rhodes* ſaid, "I was twice in one Day impoſed on by "that Rogue *Bampfylde Carew*, of whoſe "Gang you may very likely be; furthermore, "I do not live here, but am a Stranger." Mean Time in comes 'Squire *Legaſſick* with a Bottle of Wine in his Hand, giving Mr. *Carew* a private Wink, to let him underſtand he knew him, and then very gravely enquired into the Circumſtances of his Misfortune, as alſo of the Affairs and Inhabitants of *Dartmouth*, from whence he pretended to have ſailed ſeveral Times: Of all which he gave a full and particular Account; whereupon Mr. *Legaſſick* gave him Half a Crown, and recommended him as a real Object to Mr. *Rhodes*, who then made him the ſame Preſent; upon which Mr. *Legaſſick* burſt out a laughing, and being aſked the Reaſon thereof, he could not forbear telling him, even in Mr. *Carew*'s Preſence; and Mr. *Rhodes* finding himſelf thus a third Time

Time impoſed on, with a great deal of good Nature made himſelf merry therewith.

Here we ſhall put an End, for the preſent, to this true Hiſtory of our Hero, and, we hope, the gentle Reader is convinced, that he has as good, if not a better Claim to Fame and Immortality, than moſt of the preſent Heroes of the Age. We acknowledge he has his Faults, but every Body knows a perfect Character is quite out of Faſhion, and that the preſent excellent Writers of the Age, hold it a Soleciſm and Abſurdity to draw even a fictitious Hero without a Plenty of Faults: To draw after Nature is the Criterion, *that is*, an equal Quantity of Virtue and Vice; or if the latter proponderates a little, no Matter, ſo their Heroes do not fall without Temptation, and feel ſome Compunctions of Repentance when their Paſſions are cooled; this is Perfection enough, for this is pure Nature. Upon this Account, we acknowledge, we have been at no little Pains in writing this true Hiſtory, to throw a Veil over ſome of the Virtues of our Hero, leſt he ſhould be found to exceed the preſent Standard of Heroiſm, and be thought a Character out of Nature.

As the Language of the Community of the Gipſies *is very expreſſive, and different from all others, we think we ſhall do a Pleaſure to the Curious by annexing a ſhort Specimen of it.*

ABRAM, naked, without clothes, or ſcarce enough to cover the nakedneſs. *ambidexter*, one that goes ſnacks in gaming with both parties; alſo a lawyer that takes fees of a plaintiff and defendant at once. *autem*, a church; alſo, married. *autem bawler*, a preacher or parſon, of any ſect. *autem cacklers*, or *autem prickears*, diſſenters of any denomination. *autem divers*, church pickpockets; but often uſed for church-wardens, overſeers of the poor, ſides men, and others, who have the management of the poor's money. *back'd*, dead. *balſom*, money. *bandog*, a bailiff or his follower; a ſerjeant or his yeoman; alſo a very fierce maſtiff. *barker*, a ſaleſman's ſervant that walks before the ſhop, and cries cloaks, coats, or gowns; what d'ye buy. *barnacle*, a good job, or a ſnack eaſily got. *barnacles*, the irons wore in gaols by felons. *battner*, an ox. *baubee*, an halfpenny. *beard-ſplitter*, a whoremaſter-*beck*, or *harmenbeck*, a beadle. a *ben*, a fooliſh fellow. *bene-darkmens*, a good night. *bing-awaſt*, get you hence, be gone. *bingo mort*, a female drunkard, a ſhe. brandy. drinker. *black-box*, a lawyer. *black-indies*, Newcaſtle, from whence the coals are brought *black-ſpy*, the devil. *blind-cheeks*, the breach. *blower*, a miſtreſs; alſo a whore. *bluffer*, a hoſt, inkeeper, or victualler. *bone*, to apprehend, ſeize, take, or arreſt. *borde*, a ſhilling. *bouncing-cheat*. a bottle. *bracket-face*. ugly, homely, ill-favoured. *buck's-face*, a cuckold. *bufe*, a dog. *bulls-eye* a crown, or five ſhilling piece. *bung*, a purſe, pocket, or fob. *burr*, a hanger on, or dependant. *calle*, a cloak or gown. *cameſa*, a ſhirt or ſhift. *cank*, dumb. *canniken*, the plague. *cap*, to ſwear. *captain-queernabs*, a fellow

fellow in poor clothes or ſhabby. *caravan*, a good round ſum of money about a man. *caſe*, a houſe, ſhop, or warehouſe. *caſter*, a cloak. *caw-handed*, awkward, not dexterous, ready, or nimble. *chanticlere*, a cock. *chates*, the gallows. *chatts*, lice. *chife*, a knife, file, or ſaw. *clank*, a ſilver tankard. *coach-wheel*, as a fore coach-wheel, half a crown; a hind coach-wheel, a crown, or five ſhilling peice. *coblecolter*, a turkey. *colquarron*, a man's neck. *commiſſion*, a ſhirt. *comfortable importance*, a wife. *coſtard*, the head. *cows-baby*, a calf. *crackmans*, hedges. *croker*, a groat or four-pence. *croppen*, the tail of any thing. *cucumbers*, taylors. *cuffin*, a man. *culp*, a kick or blow. *cupſhot*, drunk. *dace*, two-pence. *dag*, a gun. *damber*, a raſcal. *dancers*, ſtairs. *darkmans*, night. *daſh*, a tavern-drawer. *daub*, a bribe, or reward for ſecret ſervice. *decus*, a crown, or five ſhilling piece. *degen*, a ſword. *dimber-mort*, a pretty wench. *drumbelow*, a dull heavy fellow. *facer*, a bumper without lip room. *fambles*, rings. *famms* hands. *faſtner*, a warrant. *ferret*, a pawn-broker, or tradeſman that ſells goods to young ſpendthrits upon truſt at exceſſive rates, and then hunts them without mercy, and often throws them into a gaol, where they periſh, for his debt. *flag*, a groat. *flaſh*, a perriwig. *flicker*, a drinking glaſs. *flicking*, to cut, cutting, as *flick me ſome panea and caſſan*, cut me ſome bread and cheeſe. *flute*, the recorder of *London*, or of any other town. *flyers*, ſhoes. *froglanders*, Dutchmen. *frummagemm'd*, choak'd, ſtrangled, or hang'd. *furmen*, aldermen. *gan*, a mouth. *ganns*, the lips. *goalers coach*, a hurdle. *gentry-cove*, a gentleman. *gage*, a pot or pipe. *george*, a half crown piece. *gigger*, a door. *glaziers*, eyes. *glim*, a dark lanthorn. *glimfenders*, hand irons, *glim*, fire. *glimſtick*, a candleſtick. *grannam-gold*, old hoarded coin. *green-bag*, a lawyer. *grig*, a farthing. *gropers*, blind men, *gutter-lane*, the throat. *half-nab*, at a venture, unſight unſeen, hit or miſs. *half-board*, ſixpence. *hams*, breeches. *hamlet*, a high conſtable. *hanktelo*, a ſilly fellow, a mere codſhead. *handſen kelder*, jack in the box, the child in the womb, or a health to it. *harman*, a conſtable. *harmans*, the ſtocks. *harmanbeck*, a beadle, *hawk*, a ſharper. *hazle-geld*, to beat any one with a hazle ſtick or plant. *hearing cheats*, ears. *heaver*, the breaſt. *hell*, the place where the Taylors lay up their cabbage, or remnants, which are ſometimes very large. *hempen-widow*, one whoſe huſband was hanged. *henfrigat*, whoſe commanders and officers are abſolutely ſwayed by their wives.

high-

high-tide, when the pocket is full of money. *hocus*, diſguiſed in liquor, drunk. *hodmendods*, ſnails in their ſhells. *hog-grubber*, a cloſe-fiſted, narrow-ſoul'd, ſneaking fellow. *hop-merchant*, a dancing-maſter. *hulver-head*, a ſilly fooliſh fellow. *hunt-box*, a pulpit. *hummer*, a great lye, a rapper. *humptey dumptey*, ale boiled with brandy. *hums*, perſons at church. *huſkylour*, a jobe, or guinea. *jack adams*, a fool. *jack-a-dandy*, a little impertinent inſignificant fellow. *jack-in-a-box*, a ſharper, or cheat. *jack at a pinch*, a poor hackney parſon. *jacobites*, ſham or collar ſhirts. *jarke*, a ſeal. *jet*, a lawyer. *autem jet*, a parſon. *iron doublet*, a priſon. *itchland*, Scotland. *jukrum*, a licence. *keffel*, a horſe. *kelter*, as *out of kelter*, out of ſorts. *ken*, a houſe. *a bob ken*, or *a bowman ken*, a good or well furniſh'd houſe, *kicks*, breeches. *kill devil*, rum. *kinchin*, a little child. *king's pictures*, money. *lac'd mutton*, a woman. *lag*, water, alſo laſt. *lad-a-dudds*, a buck of clothes. *lamb-ſkin-men*, the judges of the ſeveral courts. *lanſpriſado*, he that comes into company with but two-pence in his pocket. *a dark lanthorn*, the ſervant or agent that receives the bribe at court. *libben*, a private dwelling houſe. *libbege*, a bed. *lifter*, a crutch. *lightmans*, the day or day break. *line of the old author*, a dram of brandy. *little Barbary*, Wapping. *loap'd*, run away; *he loap'd up the dancers*, he whipt up the ſtairs. *loge*, a watch. *louſetrap*, a combe. *low tide*, when there's no money in a man's pocket. *manniquin*, a dwarf, or diminutive fellow. *maunders*, beggars. *maundring broth*, ſcolding. *meggs*, guineas. *melt*, to ſpend money. *mill-clapper*, a woman's tongue. *miſt*, a contraction of *commiſſion*, ſignifying a ſhirt, ſmock, or ſheet. *miſh-topper*, a coat or petticoat. *moabites*, ſerjeants, bailiffs, and their crew. *moon-curſet*, a link-boy. *mower*, a cow. *muck*, money, wealth. *mutton-monger*, a lover of women. *mutton in long coats*, women, a *leg of mutton in a ſilk ſtocking*, a woman's leg. *nab*, a hat, cap, or head; alſo a coxcomb. *neer a face but his own*, not a penny in his pocket. *nim gimmer*, a doctor, ſurgeon, or apothecary. *nubbing-cheat*, the gallows. *nut-crackers*, a pillary. *oak*, a rich man, of good ſubſtance and credit. *ogles*, eyes. *rum ogles*, fine, bright, clear, piercing eyes. *one in ten*, a parſon. *panum*, bread. *panter*, a heart. *pantler*, a butler. *peeper*. a looking glaſs. *peter*, a portmanteau, or cloak-bag. *peg trantrums*, as gone to *peg trantrums*, dead. *pennance board*, a pillory. *penthouſe nab*, a very broad brimm'd hat. *perriwincle*, a peruke, or perriwig. *philiſtines* ſerjeants,

ſerjeants, bailiffs, and their, crew. *porker*, a ſword. *property*, a meer tool or implement, to ſerve a turn; a cat's foot. *quail pipe*, a womans tongue. *queer bluffer*, a ſneaking, ſharping, cut-throat alehouſeman, or inkeeper. *queer cuffin*, a juſtice of peace; alſo a churl. *rabbit ſuckers*, young ſpendthrifts, taking goods on tick of pawnbrokers or tallymen, at exceſſive rates. *rattling cove*, a coachman. *red rag*, a tongue; *your red rag will never lie ſtill*, your tongue will never be quiet. *regraters*, foreſtallers in markets. *ribbin*, money. *romboyled*, ſought after with a warrant. *rotan*, a coach, or waggon, any thing that runs upon wheels; but principally a cart. *royſters*, rude, roaring rogues. *ruffin*, the devil. *ruffmans*, the woods or buſhes. *rumbeck*, any juſtice of the peace. *rumbo*, a priſon, or gaol. *rumboozing wets*, bunches of grapes. *rum-clank*, a large ſilver tankard. *rum degen*, a ſilver hilted, or inlaid ſword. *rum-dropper*, a vintner. *ſchool-butter*, a whipping. *ſconce*, *to build a large ſconce*, to run deep upon tick, or truſt. *ſeedy*, poor, moneyleſs, exhauſted. *ſetters*, or *ſetting-dogs*, they that draw in *bubbles*, for old gamſters to rook; alſo, a ſerjeant's yeoman, or bailiff's follower or ſecond; alſo an exciſe officer. *ſharper's tools*, falſe dice. *ſhot*, clapt or pox'd. *ſhove the tumbler*, whipt at the cart's tail. *ſkin flint*, a griping, ſharping, cloſe-fitted fellow. *ſkipper*, a barn. *ſlat*, a ſheet. *ſlate*, a half crown; alſo the ſame as *ſlat*. *ſmear*, a painter, or plaſterer. *ſmeller*, a noſe. *ſmelling cheat*, a noſegay; alſo an orchard or garden. *ſmiter*, an arm. *ſmug*, a blackſmith; alſo neat and ſpruce. *ſnilch*, to eye or ſee any body. *the cul ſnilches*, the man eyes or ſees you. *ſnite*, to wipe, or ſlap. *ſnout*, a hogſhead. *ſock*, a pocket. *ſon of prattlement*, a lawyer. *ſoul driver*, a parſon. *ſouth ſea mountain*, geneva. *ſows baby*, a pig. *Spaniſh money*, fair words and compliments. *ſpanks*, money, gold or ſilver. *ſpeckt wiper*, a coloured handkerchief. *ſpiritual fleſh broker*, a parſon. *ſplitfig*, a grocer. *ſplitter of cauſes*, a lawyer. *ſquiriſh*, fooliſh. *ſtamps*, legs. *ſtampers*, ſhoes; alſo carriers. *ſtick flams*, a pair of gloves. *ſtoter*, a great blow. *ſtrommel*, ſtraw, or hair. *ſtrum*, a perriwig. *rum ſtrum*, a long wig. *ſtubble it*, hold your tongue. *ſuit and cloak*, good ſtore of brandy, or any agreeable liquor. *ſupouch*, an hoſteſs or landlady. *ſwag*, a ſhop. *rum ſwag*, full of rich goods. *tears of the tankard*, drops of the good liquor that fall beſide. *thrums*, three-pence. *tip of the buttery*, a gooſe. *tib*, to give or lend.

togemans.

togemans, a gown or cloak. *top-diver*, a lover of women. *topping cheat*, the gallows. *topping cove*, the hangman. *tout*, to look out ſharp, to be upon one's guard. *trak*, to go. *tres wins*, three-pence. *trib*, a priſon. *trine*, to hang; alſo tyburn. *trooper*, a half crown. *trundlers*, peaſe. *tumbler*, a cart. *turkey merchants*, drivers of turkeys. *to twig*, to diſengage, to ſunder, to ſnap, to break off. *to twig the dareies*, to knock off the irons. *vampers*, ſtockings. *velvet*, a tongue. *to tip the velvet*, to tongue a woman. *vinegar*, a cloak. *wattles*, ears. *whids*, words. *whipſhire*, Yorkſhire. *whowball*, a milkmaid. *whiſker*, a great lye. *white wool*, ſilver. *wibble*, ſad drink. *witcher*, ſilver. *whitcher-bubber*, a ſilver bowl. *womblety cropt*, the indiſpoſition of a drunkard, after a debauch in wine, or other liquors. *wooden ruff*, a pillory. *he wore the wooden ruff*, he ſtood in the pillory. *word-pecker*, one that plays with words, a punſter. *yam*, to eat heartily, to ſtuff luſtily. *yarmouth capon*, a red herring. *yarum*, milk, or food made of milk. *yelper*, a town cryer; alſo one ſubject to complain, or make pitiful lamentations for trifling incidents. *znees*, froſt, or frozen. *zneeſy weather*, froſty weather.

F I N I S.

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